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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

RUSSIA'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

WHEN THE RUSSIAN MUZHIK trades his machine gun to the Germans for a drink of vodka, as many are doing, he comes near typifying the act of his Bolshevik superiors in giving up their military power for an intoxicating dream of anarchistic liberty. Like them, too, he may hit off the transaction with some fine phrase that seems to sanctify his murderous bargain. The Bolsheviks, professing a high resolve not to sign a peace acquiescing in the Austro-German occupation of "countries and peoples vanquished by force of arms," lay bare at the same time all the rest of Russia, for the Central Powers to take as much as they like, by ordering a "complete demobilization on all fronts." Declaring piously, too, that they can not continue a war with the German and Austrian workers, they release those unhappy workers for transfer to the Western front, where they may soon be thrown in masses on the Allied guns with far more disastrous results to themselves than if they had remained in the quiet trenches of Poland. The dispatches bring no news of any resolutions of thanks adopted by Hans and Fritz for this mistaken kindness of Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky. Meantime, the tender-hearted Bolsheviks, who would never shed a drop of German or Austrian blood, are carrying on a campaign of pillage and murder, the cables say, all over their own country wherever there is the slightest resistance to their rule—making peace with their foes to declare war on Russia, as remarked by a newspaper quoted below. Resistance to the peace negotiations with Germany was so strong in the short-lived Constituent Assembly, it is recalled, that the Bolsheviks dissolved it. "We can not, must not, and will not continue a war begun by Czars and capitalists," say the Bolsheviks, evidently forgetting that the Czar lost his crown because the Duma discovered he was making peace, and the revolution was sprung to halt the negotiations and continue the war. Thus the profest Czar-haters continue the Czar-tradition of former days, deserting their allies at critical moments and making peace with the enemy. Perhaps the Allies should thank Russia for not, as in the time of Frederick and Napoleon, joining the enemy.

In a military sense Russia has been considered a negligible factor for months, and her surrender to the Central Powers has been anticipated and discounted by her former allies. Nevertheless, this event, following the signing of a separate peace

treaty between the Ukraine and the Central Powers, means the wiping out of a battle-line of nearly a thousand miles. Russia's defection, it is pointed out, compels the Entente Powers to seek a military decision in the West. And it further means, according to the *New York Globe*, that "the only hope of the Russian revolution is in the success of the Western democratic Allies, who are fighting for a free Russia quite as much as for a free Belgium, Servia, and France." For the Bolsheviks, as many observers see it, have betrayed not only Russia's allies, but the Russian revolution as well. As the *New York Times* states the case: "Having failed to budge the Germans from their fixt determination to take so much of Russian territory as might please them; having failed to intimidate them by threats of a social revolution at home, Trotzky merely disbands his army, declares the war over, and leaves Germany to work her will." In a treaty of peace, *The Times* goes on to say, "Germany would have been bound, if only in appearance, by promises of some kind." But under the Trotzky method of making peace "she is bound by nothing, but is in the fetterless condition of a conqueror entering the vanquished country." For Russia this means, the same paper predicts, that—

"For generations to come she will take the place of the Balkan States as a chessboard of international chicanery; for generations to come the empires will be carving her carcass, and, it may be, provoking each other to new wars over the choice bits. Nothing can prevent it except the complete destruction of militaristic autoocracy in this war and the putting in its stead of the self-determination of peoples."

The Bolsheviks, notes the *Newark News*, have failed to arrange a peace protecting the Poles, Letts, and Esthonians from Germany's annexationist designs, and the result may be to turn the east of Europe into "another such battle-ground as it was three or four centuries ago, when Poles, Cossacks, Muscovites, Letts, Esthonians, Livonians, and all struggled for independence and supremacy." Already, says *The News*:

"The Letts and Esthonians have issued proclamations denying Germany's assertion that their sympathies are with Berlin and demanding their complete independence. The Polish Army has taken the field in Poland's interest and is reported to have captured the Russian commander-in-chief Krylenko and his staff. From still another direction comes word that the Tatars

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are on the war-path to save Russia from the disintegration that would make the Russian peoples Germany's vassals."

"The Bolsheviks have made peace with Germany and Austria and have declared war on Russia," remarks the New York *Evening Post*, which continues:

"The Central Powers have utilized the fear of the Bolsheviks in the Ukraine to win that country to their side. If any doubts existed of their influence in Poland they are removed by this same factor. Any day we may see Swedish troops coming to the aid of the White army in Finland. Any day we may see Roumania concluding a separate peace with the Central Powers; for with the Bolsheviks threatening Ferdinand with deposition and the Roumanian landowners with expropriation, and the Teutons, on the other hand, offering Roumania compensation in Russian territory in Bessarabia, to which side is human motive likely to swing the Roumanian Government? Thus, while Krylenko's Red army was preparing to impose the social revolution on all Europe, and while Trotzky was planning the first campaign of that crusade for Courland and Lithuania, the social revolution at home finds itself endangered to-day by the estrangement of Russian lands—Ukraine and Finland—whose self-determination did not even come into question at Brest-Litovsk."

"Whoever sups with German militarism must have a long spoon," remarks the New York *Tribune*, which goes on to say:

"If Germany can set up a dependent state in the Ukraine, she can set up other dependent Russian states, and she can coerce Roumania into a peace of submission. Then to the east and the southeast of her there will be nothing but vassal kingdoms or republics—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey, the Ukraine, Poland, and Lithuania, differing only in their degree of vassalage. For the dream of a German Empire extending from Bremen to Bagdad may be substituted the dream of a German Empire extending from Strassburg to Vladivostok. Truly at Brest-Litovsk a new and mighty vista of world-dominion was opened to the eager eyes of the Pan-Germanists."

"What is to block Germany's march to the East—with the Pacific instead of the Gulf of Persia as the ultimate goal? Nothing that Russia can do for the present, or is likely to do in the near future. The balance of power in the east of Europe can be restored now only through the victory of the Western Powers. When that comes the map of the old Russian Empire may be redrawn. And it will be redrawn not so much in the interest of Russia as in the interest of a lasting world-peace, which will put an end to all grandiose dreams of empire-building by conquest."

This prospect of benefit to Germany gives point to the charge recently published in the *Petit Parisien*, that Trotzky and Lenine were financed by the German Government when they first returned to Russia. This charge is denied, and characterized as preposterous, by Maxim Litvinoff, Bolshevik Ambassador to London. The case presented by the Paris paper is based on alleged official German documents which record the payment to the Bolshevik leaders of sums varying from \$37,500 to \$75,000, and tell of an account in a German bank "for Comrade Trotzky's enterprise." Says the New York *Evening Sun*:

"In considering the case presented by the *Petit Parisien* to

prove that the Bolshevik leaders are paid German agents, it is necessary to consider several things besides the documents presented. As far as the documents go, they have the appearance of genuineness, being circumstantial as to names and places and particulars, but they lack the formal authentication to make them conclusive. So long as the manner of their coming from German into French hands remains vague and involved, doubt about them remains possible.

"But suspicion of the Bolshevik leaders has had root partly in certain known facts. Lenine, Trotzky, and others of the group were in Switzerland at the time of the Czar's overthrow. They started for Russia straightway, and instead of passing through France and taking ship to Norway they hastened by express through the heart of Germany. To be sure this route was the more direct; that is, if they had an understanding with Germany; otherwise, no thoroughfare."

"Therefore, an understanding, at least, existed, a bargain of some sort, if not a monetary one. But presently on reaching Petrograd, Lenine and his group were found arming men, organizing them, handling machine guns, fighting their opponents. Such measures require means. No one of the group was known to possess a store of money or arms before starting for Russia, nor does it seem possible that any could have possessed these necessities. Yet on reaching Petrograd they had them. Whence could Lenine's sinews of war have come save from one source?"

"No other possibility is obvious. But to the ordinary man the idea that a radical extremist would sell his services appears unlikely; what a Trotzky covets is indeed power, which brings money in its train. But this reckoning fails to take into account the Bolshevik doctrine. In reality the Bolshevik is against every nation and he is against oaths, promises,

and agreements. He is in theory a one-idea man, who believes in nothing but the unlimited rights of the proletariat. This doctrine makes easy going for the conscience of the ambitious beggar who would buy his way to the Czar's seat by selling his country and his will to the enemy."

The war has now but one front, running from the North Sea to Switzerland and again from Switzerland to the Adriatic, remarks the New York *Tribune*. In the same paper Hilaire Belloc examines the question of how much strength will be added to the Teutonic forces on this front by Russia's complete surrender, and he reaches conclusions which are decidedly reassuring. He estimates that Germany can shift 500,000 men and Austria 125,000 to the West front, raising the German Western forces to 3,000,000 and the Austrian Western forces to about 1,250,000. As to reinforcement in material, Mr. Belloc reminds us that the Teutonic armies on the Eastern front were never as strong in airplanes and heavy artillery as were those on the Western front. "In airplanes, for instance, the Germans were using more than ten in the West to one in the East." The *Tribune* argues that if Mr. Belloc's figures are correct the Allies will retain their numerical superiority on the Western front in spite of the enemy reinforcements from the East. For,

"According to Mr. André Tardieu, France has nearly 3,000,000 men on the various fronts, of whom certainly over 2,000,000 are in France. The British are supposed to have more than 1,500,000 in France, and the Italian, British, and French forces in Italy are certainly not inferior to the Austro-German forces."

"The peace negotiations are at an end. The German capitalists, bankers and landlords, supported by the silent cooperation of [the English and French *bourgeoisie*, submitted to our comrades, members of the peace delegations at Brest-Litovsk, conditions such as could not be subscribed to by the Russian revolution."

"The governments of Germany and Austria possess countries and peoples vanquished by force of arms. To this authority the Russian people, workmen and peasants, could not give its acquiescence. We could not sign a peace which would bring with it sadness, oppression, and suffering to millions of workmen and peasants."

"But we also can not, will not, and must not continue a war begun by Czars and capitalists in alliance with Czars and capitalists. We will not and we must not continue to be at war with the Germans and Austrians—workmen and peasants like ourselves."

"We are not signing a peace of landlords and capitalists. Let the German and Austrian soldiers know who are placing them in the field of battle and let them know for what they are struggling. Let them know also that we refuse to fight against them."

"Our delegation, fully conscious of its responsibility before the Russian people and the oppressed workers and peasants of other countries, declared on February 10, in the name of the Council of the People's Commissaries of the Government of the Federal Russian Republic to the governments of the peoples involved in the war with us and of the neutral countries, that it refused to sign an annexationist treaty. Russia, for its part, declares the present war with Germany and Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria at an end."

"Simultaneously, the Russian troops receive an order for complete demobilization on all fronts."

ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING DOCUMENTS IN HISTORY.

Official Bolshevik statement telling why Russia quits the war.

BIRTH OF THE UKRAINIAN REPUBLIC

THE FIRST PEACE COMPACT in the world-war, signed by representatives of the Central Allied Powers and the Ukrainian People's Republic on February 9, at 2 A.M., is recognized by some editorial observers as a shrewd stroke of German diplomacy, and a distinct blow to the diplomacy of the Allies. How it seems to the Austro-Germans at home is shown by Geneva dispatches, which state that the news sent the Viennese "mad with joy." The city was drest with flags and business came to a standstill. In the crowded streets women wept for happiness, men embraced one another. Special editions of the newspapers were sold out instantly. The people cheered for the Emperor and Count Czernin and shouted: "Now we shall have plenty of food!" Schools were closed for the day. The same exultation greeted the news at Budapest, Prague, and Innsbruck, altho the people were less demonstrative than the Viennese. The New York *Evening Mail* thinks that the Ukraine peace means in all probability the solution of the most pressing food-problems of the Central Empires, wherefore the ringing of joy-bells in Berlin and Vienna. Ukraine means southern Russia, the "black-

earth" country, the granary that drains through a funnel at Odessa, and this journal reports that peasants there hold plenty of grain, unwilling to part with it for worthless Russian currency. *The Mail* goes on to say that no one must minimize the significance of the victory of the Central Powers, who see before them "food, relief from the terrible strain of starvation, an increase of thirty per cent. in their fighting forces against the main Allies, over a million war-prisoners returned, an enemy pulled off their backs." Germany's adroit tho brutal diplomatic moves, backed by military power, remarks the *Baltimore American*, add to the confusion and the difficulties of the task that lies before the Allies and will make the peace conference "fraught with many opportunities for trading and evasion that will be peculiarly irritating to the straightforward policies of the United States."

Press dispatches advise us that the Ukrainian Rada, whose representatives signed the peace agreement with the Central Powers, is the *bourgeois* legislature established by the Ukrainians, a few weeks before they declared their independence of the Russian republic. The Bolsheviks attempted to overthrow the Rada administration and establish their own form. At the beginning of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk the Bolshevik delegates allowed Ukrainians at the conferences, but later repudiated them on the ground that the Ukrainians were acting independently. The distinction drawn in the New York *Times's* news-columns between the Ukrainians and the Bolsheviks is that the Ukrainian movement is partly

national and partly a land question. The Bolsheviks, who believe in a redistribution of the land, emphasize this question, while the Rada group stand alone on their separate and proclaimed nationality. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* informs us that the Ukrainian question, well known to the political student, has been obscured from the gaze of the public because of the clever maneuvers of the ethnographical and historical "science" of the old Czarist régime, which turned the Ukrainians into a subordinate branch of the Russian people under the name of "Little Russians," proclaimed its language—

despite the findings of its own Academy of Science—to be a mere local dialect, and, above all, had with unparalleled coolness appropriated the entire Ukrainian history as part of the history of its own Empire. We read then:

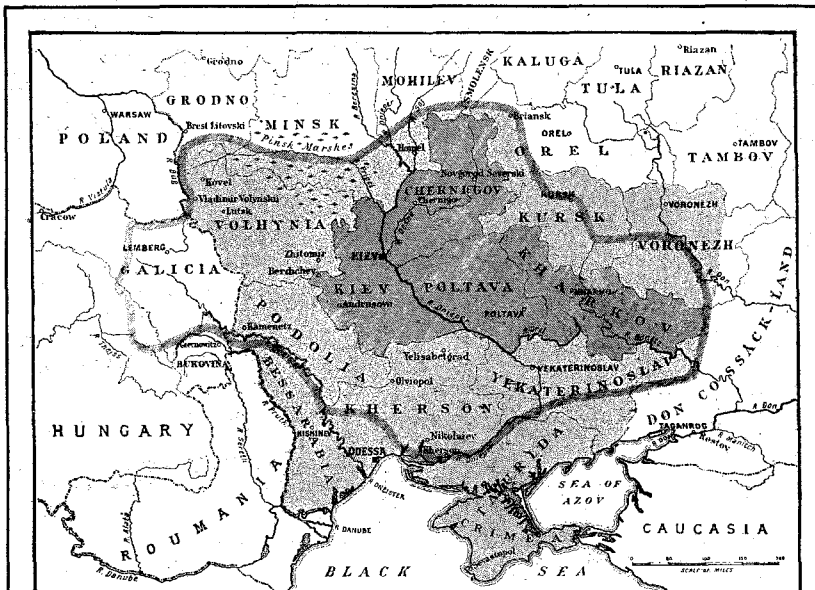
"As a matter of fact, the Ukrainian people—at present counting, in Russia alone, about thirty million souls—tho akin to the Russians, was and has ever been as distinct from them, physically, mentally, and culturally, and for many centuries politically, as the Poles or the Bulgarians, and its history was, down to the seventeenth century, that of an independent political community whose earlier stages figure in the Russian historical textbooks as the Kief period of Russian history.

"For Kief, with its long list of princes—from St. Vladimir, who adopted Christianity in

988, through Vladimir Monomachos, whose wife was Gytta, a daughter of Harold of England, down to Danilo, the father of Lev, who founded the city of Lvoff (Lemberg)—was never the capital of a Russian state. It was the capital of a Ukrainian feudal state, extending from the Don to the Carpathians, and from the Pripet to the Black Sea—an agglomerate as large as, or even larger than, present France or Germany. The Tatar invasion of the thirteenth century was a mortal blow inflicted on that state, whose center of gravity now shifted to the west, to the present Galicia and Volhynia, with its capital cities of Halicz (hence the corrupted name of Galicia) and Vladimir. This part continued its independence for another hundred years, until it fell under the power of the princes of Lithuania, and, finally, through the union of Lithuania with Poland in 1536, under that of the Polish kings.

"What became of eastern Ukraine? For a long time trampled under foot by Tatar horses, it gradually evolved a military state, the republic of the Cossacks—the real, the original Cossacks, of which the subsequent Cossacks of Russia were mere imitations—which, in incessant fighting against the Tatars, then the Turks and the Poles, gradually recovered for that part of the Ukrainian people security and independence. Kief once more blossomed forth—this time chiefly as a cultural center with a remarkable academy, libraries, and a host of savants—and hetmans of the Cossacks became the rulers of the non-Polish Ukraine. The pressure of Poland was, however very great, and in the end the Hetman Bogdan Khmelnytsky, in 1654, applied to the Czar of Moscow for protection and concluded with him a treaty for joining the Ukraine to the Muscovite state on the basis of a personal union and with the preservation of the full autonomy of the Ukraine.

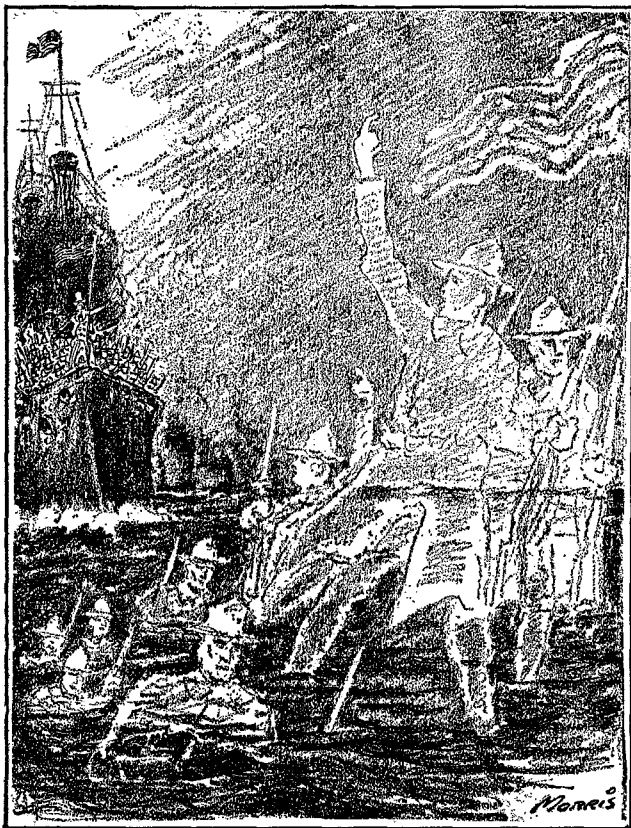
"That was the end of the Ukrainian state, because no sooner



From the London "Sphere."

UKRAINIA.

The lightly shaded area on the map shows the territory which is now Ukraina as claimed by the Rada, or national assembly, which, after declaring itself an independent state, insisted on conducting peace negotiations with the Central Powers separately from the Bolsheviks. The heavily shaded center portions is the original Malo-Russia, or Little Russia, which made up the original Ukraine. The territory where Ukrainians are the predominant peoples is enclosed in the heavy belt. Taurida, Besarabia, Crimea, and parts of Voronezh and Kursh are seen to be outside the natural Ukraine belt, but are nevertheless part of the state included by the Rada as Ukraina. By the peace treaty Ukraina is also ceded a slice of Russian Poland.



"BUT THEIR SOULS GO MARCHING ON."

—Morris in the New York Evening Mail.



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ONLY STIRRING UP THE HORNETS' NEST.

—Darling in the New York Tribune.

ECHOES OF THE SHOT THAT SANK THE TUSCANIA.

was the Muscovite Czar's protectorate established than he began to encroach upon the rights and liberties of the Ukrainian people."

No matter what the terms of the peace contract may be, says the *Providence Journal*, it is quite certain that Ukraine will become a German province in everything but name, and would remain so if the war were to end without compelling Germany to abandon her *Mittleuropa* dream—the nightmare of democracy, and it is explained:

"With Poland as a Teutonic appanage and the Ukraine also in the Kaiser's grip, Germany would gain an alternative route to Persia and India. Just one glance at the map shows that it is a shorter cut from Berlin to the Far East than the original route. Odessa, the great port on the Black Sea, is in the Ukraine, and, with that for an outlet by water to Constantinople, the Kaiser could console himself, even if he were to be shut off in the Balkans or if he should fail to reach Asia by another all-rail route through Poland, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus. . . .

"But unless Germany is to indicate the fate of all the nations arrayed against her, she can not, even with Russian consent, be suffered to dominate the region to the north of the Black Sea, which would give her a pathway to world-dominion in the Far East. Through whatever countries that route leads, civilization, for its own security, must interpose a barrier."

The New York *Evening Sun* also gets from the treaty the impression that the Ukraine is to subserve the Central Empires just as these subserve Hohenzollern Prussia, and thinks "the outcome in itself is worth to Prussia the whole war to date; but the gainers need peace in order to realize their winnings. To permit them to have it, save on terms acceptable to the sense of security and justice, would be to do the world a grave disadvantage." Says the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"The signing of such a peace treaty is a victory for the Central Powers, regardless of its ultimate value. It enables the Teutonic governments to exhibit one concrete result of the peace *pourparlers* at Brest-Litovsk and strengthens their hand in dealing with all questions in the East. It is a significant first step

in the complete disintegration of Russia preparatory to the extension of Teutonic domination over the vast territory of the old Slav empire. And the worst of it is that the Ukrainians themselves have sold their birthright to get peace."

The New York *Sun* points out that there are two distinct parties in the new Ukraine, one opposed to any terms that the Germans and Austrians have offered, the other, from the first under German influence as the result of German propaganda. Evidently the latter party, at present nominally in charge of the Government, *The Sun* thinks, is the one with which the German peace negotiations have been successful. Again, the Central Powers face the difficult fact that the Ukraine is merely a member of the confederation of states which the Bolsheviki have sought to establish in Russia. The negotiations, to become effective, therefore, must be accepted by the government at Petrograd, and *The Sun* believes that it is very likely that they will refuse to recognize the treaty made by the Ukrainian Rada. The gain announced by the Central Powers will thus be of very uncertain value, and "it is doubtful, in fact, if it results in any material advantage to them." On this point a Washington dispatch to the New York *American* says:

"Administration officials predict that Germany's separate peace with Ukraine will be a boomerang. They say it will tend further to increase the distrust of the German people for their masters, as the great grain stocks of Ukraine do not exist. . . .

"In the face of this, figures on the Ukrainian food resources were made public. They were compiled by J. Ralph Picket, a Chicago grain expert, who made a four-months' study of the Russian food situation. Kerensky wanted to make Mr. Picket food-dictator of all the Russians. His figures have been submitted to Herbert C. Hoover. They show:

"1. That Ukraine produced in 1915, 70,000,000 bushels of wheat. Of this Russia got about 10,500,000 bushels.

"2. In 1916 the production fell to 41,000,000 bushels. There was no surplus for Russia.

"3. In 1917 the production was only 37,000,000 bushels. Ukraina herself lacked grain."

FOR MORE PRESIDENTIAL POWER

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CALL for sweeping war-powers, altho denounced by some as "dictatorial" and "autocratic," "has really paved the way for a harmonious settlement" of the differences between the Administration and the critics of its military record, according to the New York *Evening Post's* well-informed representative at Washington. For the significant thing about the President's proposal "is that it is a confession of the need for reorganization, an admission that the war-machine is not functioning perfectly." Since that is precisely what Senator Chamberlain and others have been insisting on, it seems to the Rochester *Post-Express* that "a great step is made in uniting the President and the critics of the war-administration on the needs of immediate readjustment of that administration." Congress and the President have the same end in view, and now that the loss of the *Tuscania* has brought us face to face with the reality of war, they ought soon to get together on the means, in the opinion of many editors. As our readers are aware, Senator Chamberlain and his associates would speed up our war-making by giving President Wilson a War-Council, or War-Cabinet, and establishing the equivalent of a "Ministry of Munitions." The Administration, by the Overman Bill, would speed up the war by giving the President power to recast completely the existing executive machinery as he may see fit at any time. Both agree, apparently, that the war should be run better. The point at issue is, Shall Congress or the President make the necessary changes? The very bitterness with which each plan is opposed seems to some press correspondents a hopeful sign, as pointing toward an eventual compromise on a workable and mutually acceptable scheme. Indeed, when the Senate Committee's scheme and the President's scheme are laid side by side, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* does not see that they are fundamentally different, since the men appointed by the President, in accordance with the Committee's bill, would be entirely subject to Mr. Wilson, while the changes made by the President under the authority of the Overman measure would undoubtedly be in the direction

of that coordination and efficiency which Senator Chamberlain is after. As Senator Overman has remarked, "critics of the Administration have been demanding more centralization and coordination of war-making agencies. This bill gives the President the right to bring about such coordination."

The Overman Bill is expected to pass after amendment. In its original form it empowered the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, "to make such redistribution of functions among executive agencies as he may deem necessary," to "coordinate or consolidate" any executive commission or agency, to transfer any duties or powers or officials from one department to another, and to suspend for the life of the Act any or all restrictions in existing laws creating or defining the duties of the executive departments.

This authority, according to a statement given by Senator Overman to the New York *World*, would enable the President to coordinate the bureaus of the War, Navy, and other departments, to distribute the Government's workers so as to save "enough annually to build eighteen war-ships," and "to coordinate the powers he already has in a way that will

1. Each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case, and upon such adjustments as are the most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.
2. Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty, as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that,
3. Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states; and
4. All well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world.

PRINCIPLES THAT MUST UNDERLIE PEACE,

As stated by President Wilson on February 11.

make his efforts and those of the bureaus more effective." Advocates of this measure have been insisting that the President does not intend to make revolutionary changes, but argue that the new law would remove existing statutory obstacles in the way of cutting red tape. Some Washington correspondents hear that the President has mentioned in particular the impossibility of combining the purchasing functions of the War and Navy departments under present law. The principles underlying the bill, says the St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.), "are simply those which a business man will apply in the conduct of his business." And the passage of a measure embodying the principles of the Overman Bill is demanded in varying phraseology by such dailies as the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.), Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.), Baltimore *American* (Rep.), Charleston *News and Courier* (Dem.), Knoxville *Sentinel* (Dem.), and Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.). As the Newark *News* (Ind.) presents the argument for this measure:

"It represents exactly what the Administration has been trying to do, and, to a large degree, has succeeded in doing,



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AFTER AN UNPLEASANT HOME LIFE, IT'S A REAL JOY TO GET OUT AND SEE THE NEIGHBORS.

—Darling in the New York Tribune.



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SCENES TO ENCOURAGE THOSE DISHEARTENED BY OUR LACK OF GUNS AND UNIFORMS.

Early British recruits (above) drilling with wooden guns, and (below) without uniforms. After brief training they met and defeated Germany's best.

despite cumbersome machinery and Congressional delay and meddling. It is for unified, directed effort, for necessary simplification and strengthening in prosecuting war-business. In place of an extra official, fifth-wheel war-committee, such as Chamberlain wants, there would be ample opportunity for presumably effective coordination under the constitutional authority of the Commander-in-Chief."

In the New York *Evening Post* David Lawrence explains why "the President doesn't want the kind of a war-cabinet or council that Congress wants to give him." For one thing, while he is said to recognize the need of new departments, he does not care to be hampered by a law specifying the functions or personnel of any new office. If the provisions of the bill before Congress were enacted into a law the President would then have "an elastic government," which Mr. Lawrence goes on to describe:

"Bureau chiefs would not have to work in constant fear of overstepping some ancient statute or provision of law. Decisions could be made rapidly, and if the President wanted to create two or three new Cabinet officers or department heads he would not have to wait until a measure is introduced, discussed by a committee and in debate, and voted on after long delays. He could create bureaus instantly by executive order. . . . Nobody knows just what changes the President has in mind, but that he intends to reorganize the war-machine in the direction of greater efficiency is the outstanding feature of the situation."

Another experienced newspaper man at Washington, Mr. John Temple Graves, of the New York *American*, reaches the startling conclusion that "the genius of constitutional government is distinctly at stake" in the fate of the Overman Bill. The question, he believes, is simply this: "Can we win this war only by complete centralization into one-man power?" That is, "Is there only one man in the Republic who is able to win the war, or shall we follow the precedents and the standards of a century of history and continue the Senate as the Constitutional adviser of the President and preserve the theory that in a multitude of counselors there is safety?" Mr. Graves quotes a number of Senators who stand aghast at this extension of executive power. If

such a measure is once on the statute-books, a Western Democratic Senator is credited with saying, the President "will have infinitely greater power than the German Kaiser, against whose despotism and its results the whole war is being waged, so far as America is concerned." Senator Gallinger (Rep.), of New Hampshire, was heard by a New York *Sun* correspondent to declare that such a bill "would abolish a republican form of government." The only thing left for Congress to do, Senator Smoot (Rep., Utah) has remarked, "would be to make the President a king." Senator Hitchcock (Dem., Nebr.), who has severely criticized the efficiency of the Administration's war-machinery, can not accept the Overman plan as a remedy, for "it would mean nothing but an abdication by Congress of its law-making power." Senator Sterling (Rep.) admits that the Overman Bill may be "the President's solution of some of the difficulties and shortcomings revealed by the wholesome investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs." But this measure, he protests in the New York *World*, "practically permits the suspension of every act Congress has passed in regard to the Departments," and the South Dakota Senator thinks that "Congress and the country would feel more satisfied and secure if radical and material changes in the constitution or functions of any of our great departments or bureaus of Government were first considered and then advised, if advised at all, by just such a body as that for which the War-Cabinet Bill provides."

Protests on similar grounds are made by newspaper opponents of the measure who represent both parties and include such journals as the New York *Sun* and *Tribune*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Boston *Transcript*, Hartford *Courant*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and *Evening Telegraph*, and the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. The New York *Evening Sun's* lack of confidence in the President's ability to choose the right men to take charge under him adds to its distrust of the Overman measure, and the Providence *Journal* fears "that in practice it would enable the President's department and bureau heads to conduct the war far below the maximum level of earnestness and efficiency."

TO CONTROL BUSINESS FOR WAR

THE GERMANIZATION of our commercial structure is hinted at by some who look rather askance at Secretary McAdoo's plan to create a War-Finance Corporation which shall have power to aid or check business enterprises in every part of the land, according as they may be judged essential or unessential to the prosecution of the war. German centralization and systematization have enormous driving power, many freely concede, but, asks Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, the distinguished banker, "Is so much autocracy necessary to preserve democracy?" The proposed corporation would be headed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who would also appoint the Board of Directors, a feature considered eminently wise by the Secretary's admirers, and otherwise by his critics. The purpose of the plan is to aid the war-industries, protect the banks against unnecessary withdrawals, and discourage needless enterprises. Many who thoroughly appreciate the Government's prior claim to American capital believe that everything can be accomplished by voluntary action. But Secretary McAdoo replies that a system of government control of security issues "is in line with the act which established the Selective Draft in lieu of a voluntary system of creating an army to win the war." The Administration has therefore introduced into both Houses of Congress a bill creating a War-Finance Corporation, capitalized at \$500,000,000 in Government funds, and empowered to issue \$4,000,000,000 in short-term notes to assist directly or indirectly all persons, firms, and corporations whose activities are essential to the promotion of the war. This Corporation would lend to banks or, in exceptional cases, directly to industries in need. In order to restrict operations not vital to the war, the Corporation is authorized by the bill to refuse licenses for the sale of security issues amounting to more than \$100,000. It would thus, as the *New York World* sums it up, "have power to stimulate and help war-business and to check unessential enterprises."

Criticism of this measure is directed almost entirely against the details of the scheme rather than the principle involved, and the Washington correspondents expect that there will be modifications of the Administration's plan before its eventual acceptance by Congress. The present intention is to create a Board of Directors, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury and four others appointed by him. This has brought out caustic comment from editors who think that the President's son-in-law is already sufficiently occupied with the Treasury Department and the railroads of the country. Public opinion, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* thinks, "will not welcome this additional concentration of authority and responsibility in his hands."

The *New York Evening Post* thinks that the bill as it stands, with the new corporation empowered to issue \$4,000,000,000 of its own notes, subject to rediscount at the Federal Reserve Banks, "presents highly unpleasant possibilities and dangerous inflation." In one of its periodical circulars the National City Bank of New York insists that such inflation is unnecessary and certain to produce "disastrous results." *Salesmanship*, a Detroit publication, has been asking the business men who read it to give their opinions on the War-Finance Corporation plan. Its questions reveal certain editorial doubts regarding the wisdom of the scheme. For instance:

"If the war lasts long enough to permit even an approach to the full use of the vast aggregate of cash and credit provided for the War-Finance Corporation, will peace find it a partner in thousands upon thousands of business enterprises and unable to withdraw from them without bringing general ruin?"

"Is the liquidation of the affairs of the Corporation within a few years after the conclusion of war an impracticability?"

"Is the plan subversive of free individual energy and initiative?"

"Is the idea Germanesque?"

"Is Washington's recent insistence upon business retrench-

ment and Governmental supervision of securities a preparation for the Germanization of American business?"

The *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, published in a section where the rallying cry of "State rights" has not altogether been forgotten, remarks that the new law authorizes "the furthest step yet taken toward the centralization of power in the hands of the Federal Government." "It proceeds further than France has gone. Germany alone, of all the belligerent nations, has undertaken so drastic a program for reserving to the Government full command of capital, and it is a very debatable question whether or not the United States is yet prepared to Prussianize its whole financial structure." The *Times-Dispatch* does not believe legislation is necessary to insure the absorption of coming Government bond-issues or to maintain the market value of Liberty Bonds. "Certainly," it says, "it is too soon to mortgage all the credit in the country for the benefit of future bond-issues."

When talking with members of the Senate Finance Committee, Secretary McAdoo answered a number of these objections. He thought that an appointment by the Secretary of the Treasury involved less politics than a Presidential appointment. He pointed out that a committee of the Federal Reserve Board was now assisting in the voluntary restriction of security issues. Mr. McAdoo remarked that this voluntary machinery "will be perfected by the mere passage of this act; but if conditions do develop where the compulsion should be exercised, we should have the power to exercise that compulsion." In a statement to the public, Mr. McAdoo pointed out that the banks needed some such aid, since "the Government's borrowings, particularly during the period immediately preceding and following each Liberty Loan, have tended to preempt the credit facilities of the banks and often to prevent them from giving needed and customary help to quasi-public and private enterprises." The Secretary of the Treasury believes that the mere existence of the new machinery will, of itself, so maintain confidence that "the aid of the corporation would only in relatively few cases be called for."

The War-Finance Corporation plan is strongly defended by the *New York Times*, which demands of its critics, "if not the War-Finance Corporation, what then?" And the *Chicago Tribune* thus clearly states the need for such an agency:

"The demands of the Government for capital are so extensive that only the strictest conservation will serve to finance our war-operations. If unnecessary projects are allowed to deplete the already depleted reservoir of capital we shall find it increasingly difficult to float Liberty Bonds. And if the bonds can not be floated the only alternative will be a crushing weight of taxation."

"There is still another reason of equal, if not superior, importance for placing some check on the disposition of loanable capital. There exists a definite shortage of labor and materials to carry on essential industries. The diversion of new capital to non-essential enterprises involves the diversion of labor and materials to the detriment of existing war-production."

"It has become necessary already to curtail non-essential business. Nothing could be more unwise, therefore, than to permit the establishment of new enterprises of this character. Of course it would not always be easy to determine relative claims for capital, but the difficulties in this direction can not be compared with the difficulties that may arise if no restrictions are imposed."

New York bankers quoted but not named by the *New York Sun* approve the War-Finance Corporation bill as ending actual or apprehended security liquidation by savings-banks and life-insurance companies, and as insuring adequate financing of corporations whose operations are essential to the prosecution of the war. They point out that railroad financing is excluded from the operation of the bill. Some of these financial authorities point out that inflation is inevitable in time of war and that the corporation, if rightly managed, will keep inflation within bounds. Above all, said one prominent banker, " flotation of the next Liberty Loan should be aided greatly."

LONGEVITY OF SPIES HERE

THE EXTREMELY LOW MORTALITY among German spies in America is considered very encouraging, by our observant editors, to their continued activity. No other country in the world, it is maintained, is so healthful and salubrious for persons of an occupation which in some lands is thought a bit hazardous or risky. The *Syracuse Herald* notes cheerfully that while "we haven't hanged or shot any spies yet, we have reprimanded some of them very severely." Various idle brick and stone walls are mentioned in this connection as available for use in the early morning hours. The worst that happens now "seems to be imprisonment or internment," remarks one observer, which is a little inadequate, for as fast as we put one agent in jail another springs up to take his place. The spy is entitled to no more mercy than his actions have indicated he would show to a nation involved in a desperate war, remarks the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, which avers that the concerted demand of the American people and of the American Army and Navy is that the Kaiser's agents "be sent before the firing-squad," for the only place a spy can be trusted is "under the ground." Summary execution of every spy caught is "a prime military necessity," echoes the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, which finds increasing signs of the aim of German agents to terrorize this country by fires, explosions, wrecking railway-trains, damaging cars and ships, and by all other depredations within their power. The *Insurance Press* (New York) records that—

"In the nine months following the formal declaration of war between the United States and Germany, the destruction by fire of property classified as 'war-industries' amounted to \$43,538,000.

"As the total fire-loss in the United States during 1917 was \$263,000,000, the foregoing figures furnish a concrete and incontrovertible evidence of at least one visible effect of war, not across the seas, but within our own shores.

"One-sixth of our national fire-loss, destructive of industries and properties needed for the successful prosecution of the war, is a fact so momentous and personal as to convince even the most supine that the destroying arm of Mars now stretches

over our broad land, momentarily threatening the homes and lives of unawakened Americans, who, despite Liberty Loans, fuel and food regulations, military drafts, and varied signs of significance, still slumber in serene unconcern, and dreamily regard war as a remote and nebulous fantom.

"It is no fantom foe which burns \$5,000,000 worth of American property every month. It is real! The enemy whom we are fighting is no far-away monster, safely barricaded by a 3,000-mile wall of guarded ocean. The enemy is within our gates!

"The correct proportion between fires due to accident and fires due to intent in the destruction of \$43,000,000 of war-industry property will never be known. While high explosives, speeding-up methods, and inexperienced labor have undeniably contributed to increase the fire-hazard in war-industry plants, the circumstantial evidence has become so cumulative and so conclusive that even the most incredulous and charitably minded now plainly trace many fires of mysterious origin to the torch of the traitor!"

The *Providence Journal* asserts that the German spy system here has continuously been better served in man-power and money for war against the United States inside the United States than our own secret service, which is "relied on in vain to protect the people at home from the enemies that are striking such deadly blows at our resources day by day," and it asks:

"Are we to do nothing in the face of this continuous calamity but confess that we can not cope with Germany on our own soil? It seems preposterous to talk about driving the Kaiser back to the Rhine, when we do not drive off his American army, which reports its victories to Berlin in every issue of the American newspapers."

If the lack of laws with teeth in them is the reason for the "namby-pamby" methods of the Department of Justice, says the *Minneapolis Journal*, is not Congress in session ready and anxious to pass any emergency war-laws the Administration may ask for? Similarly minded, the *New York Evening Sun* observes:

"A dead spy or two might act as a deterrent. An interned or incarcerated spy is a joke, and more than one is a national calamity and outrage. With the memory of Fryatt and Cavell in one's mind, can any American doubt the fate of any Yankee caught prowling around the Wilhelmstrasse?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHETHER Germany is fighting for her existence or not, it is clear that the Kaiser is fighting for his.—*Savannah News*.

THE recommendation of a food substitute usually carries a patriotic rise in the price of the substitute.—*Ohio Farmer*.

GENERAL CROWDER says no spy has been executed in the United States, and much as we hate to, we have to believe him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THROUGH blizzards and bloodshed, brutality and stupidity, muddling, incompetency, delay, and famine, peace is coming.—*Washington Times*.

SENATOR STONE's denial that prominent Democrats tried to dissuade him from making that speech is another blow at his party.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

ONE advantage of a supreme war-council of three is that it would leave one man on the job while Senate committees quizzed the other two.—*Chicago Herald*.

THREE hundred society women of New York have organized to teach the poor how to economize. In self-defense the poor should organize to teach the rich how to spend money.—*Cleveland Press*.

As the Allies on the Western front now outnumber the Germans to the same extent to which the Germans outnumber the Allies, a determined offensive on both sides may be confidently expected.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE *Boston Transcript* says "this is just the honeymoon period of the war," implying that the real fighting has not yet begun.—*Kansas City Star*.

THE German workers seem to have fanned on their last strike.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A FORD boat a day keeps the U-boat away.—*Kansas City Star*.

It is curious how many critics there are who have access to sources of information which are denied to Secretary Baker.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE impression grows that when Germany gets ready to withdraw from Belgium she will try to take most of Belgium with her.—*Indianapolis News*.

WHEN Congress warms up on questions of strategy we get a vivid sense of what is meant by the military inefficiency of democracy.—*Springfield Republican*.

WE see nothing inherently improbable in the story that von Hindenburg told thirty German editors that he would be in Paris on April 1.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE "four-minute men" have been instructed to cut out the hate in their addresses. Proper enough. Nobody can crowd even a fair-sized hate into four minutes.—*Chicago Herald*.

No wonder that Russia produces so many anarchists, Bolsheviks, and other long-haired and crack-brained "statesmen" of the Trotzky variety. They have this kind of weather every winter.—*Indianapolis News*.



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LOOK WHO'S HERE!

—Cassel in the *New York Evening World*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ON TORPEDOING TRANSPORTS

THE MOST STUPID SHOT fired in this war sank the *Lusitania* and enlisted the British heart determinedly in the work of ending such outrages forever. Another stupid shot sank the *Tuscania* and killed more than a hundred of our men. Neutral and Allied opinion is agreed that if anything were needed to stiffen America's resolution to see the war through to the bitter end, it is just such an act as this. As the *London Daily Express* puts it: "America will shed proud tears, and then her heart will harden. 'Remember the *Tuscania*' will be the irresistible call to the colors. It will also be the battle-cry of victory." Germany, however, betrays a complacent satisfaction with the "magnificent feat" she has accomplished, as the comments in the German papers show.

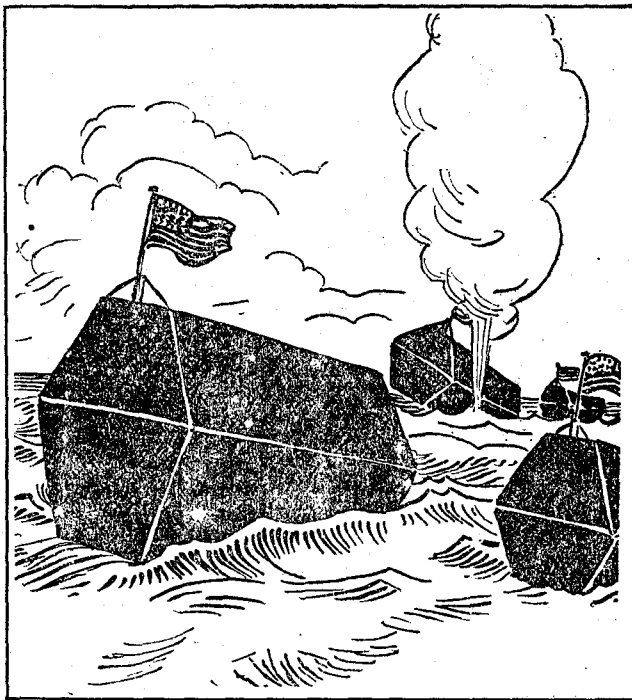
Germany, too, pretends to be delighted with the convoy system, and rejoices that we do not send over our troops in isolated transports, which, she claims, are more difficult to find and sink, a claim contrary to the facts. This claim is developed in some detail by Captain Brünninghaus in a speech delivered before the War Committee of German Industry. Incidentally, he alleges victories over American convoys about which no word has ever come to us—or, for the matter of that, to anybody else. As reported by the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, he said:

"It must be admitted that the convoys at first caused our submarines certain difficulties. These difficulties have been removed. Hardly a day passes on which we do not deprive an escort of one or more ships in the area in which the submarine-war is carried on. Meanwhile the convoy system constitutes for our enemies a very considerable automatic reduction of the tonnage that is already so scarce, altho, of course, we can not express this fact in the statistics of sinkings.

"The composition of the convoys, the reduction of the speed to that of the slowest ship, the difficulties of navigation in large units, the hindrance to the use of the ship's guns, the unwieldiness of an escort, the almost complete impossibility of escaping quickly from submarine attacks, all these things are factors which are unfavorable to the escorts. . . . Moreover, the convoy system gives all the less security against submarine attack the more experience our submarines accumulate about the methods of the protecting craft. Every German submarine commander already knows that an American escort is to be dealt with in quite different fashion from an English escort. Experienced commanders have disposed of three or even four vessels in one and the same convoy—achievements which are hardly possible in the same time against ships cruising singly."

Each extension of the "submarine danger-zone" is greeted with shrieks of smug rejoicing, and when the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands were put in the blockade zone the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* chortled in this fashion:

"The outstanding fact about our new U-boat zone is its proof of the enormous and still increasing radius of our submarine warfare. The southernmost extremity of the new zone, Cape Palmas, is on a direct line of about four thousand miles from Cuxhaven. The new measure is also a very effective check-mate to the enemy because his difficulties in finding ships enough for convoy purposes will now be automatically increased. The longer the routes over which ships must travel under convoy, the harder the enemy's task of protecting shipping. We wish the enemy much joy in the new fat in which we shall now compel him to stew."



AN EFFORT TO CHEER THE GERMAN HEART.

"American transports—Floating caskets."

—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

Despite the Germans' charitable hope, the transport service of all the Allies has been an immense success, the percentage of loss being almost negligible—as a matter of fact, it is the submarines themselves that have proved to be "floating caskets."

on the *Tuscania* will occasion will only steel the hearts of the people to persevere and deepen their resolve. There is nothing in the incident to occasion alarm, but it constitutes a warning to us and the Americans to concentrate on the defense of the Atlantic."

This submarine feat, in the opinion of *The Daily Mail*, will bring forth—as indeed it has—a host of volunteers:

"A thousand men will step forward to fill the gap left vacant by each of the dead. Americans are looking the task straight in the face, and dangers and difficulties, even disaster, will only serve to stimulate and steady them."

The *London Times* says:

"They have died as millions of their countrymen are ready to die and as tens of thousands must die in the struggle before victory is won and the war-aims of America accomplished. . . . The spirit of the American people was already high. It will be higher yet as they mourn their heroes who sleep forever beneath the waves of the Atlantic, and this tribute of precious lives will stimulate them to heightened effort as nothing else could do."

The Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* is astonished that the *Tuscania* carried "only 2,400 men," and, proceeding to calculate on the basis of "sixteen arrived transports," announces that the American Army in France amounts to only 40,000. The Berlin *Clerical Germania*, however, remarks: "Even so, we do not underestimate the importance of America's assistance, but we shall, nevertheless, look for further U-boat successes."

AUSTRO-GERMAN AMENITIES

THE ARDENT LOVE which Austria-Hungary once bore for the Kaiser and all his works has decidedly cooled, and a growing irritation with the northern neighbor is rapidly taking its place. A study of the Austrian and Hungarian papers definitely establishes the fact that the Dual Monarchy would quit to-morrow if she dared. But the predominant partner won't let her. The plain fact is that the Emperor Karl and his people stand face to face with famine and bankruptcy, and all parties realize that the only hope of salvation lies in a separate peace. The Paris *Petit Journal* has diagnosed the situation pretty accurately when it says:

"The German Government is well aware that it has a permanent reason for seeking peace. This reason is Austria-Hungary. The German Government well knows that for the past six months it has been living in dread of the pacifist explosion which the Government of Vienna is certainly threatening. It is well aware that in order to keep the Emperor Karl and Count Czernin quiet, it has been obliged to make them from day to day many concessions on the question of Poland. It knows well that all the peace manifestations, all the toning down of warlike speeches, and even the peace resolution in the Reichstag of last July, have been due to Austrian pressure.

"Let us know how to wait. Let us know how to hold out, and it may well be that Austria from different reasons and in very altered circumstances may share the fate of her neighbor Russia."

When we turn to the press of the Dual Monarchy and observe the kaleidoscopic cabinet changes both in Austria and Hungary, we see the infallible signs of grave political unrest, and even a much-censored press can not always be induced to observe a discreet silence. For example, one of the leading papers in the Austrian capital, the *Neue Freie Presse*, writes:

"The whole Empire is dejected and longing for peace. We are the only belligerent nation whose views and feelings are unanimous in this respect. There is no war-party in the full sense of the word, and none would dare to appear to-day. There are no party quarrels, and unity on the peace question is the clearest and most imperative factor in our policy."

Turning to the Hungarian capital, we find the Budapest *Népszava* making this significant statement:

"If the war were only between ourselves and Russia, peace could be concluded in twenty-four hours, but Austria-Hungary's readiness for peace is not enough in itself. It is necessary that Germany should turn to the world with similar readiness and declare that she does not want to annex either Courland or Lithuania, for of what use is it for the Entente Powers to know that the Dual Monarchy does not want to annex anything when they can not but believe that Germany intends to do so? Count Czernin's last speech was frank and courageous, but he must address our own allies rather than the Entente. If we draw the logical conclusion from his speech we must infer that there are two ways in which we can deal with the subject of peace: One is to conclude a separate peace without Germany, and the other is to persuade Germany to accept the principles which Czernin advocates. In the interest of the peace of the world, we think that the second course would be the right one to take. But if in Germany the Pan-Germans get firmly into the saddle,

then it will be the duty of the Austro-Hungarian Government—unless it wishes this nation to fight purely for foreign interests—to choose the first solution."

It would almost seem as tho the Austro-Hungarian Government were anxious to antagonize the Germans, for the censor permits the Socialist Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* to say:

"If the whole world is fighting against us, and if we are hated by all the other nations, the fault lies with Germany. To-day she acts with all the insolence of a conqueror and wants to dictate a conqueror's peace, as if it were not downright madness to pretend that a victorious peace were possible under present circumstances. This mad idea is embodied in the stupid saying that if we hold out only a few months more, the whole world will submit to us! Politics at the present moment means in Germany the grasping after riches and power. To speak of the rights of other nations is, according to German ideas, to be mad. Power means bayonets and guns, and riches money and territory."

In a subsequent article upon the errors of the German Jingoism the *Arbeiter Zeitung* wrote:

"The Pan-Germans have done everything they could during this war to excite the people of the world against the Central Empires. They have represented the invasion of Belgium as the most natural thing in the world; they have laughed at the victims of the *Zeppelins* in London; they have laughed at the unfortunate victims of torpedoings and have set out in advance the details of

cruelties to be practised against the civil populations of the invaded countries. And after all this, after forcing the world into war against the Central Empires, they demand a victorious peace.

"But we have no need of conquests on the Pan-German model. We want moral victories. And now is the time to achieve these victories and show the world that the Pan-Germans have not the right to speak for the German and Austrian people."

Some sections of German thought at least recognize the position in which the Dual Monarchy finds itself. The Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* makes an impassioned plea to the Kaiser's Government to adopt the views of its Austrian ally, and says:

"As the result of Pan-German propaganda we are menaced with complete political isolation. This danger can be averted only if the German Government declares itself in agreement with Foreign Minister Czernin's declarations respecting the principles of no annexations and no indemnities, and draws therefrom all the practical conclusions which must be drawn honestly. If the Government acts otherwise, the consequences would be that while Austria-Hungary and Russia enter into lasting relations of friendship Germany will remain excluded and we shall lose our last neighbor and friend."

The Paris *Temps*, however, doubts Austro-German friction:

"Austria does not sincerely wish to free Poland, as Czernin talks of the 'attachment' of the Poles to the Hapsburg Monarchy. She is not thinking of concluding a general peace, since all Czernin's words about peace without annexations only apply, when one gets down to it, to the Ukraine. . . . The Allies are not confronted by two different wills, but one and the same will. Germany leads and Austria follows, and the will is—war to the knife."



THROUGH SPANISH GLASSES.

GERMANY (to Austria)—"No separate peace—we have sworn mutual fidelity, and our word is sacred." —Iberia (Barcelona).

JAPAN'S CRITICISM OF OUR WAR-AIMS

ONLY A PERFUNCTORY INTEREST is displayed by Japan in our desire to see the "world made safe for democracy," and the comments of the Japanese press on the President's last two messages to Congress are focused chiefly on the commercial aspect of our entry into the war and the possible economic results after the war. The two papers usually reported to be somewhat censoriously inclined toward our policies in the Far East, the Tokyo *Nichi-nichi* and the Osaka *Mainichi*, both under the same management, are, curiously enough, interested in the altruistic side of our war-aims, and the *Nichi-nichi* writes:

"Never since America entered the Great War, almost a year ago, have we wavered in our belief that she is entirely disinterested in taking up arms against Germany, and that her sole purpose is to free the small nations of Europe from the bondage of German autocracy and militarism."

"Herself a liberty-loving nation, cherishing no territorial ambition, she is singularly fit to champion the cause of the oppressed peoples of Europe. Mr. Wilson's words in this respect are calculated to influence, as those of no monarchs or prime ministers of Europe will influence, the course of action which the belligerent Powers are likely to follow in the conclusion of peace."

In common with most Japanese journals, the *Nichi-nichi* is a little puzzled over the meaning of President Wilson's proposal, as one of the terms of peace, to remove all economic barriers and to establish equality of trade conditions among nations consenting to peace and associating themselves for its maintenance. It argues that this assertion contradicts one of the principal terms of the Paris agreement made last June among the representatives of the Entente Allies. That agreement, we are told, provided among other things for the continuation, even after the war, of the policy of barring out German goods from the countries of the Entente Allies. The *Nichi-nichi*

has nothing to say in criticism of the President's apparent recession from the Paris agreement, but warns the Japanese to be prepared to face the *post-bellum* commercial competition of Germany which will prove just as keen as before the war.

The Tokyo *Chu-gai Shogyo* (Journal of Internal and External Trade) is convinced that the war will result in radical changes in the economic policy of all the Allies, and says:

"We are not quite sure what Mr. Wilson means when he says that all economic obstacles shall be removed and conditions of trade shall be based upon equality. The President may have in mind the removal of the tariff barrier in international trade. If so, its practicability after the war is open to question. Upon the termination of the conflict the Powers will be so impoverished and their desire to recuperate themselves by encouraging industry and trade so great that they may be inclined to heighten rather than lower the tariff wall.

"Another point which appears to us ambiguous is in the statement that adjustment of all colonial claims must be based upon the principle that the peoples concerned have equal weight with the interest of the Government. If this is to apply as much to the colonies possessed by the Entente Allies as those of the Central Powers, much complication will be occasioned."

At the same time this journal heartily indorses Mr. Wilson's advocacy of the reduction of armaments, and urges that the idea should be applied not only to Germany, but to all nations, and it adds:

"We take it for granted that no nation, except those bent upon conquest and aggrandizement, likes war. It may be reasonably said that most nations maintain armament, not for the purpose of aggression, but for the maintenance of peace. If there be found any other means of preserving peace, all nations will be but too willing to discard the instrument which has hitherto been regarded essential for that purpose."

The Tokyo *Asahi* is disappointed that in the various statements of our war-aims the President is silent upon the question of China, for, it says, "the Chinese question is as important as the question of the readjustment of relations among the nations of Europe."



THE HUNGER STRIKERS.

THE JAILER — "If you don't eat it quickly you'll be forcibly fed!"
—*Passing Show* (London).



AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY.

FIRST KAISER (WILHELM) — "I am thinking of sending this bird of peace forth again. We can afford to be magnanimous."
SECOND KAISER (KARL) — "Well, we certainly can't afford anything else."
Punch (London).

THE CENTRAL POWERS AS ENGLAND SEES THEM.



From "Der Welt Spiegel" (Berlin).

A CAPTURED BRITISH TANK IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN.

THE TANKS REACH BERLIN

THE TANKS HAVE ENTERED BERLIN, but as captives. The *Berlin Lokal Anzeiger* tells us that one of the tanks captured at Cambrai was repaired and perambulated through the streets of the Kaiser's capital from the Tempelhof parade-ground to the Zoological Gardens, and on this page we publish a picture of it in the act. The *Anzeiger* says:

"A tank captured at Cambrai, F 41, was expected at noon at the Zoological Gardens, but the grotesque visitor took its own time and did not reach its destination until four o'clock. Many who stood patiently in the snow to see it were disappointed. Their fancy had conjured up the vision of an antediluvian monster of mastodontic proportions. What they actually saw was a low, rakish, uncouth thing, which crawled forward painfully through the snow-drifts, stopt short suddenly, and then seemed to lack power to move again.

"It was for all the world as if one of the river-dredges, so familiar to us denizens of the banks of the Spree, had climbed over the banks for a cross-town jaunt. The clumsy armored car, which is supposed to devour human beings like a Moloch, whenever it pierces the German front, lumbered along at a strolling pace. Steering seemed to be its weak point. Turning in the streets and around corners invariably required time and trouble.

"Navigating in the snow also seemed to be very little to the liking of the awkward contrivance, which gave an impression of being little else than a block of helpless steel. It is easy to realize that the crew have anything but an agreeable life, and that no small degree of self-sacrifice is demanded from officers and men in the tank corps. A tank is supposed to have a speed of three and a half miles an hour, but our Berlin visitor certainly did not make it."

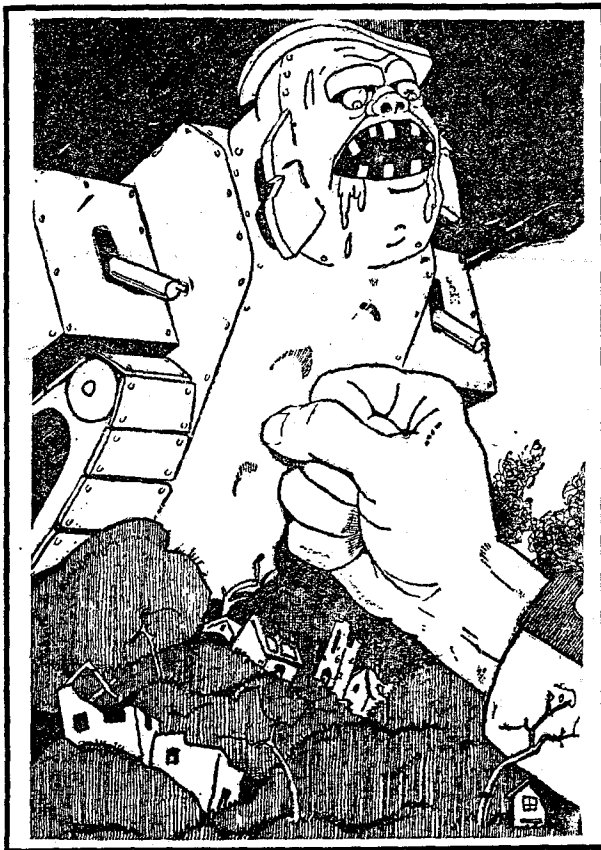
The *Lokal Anzeiger's* account of the tank's halting performances

rather gives away the claim of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that this tank was captured "absolutely intact."

WHERE MILLIONAIRES COME FROM—The *Manchester Guardian* tells us that the world has been suffering from an illusion as to where the millionaires come from. It seems they are an English, not an American, product. The *Guardian* writes:

"In this country we have come to regard the multimillionaire as essentially an American institution, and we have not been wanting encouragement from various directions in cultivating this delusion—for delusion it is, and no less. Americans themselves have not hesitated to spread the myth among us. But from a comparison of the 1916 income-tax returns for the United Kingdom and the United States (and using the 'almighty dollar' as the basis of estimation in both cases), we are forced to the belief that if we would seek modern Croesuses in large quantities we need but look round us at home—in our very midst, indeed. For where the United States can produce only ten multimillionaires with 125 million dollars each to their credit, we can boast of seventy-nine! And where America has merely nine waxing well on 100 million dollars, Great Britain has sixty-eight; while in the 75-million to 100-million region we win again with forty-five to fourteen. On the more poverty-stricken scale of the fifty millions and just under, our lead is not so comfortable; nevertheless, the old country comes in first by a clear nineteen. After this penurious zone is reached we are quite willing to fall out of the running, and America has ninety-seven individuals to our eighty-three owning between 25 and 37 million dollars."

It is in the class of what might be called "petty millionaires" where America has the great lead. The number of Britishers having fortunes of from one to two million dollars is negligible when compared to the American figures.



THE TERRIBLE TANK.

The German fist can always stop them.

—Meggendorfer Blätter (Berlin).

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WAR AND DEFECTIVE BRAINS

LIKE THE DOCTOR who turned over two leaves of his book instead of one, and thereby killed his patient, the German historians have turned two leaves of the book of philosophy and have killed their country. This is the striking conclusion of Dr. Robert T. Morris in a forthcoming book on "War: Notes on Its Natural History," advance sheets of which are reviewed in the *New York Times*. The Germans, in laying stress on Darwin's doctrine of the struggle for existence, have completely forgotten his other doctrine of mutual interdependence. Instead of cultivating the good-will of other nations, the Prussians are now trying to smash them. Prussia, says the doctor, is "protoplasmically senile." She is done for. In fact, any nation that deliberately wages aggressive war is abnormal, Dr. Morris thinks; for war is always a symptom of deficient brain development. Man is the only mammal that thus kills his own kind. In time wars will cease. Man's energy and emotion will be directed toward other outlets, and the world will offer the spectacle of a perfect organization like that of a plant. But that time is still far distant. Says the reviewer:

"The most we can hope for in the immediate future is lengthening periods of peace. Prussia, the present master of Germany, is already suffering from actual senile decay and is in the act of committing suicide. After the end of the present conflict we need no longer fear Prussia's menace to the welfare of the world. . . .

"Diplomats have made the mistake of regarding war and international conditions solely from the social standpoint; they have studied the past; they have not been able to forecast the future. That, on the other hand, is just what the biologist is able to do. By studying the scientific march of events, tracing the long 'war' of ameba and microbe, examining the effect of the chemical action of emotion upon man's brain, the natural scientist can, Dr. Morris asserts, not only analyze the nature of war, but predict and assist the coming of peace. At the beginning of his book he says:

"Sociology failed in its attempt at bringing the subject of warfare down to a satisfactory conclusion. Psychology then took up the task, but without practical results. The reason for all this is because sociology and psychology belong largely to educational conviction. Warfare as an expression of natural law can not be examined critically excepting from its fundamentals in natural history. History in the past has been written largely from the subjective point of view, and not impersonally in terms of science. Social methods in the past have not succeeded in insuring any very durable periods of peace, and the sociologist has nothing new to offer for the future beyond metaphysical conception. In this part of the present century we may approach the subject of warfare along an untried path with a guide of modern science. The biologic standpoint is the only fundamental one, and consequently the only one upon which a constructive criticism relating to warfare may be made."

Dr. Morris's final conclusions are thus quoted, in part:

"The relation of war to the species is that of a destructive process in all of its final phases. The reason for that is because it exhausts a part of the fund of vital energy which belongs by natural inheritance to germ plasm.

"All nations consist of hybrid groups. . . . All nations come and go, like varieties of plants and animals, and for the same reason—being subject to the laws of protoplasm. The salient actions in any nation may be anticipated by the naturalist who studies the particular habits of the hybrid groups representing that variety.

"Warfare by arms will continue for some centuries yet, in all probability, but with ever-lengthening periods of peace. According to the laws of continuity, order in nature indicates

that in the end a world State will emerge, following the already accomplished union of States in larger and larger groups since the days of small tribes and clans.

"This will be similar to the way in which organs of a plant gradually developed and became united by mutual interdependence to form an organic whole in an oak-tree. Negative and positive pressures under varying conditions of light and of temperature serve to keep the nutrient sap flowing through the widely distributed channels of a plant; so among nations the positive and negative pressures of debt and credit will serve to keep international mind flowing freely through the trade channels of nations."

In elaboration of his theory of man's defective brain and its relation to warfare, Dr. Morris goes into detail as follows:

"Why does man invest in the wrong financial enterprises, marry the wrong wife, and vote for the wrong political candidate with a frequency that would shock the instinct centers of an old four-footed rat? We may stop for a moment in order to give consideration to this four-footed question, which is basic in understanding our whole subject of warfare. The rat which has remained upon his four feet in the course of his evolution has been guided safely by his instincts. . . .

"Man's brain, on the other hand, seems to have followed an abnormal course. . . . The reason why we postulate that man's arising upon his hind legs was due to some accident not foreseen by nature is because of the fact that so many structural defects appeared in connection with the erect posture. There are imperfect muscle-bearings, weak-walled inguinal canals, and badly placed stresses in joint action. The physical defects of a man as compared with those of a rat are at once apparent to an engineer, and they need not be mentioned here.

"Assuming that the cell construction of man's brain went wrong when trying to follow other faulty anatomic processes, we may deduce the conclusion that his mind acts in faulty ways as a natural consequence. This offers explanation for man's devotion to funny religions, for example, and for the absurd choice of leaders in literature and in art, which are displayed by so many individuals.

"We may assume that man must continue to be his own worst enemy for mechanistic reasons which he can not avoid for a while. . . . He is the only animal capable of developing a philosophy which can make him unhappy, and he abets this sort of philosophy through choice of food and of daily habits which further interfere with the normal action of brain-cells. He forms the only animal group in which individuals are persistently engaged in trying to fool each other, spending millions of dollars for this purpose annually in printed advertising alone. He is the only animal which constitutes an epidemic against others of his own kind. Man is always an epidemic against nature's resources, destroying the forests and wasting the land, but in frequently occurring wars he becomes an epidemic against his own kind. . . .

"Biology then looks upon man as being a very defective primate, an offshoot from the primitive simian group, which gave collateral descendants better anatomy."

MICA FOR WOUNDS—The use of sheet mica as a dressing for wounds in war is advocated by Dr. E. O'Neill Kane. *The Druggists' Circular* (New York, January) quotes him as follows:

"Block mica can be readily split to any degree of thickness, from several millimeters, as sold in the hardware stores, down to a thinness equal to the finest Cargile membrane. Placed on the surface of a wound, its glassy texture renders it non-irritant and non-adherent, while at the same time the surface beneath can be viewed as under a glass. Thus, granulation tissue, bone, brain, nerve, tendon, intestine, or other organic structure can be daily inspected, and changes; retrograde or reparative, noted without disturbance or exposure to infection of the area. The covering is readily lifted off or broken away if removal is

required, or it may remain and become encysted in regions in which motion or friction is not great, there being no injurious irritation. In a case in which I was obliged to remove a considerable portion of skull in secondary trephining after injury, I inserted an oval sheet of mica . . . which is still in place, three years after operation. Like asbestos (mineral wool), also, it possesses the advantage of being readily and rapidly sterilized by being passed through a flame, being indestructible by heat. When a large surface is to be protected by a mica covering, the mica should be laid on in small pieces, varying in size in accordance with the contour of the part to be covered and the amount of exudation or discharge beneath. In the paper referred to above I recommended that a small block of this mineral be carried in the railway emergency kit. I should like to suggest that it might be found of equal efficiency in the soldier's first-aid package, or at dressing-stations."

THE ENGINEER'S RISING STAR

TO DISCOURAGED ENGINEERS who have become pessimistic over the outlook, Frazer S. Keith, general secretary of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, bears good tidings in an address printed in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago). He tells them that the star of the engineering profession has risen above the horizon and that it is well started on its upward path of glory and eminence. Just as the past century was an era of material development, credit for which is largely due to the engineer, just so surely will the coming century see social conditions improved, and the group of men who wrought the former change will also be responsible for the greater change that is to come. Says Mr. Keith:

"The lawyer and the politician have admittedly failed to solve the industrial relations of man to man and the relations between capital and labor. The very qualifications of mind and training that have enabled the engineer so successfully to grasp and solve any problem set before him will be called upon and required to solve and to deal with what will be, after the war, the greatest problem which we have to face.

"We find already many of the executives of large industrial concerns being chosen from our own profession, and more and more will the men who have received a thorough training in technical matters be called to the high positions in industrial affairs. This will mean the opening up of a scope for the profession, giving rise to a future that will place the technical man in control of the industrial life of the nation. Coincident with that is arriving a condition whereby the engineer must, besides drawing plans and specifications, give his advice in connection with financing of any industrial or engineering undertaking, so that the time is coming, and very soon, when the engineer, instead of receiving the reward that capital is willing to offer, will walk hand in hand with the capitalist on an equal footing, and will share in the rewards that the other has heretofore enjoyed."

In view of such enticing prospects and possibilities for the individual, this Canadian engineer wonders what limit there is to the development of the profession if its members can act in unison—

"Here we are, a powerful legion, with all the potential attributes of mind, heart, and soul to carry us to undreamed-of heights of eminence, and how far we shall rise as a profession is only limited by the minimum amount of effort which each and every one of us is prepared to give in connection with his fellows to make what is reasonably possible a living reality."

GAS-DRIVEN MOTOR-CARS

IT IS A LITTLE UNFORTUNATE that the drivers of motor-cars have fallen into the habit of abbreviating "gasoline" to "gas"; because automobiles are now being run with real gas, and it may be necessary to make a distinction. Sooner or later, a writer in *Gas Logic* (New York, January) tells us, gasoline may become so high-priced or so rare, owing to its war-uses, that the gas-driven car will become common. Cars operated by gas-engines and carrying a supply of gas instead of "gas" are now being operated by the hundred in all parts of England, and there is at least one in the United States; for the Consolidated Gas Company of New York recently equipped one of its service-cars for gas, and for several weeks this car has been successfully running about the streets of Manhattan. Says this writer:

"Very likely you have seen the car yourself—a smart-looking limousine. But if you have, it is a very small chance that you noticed anything about its appearance differentiating it from any of the hundreds of other motor-cars of its general type that one sees every day.

"The fact is that this artificial gas-driven car, the first in America under gas-propulsion, is so little changed in its outward looks from the every-day variety of car that gets its power from gasoline that the metropolitan public, usually so keen for novelties and sensations, hasn't been able to detect any difference. There is a difference, however. Along the running-board on one side of the limousine is an unobtrusive steel cylinder from which the gas is fed to the engine and which furnishes it with its motive power.

"This steel cylinder, or container, forty-five inches long and having an internal diameter of eight inches, is provided with two one-half-inch connections, one for charging and the other for delivering the gas to the carburetor. On the delivery-line are placed a high-pressure regulating valve and

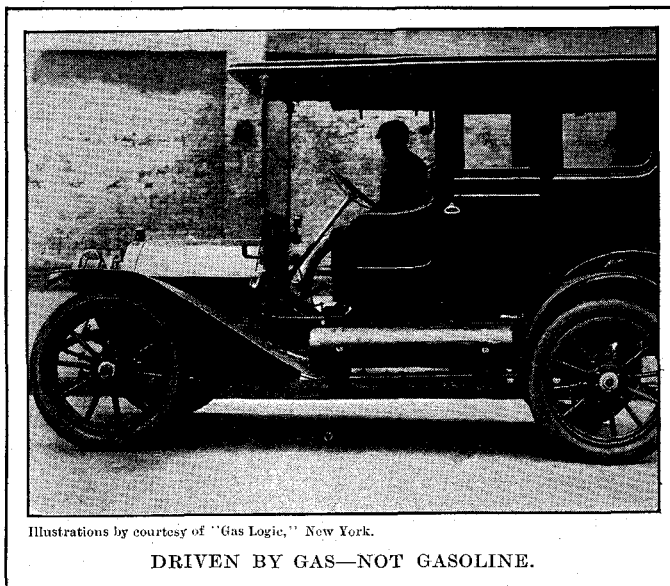
gage, so located that the chauffeur can easily adjust the regulator from the driving-seat. The steel container is charged with gas at approximately 100 pounds pressure. While on this particular car the tank containing the gas-supply is placed along the running-board, there is no reason whatever why it could not, if desired, be placed with equal advantage on the rear of the car.

"The experiments that have been made with New York's first motor-car to be driven by artificial gas have shown that, roughly speaking, about 226 cubic feet of gas would ordinarily be required to do the work in motor-propulsion of one gallon of gasoline. . . . There is no question that, with a car specially equipped for gas service and with a compressing plant specially built for charging its tank with fuel, far greater efficiency would be obtained. . . .

"So long as gasoline stays around its present price-level in this country there is, of course, no chance that artificial-gas-driven motor-cars will displace those run by liquid fuel. But once let the retail cost of gasoline soar up around the thirty-cent figure and there might be a different story to tell! In Great Britain, owing to the abnormally high price of petrol and to the urgent necessity of saving every ounce of the liquid fuel for the use of war-motor vehicles and war-motor transport, motor-cars operated by artificial gas have come into a wide use in the last few months, and their vogue and popularity are rapidly growing.

"The rush of the English motor-world to gas as a low-priced, convenient, and entirely practicable motive-power for motor-vehicles can readily be understood when it is stated that the price of petrol in the British Isles, due to the enormous war-pressure, has now mounted to something over a dollar a gallon.

"And there is no guaranty that it will not go higher still before the world conflict is over. In these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that motor-cars of every sort and size



Illustrations by courtesy of "Gas Logic," New York.

DRIVEN BY GAS—NOT GASOLINE.

have been equipped with gas and are doing hard service throughout the United Kingdom.

"Hundreds of heavy commercial motors, light parcel vans, cumbersome motor-lorries, motor-busses, limousines, runabouts, and even motor-cycles and motor-boats in all parts of England, are now successfully operating under gas-power. The first experimental successes with gas fuel led to its being used practically in a few cities and towns, conspicuously in Manchester, in Birmingham, and in London itself, and the innovation proved so successful in those centers that the rest was easy.

"About the only real difficulty the British motorists seem to have encountered has been with their devices for storing the gas aboard the car. At first crude collapsible bags, made of two-ply cotton sheeting, thoroughly waterproofed, that ballooned from the tops of the big motor-busses when inflated and that flopped down over their sides as the gas passed out, were generally used.

"More recently there has been an increasing use of semi-rigid and rigid containers of various sorts, long, narrow tanks like that fitted to New York's pioneer gas-driven car being used in some instances. Bags of all sizes have been utilized during the various stages of the development of the new idea, but those holding from 300 to 500 cubic feet of gas have been the most common. From figures recently published it appears that English automobiles are operating on 300 cubic feet of gas as the equivalent of one gallon of gasoline.

"The conviction is gaining ground among our British cousins that the motor-car operated by artificial gas has come to stay even after the war. More and more English experts are daily coming to believe that there will be no great drop in the price of petrol after peace is declared, and that motor propulsion by artificial gas, seized upon as a war-time expedient, is a development of lasting economic value.

"F. G. Bristow, secretary of the Commercial Motor Users' Association of Great Britain, has said of the motor-car propelled by artificial gas: 'Its popularity is steadily increasing, and most people who have given it a trial regard it as the obvious solution of the petrol problem.'"

THE COST OF COAL ANALYZED

"WHO is raising the price of coal?" is a question we often hear. The query should rather be worded, "What is raising the price?" we are told by George Otis Smith and C. E. Leshner, of the United States Geological Survey, who contribute an analysis of cost-elements to *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, January 5). Not a few persons, but many, get, in the last analysis, what we consider as the superfluous number of dollars now paid for a ton



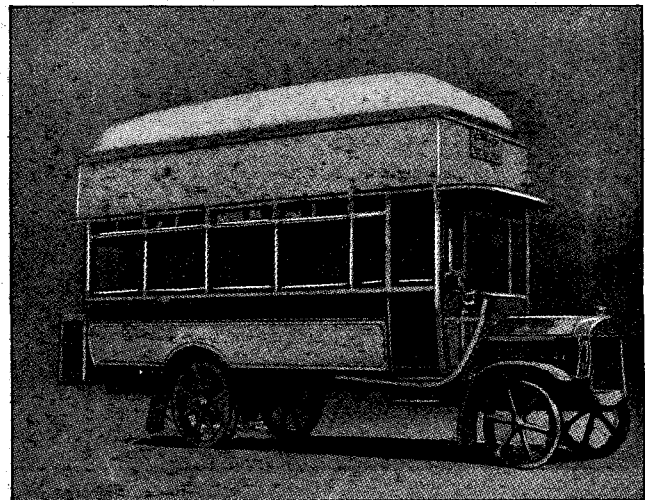
WAR-TIME MOTOR-BOATING IN ENGLAND.

The gas is carried in a collapsible bag.

of coal. Relief will come ultimately, the writers think, from some form of Federal price-control. After a detailed analysis of the various elements entering into the price, they reach this conclusion:

"Should you be interested in summing up all these various

costs and striking a balance between labor's share and capital's return, you would find that the mine-worker, the train-man, and the wagon-driver together receive fully half of the price of the anthracite delivered at your house, and the same three classes of labor receive not less than half the price paid by the average consumer for the cheaper soft coal. In a similar man-



AN ENGLISH GAS-DRIVEN MOTOR-BUS.

The gas is carried in the rigid container on top.

ner the average return on the capital invested in land, mining plant, railroads, and coal-yard may be roughly calculated, with the result that landlord, bondholder, and stockholder of coal company and railroad together receive about \$1.15 from the ton of anthracite and only 50 to 75 cents from the ton of bituminous coal, and of either of these amounts the mine operator's share is only a small fraction."

Those who are looking forward to lower coal-prices will be interested to know that there is not likely to be any reduction in the cost of labor and material. If we are willing to take our coal from near-by fields, the transportation charge, of course, can be lowered. This means that some parts of the country would use no anthracite. Marketing costs may also be reduced by perhaps 50 cents a ton, the writers think. They go on:

"There only remains, therefore, the first item of all—the value of the coal in the ground, or, rather, the return which the landowner is asking for this natural resource. The fortunate holder of coal-land, whether a very human individual or a soulless corporation, or a large trust estate administered for benevolence only, is likely to endeavor to get all that the traffic will bear.

"Any study of costs in the coal industry finds its point in the question not who but what fixes the price of coal. . . . Even now it may be possible to suggest how relief will eventually be obtained. Study of present conditions in the coal-mining districts fails to encourage the idea of governmental operation of the seven thousand coal-mines in this country. More in line with the trend of public sentiment in the last decade, however, is governmental control in the interest of the consumer by regulation of prices.

"Competition seems to have failed of late years to benefit the consumer of coal. . . . Whether too great or too little . . . the result is the same—to increase the actual cost of bituminous coal by saddling the industry and its product with the fixed charges on idle or semi-idle mines, and to raise the price of anthracite coal by favoring the burdens of high resource costs.

"As coal is more an interstate than intrastate commodity, any regulation of prices needs to be under Federal control, and to benefit both consumer and producer such control can not stop with transportation and mining costs, but must stand ready to exercise full rights as a trustee of the people over the coal in the ground. The private owner of coal-land, which derives its real value from society's needs, has no more sacred right to decide whether or not that coal shall be mined when it is needed by society or to fix an exorbitant price on this indispensable national resource than the coal operators have to combine for the purpose of exacting an excessive profit from the consumer, or the railroads to charge all that the traffic may bear."



Courtesy of "The Railway Review," Chicago.

A "NO-JOLT" CONTINUOUS RAIL-CROSSING IN ILLINOIS.

A CONTINUOUS RAIL-CROSSING

OUR MIDDLE-AGED READERS will remember the day when the passage of a railway-train over a switch was effected with almost as much bumping and jumping as if the train had suddenly left the track. Switches are now built so that "fliers" move over them at high speed with the click of an ordinary rail-joint passage. Now the rail-crossing, which has retained a monopoly of the jolting business, is also to be made innocuous. After experimentation with various devices, one has finally been found, we are told in *The Railway Review* (Chicago, January 5), that appears to fill the bill. Fear that some passenger may bite his tongue off, however, has not been the only incentive to this improvement. The jolting "frog," is said to be expensive to the railroads, as the pounding of the wheels over it wears it out quickly. We read:

"Crossing-frogs of ordinary carbon steel wear out very rapidly under heavy locomotives and heavy freight tonnage, and the means of relief that has been sought since the advent of heavy locomotives and the fifty-ton gondola and box car is the use of hardened steel, either in the form of inserts to a frog of ordinary rail steel or as complete frogs cast of manganese steel.

"Another idea that has been worked out and experimented with is some form of continuous-rail frog, so that the opening at each of the four frog points of the crossing is avoided, thereby doing away with the pounding or jumping of the wheels. Various methods of accomplishing such a result have been devised, such as the sliding into place of sections of rail or angle-blocks, or a piece of rail pivoted at each corner of the crossing to be revolved into position to make a continuous rail on either track. The Alexander crossing is of the type last mentioned, having a 'swing'-rail working at each corner of the crossing. Unlike some other attempts at a design of a crossing of this type, which had a heavy, if not complicated, foundation of built-up beams or girders, the Alexander design has been simplified to the extreme, and the foundation of the crossing is a single rolled-steel plate one inch in thickness, to which are secured swing-rails at the points where the crossing rails intersect. The swing-rails are, of course, connected up with interlocking devices and operated from a tower, and as a precaution against any accidental misadjustment or failure of parts to work, the usual interlocking devices are operated in connection with the swing-rails. For example, when the route is set for one of the tracks the usual stop-signal is displayed on the opposing track, and before the signal can be changed to give a clear route over either of the tracks it is first necessary that all of the swing-rails be exactly in position for that track.

"Each of the swing-rails consists of a casting of manganese steel ten inches in diameter, the top part of the casting being molded in the form of a rail-head, the bottom part of the casting being molded in the form of a pinion. The device is worked

by a rack-bar operating upon this pinion. The swing-rail works upon a flanged bearing-plate, which, in turn, rests upon the base-plate.

"The crossing [shown in the picture] is in service at Farmer City, Ill., and one of the same construction has been in use at a crossing of the same two roads at Champaign, Ill., five years, with good satisfaction. The operation has been entirely reliable in all kinds of weather."

CREATURES THAT LIVE IN SNOW

SNOW IS THE DWELLING-PLACE of both plants and animals, none of them very large or very high in the scale of life. Says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, January 12):

"The flora includes the tiny organisms of the seaweed family which commonly produce the phenomenon of 'red snow.' Each of these 'plants' is a spherical cell, about a thousandth of an inch in diameter. These cells multiply rapidly by the simple process of splitting up to form new cells, and the latter are at first equipped with whiplike appendages, which enable them to swim in water. Red snow is not uncommon in the polar regions and on high mountains. Large tracts of 'green snow,' produced by another minute plant, were found by the Charcot antarctic expedition. But there are also humble forms of animal life that give snow a red color. Patches of snow reddened with a microscopic rotifer, or wheel-animalcule, have been found in the Alps and the Andes. Mr. Gain, of the Charcot expedition, found snow reddened with mites or tiny spiders. In Germany the term 'snow-worm' is applied to the larva of a beetle often found in the snow. Many species of insect are commonly found on glaciers. The most abundant of these are the springtails, which hop like miniature fleas or wriggle deftly into the cavities of the snow, but are so minute that the passer-by needs to look for them in order to see them. Occasionally, in their jumps, they light in a puddle of water, but this experience does them no harm, as they are thickly clothed in furry scales which save them from getting wet. Snow-loving springtails are not confined to glaciers; they occur in great numbers on the surface of melting snow, on bright sunny spring days, through the northern United States. Mr. F. E. Matthes, of the United States Geological Survey, has recently described some curious worms that abound on the lower parts of the Mount Rainier glaciers. They are dark brown, slender, and about an inch in length. On favorable days in July and August millions and millions of them may be found, writhing on the surface of the ice, evidently breeding there and feeding on organic matter blown upon the glacier in the form of dust. 'So essential to their existence,' says Mr. Matthes, 'is the chill of the ice that they enter several inches, and sometimes many feet, below the surface on days when the sun is particularly hot, reappearing late in the afternoon.'"

ELECTRICALLY HEATED BEDS

H EAT GENERATED ELECTRICALLY within the mattress is now being successfully used in some English hospitals. In certain diseases—notably pneumonia—it is of great importance to keep the patient's bed at a uniform temperature, and this is not always easy. The familiar water-bottle is "precarious," we are assured by an editorial writer in *The Lancet* (London). It is obvious, he says, that any system of intermittent heating is unsuitable. Various efforts have been made to solve the problem by the use of a continuous electric current passed through suitable resistance, but these have failed for the most part in not providing for the wear and tear inseparable from bed-using and bed-making. He goes on:

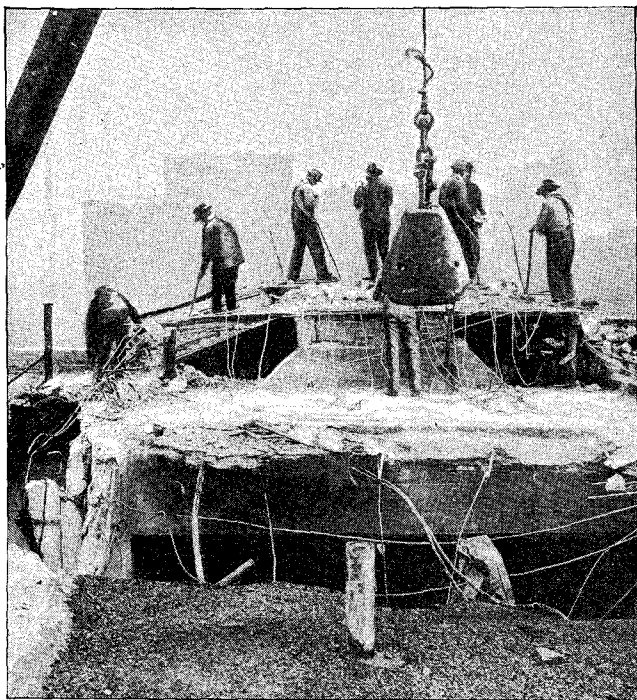
"A successful solution has now been reached by Mr. H. J. Gauvain at the Treloar Cripples' Hospital, Alton, where two wards are now supplied with electric mattresses which have proved both safe and convenient in practise even when a child is the occupant of the bed. The mattress does not differ in appearance from any other except that a flexible wire enters it at the head end through a terminal which is flush with the surface, and therefore not exposed to injury. The resistance wire is insulated by glass beads in flexible metallic tubing incorporated in the substance of the mattress. The mattress is differentially heated and the heating element is so disposed that the maximum warmth is generated at the foot-end, less in the middle, and none at all at the head end. This distribution of heat is maintained in whatever position the mattress is turned, either from head to foot or side to side. The wires are connected with a switchboard on the wall at the head of a bed which contains a variable resistance, so that the current can be graduated to any required extent. It is so arranged that when the current is full on the temperature of the bed is raised 25° to 30° F. above that which would obtain apart from the heating, and this has been found in practise to meet the needs of the small cripples, many of whom are fastened on splints which do not allow of the close contact of the bedclothes. A fuse prevents the passage of any current exceeding this amount. Several of the usual difficulties have thus been met: the temperature of the mattress can not rise to any dangerous degree, the tubing is so flexible that the mattress can be shaken or rolled up, and the resistance wire is water-proof in the spiral metallic tubing, so that no short-circuiting results, even if the mattress is wetted. The mattress may be sterilized in the ordinary way. The system is equally applicable whether the bed be in or out of doors. The saving of time at the Cripples'

Hospital amounts to an aggregate of three hours a day in each ward where the electric mattress has replaced the filling of hot-water bottles, while inasmuch as the current required for maximum heating is only half an ampere at 110 volts, the total expenditure of energy for 200 or more beds would be by no means prohibitive. We believe that the general adoption of a similar appliance in hospitals and infirmaries would save much time and relieve the nursing staff of a tiresome routine. Electrically heated beds have already been found of advantage in the treatment of shock at field-hospitals, and for military purposes. It will be seen that the current required may be instantly supplied from a portable dynamo driven by a motor-lorry or car."

POUNDING DOWN A HOUSE

P OUNDING a reenforced concrete building to pieces with a 1,200-pound iron ball was the novel method used by a Chicago wrecking company. The building in question, we are told by *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February), was an unusually strong eight-story structure. We read further:

"In order to save labor, the wrecking concern conceived the idea of using a cast-iron ball, weighing over half a ton. The wrecking outfit, carrying the ball, or 'skull-crusher,' on a single fall line, consisted of a stiff-leg derrick and forty-foot boom, mounted on a sixteen by twenty-four-foot platform on rollers which were built for this particular job to facilitate the steering of the platform between the columns of the building. In wrecking a floor the ball was dropt from a height of about forty feet on the central parts of a slab, until the concrete was shattered up to the column capitals or to the edge of the beams, after which the reenforcing bars were cut by means of an oxyacetylene flame. The blows of the ball were then directed over the center of the column, where they broke the concrete away from the rods at the base of the columns at the next lower floor for a height of approximately four feet. When as much as possible of the column concrete had been broken off by this method, a wood fire was maintained around the column base for eight hours. Then water was thrown on the column. This had the effect of cracking the concrete and weakening the column so that when the column reenforcement had been cut with the acetylene torch, a block and tackle attached to the electric hoist easily pulled the standing mass over. Portions of the brick walls not backed by concrete were knocked over by swinging the ball against them. After breaking all but one panel of a floor, the wrecking machine, moving under its own power on an inclined runway, was lowered to the next floor."



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

POUNDING REENFORCED CONCRETE TO PIECES.



WHAT ONE DROP OF THE HAMMER DID.

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
and especially designed for High School Use

FATS FOR FIGHTERS



A MAN WHO HAD BEEN in the trenches in winter was asked what war was like. "I'll tell you how you can get an idea," he replied. "Go into an empty field, and dig a deep ditch in the frozen earth. Then fill that ditch knee-high with water, and go out and stand in it all night when the mercury is down to freezing. That'll give you an idea of the *quiet* side of war."

THE NEED OF FUEL FOODS—That is a grimly humorous but wholly graphic description of a soldier's life at the front. No wonder his body, to stand such a strain aside from actual fighting, has to be kept at its highest point of endurance and efficiency. And in order to reach this point the human body needs food in abundance and of the right sort.

Perhaps you have seen a picture which shows a section of a trench with our soldiers crouching in it. High snow-drifts rise on either side of this trench, and the biting wind flings the snow into the soldiers' faces with stinging force. Alongside this picture is printed the following reminder: *Fats are Fuel for Fighters.*

Fuel is as necessary to the body as it is to an engine. The engine must have the right kind and amount of coal or its work is not satisfactory. The human engine must have the right kind and amount of food or it can not function properly—in other words, work well. Some work is going on all the time within the human body whether in resting or active periods. The heart, muscles, and lungs are more or less active.

As the engine needs repairing, oiling, and regulating, so the human body requires food of the kind adaptable for fuel, food for building or repairing, and food for regulating.

Fats, sugars and most starchy foods are largely all fuel, like coal.

THE HEATING AND DRIVING POWER OF FATS—That word "fuel" tells in four letters why our boys at the front must have a generous amount of fats in their daily rations. In the first place, fat provides the bodily warmth which is essential to all soldiers at the front, just as it is to sailors, or cowboys, or lumbermen, or any one leading an intensely vigorous outdoor life. In the second place, fats furnish *motive power* to the body. They provide a fuel which is inwardly consumed for the purpose of driving the body just as truly as gasoline drives an automobile. The automobile, no matter how beautifully it is enameled and upholstered, is never of any use until gasoline gives it motive power; the soldier, no matter how slightly his uniform, how glistening his weapon, in fact, how efficient his whole fighting equipment, is also of small use until he is given energy (*i.e.*, motive power) by food. And fat is the kind of food which does this most successfully, for it is the most concentrated of bodily fuels.

It is physical, not mental, work which uses up the greater part of our food. One may reliably assume that for the man of ordinary size who lives without doing any special muscular exercise, the fuel requirements of the body amount to only the normal number of heat units, whereas the soldier undergoing constant and vigorous training in all sorts of weather, and the soldier at the front, working under high pressure, need a much larger amount of the fat-furnishing foods.

That is why we must see to it that the boys at the front—our boys and the Allies—must have abundant fats in their diet.

How this is to be brought about will be told later in this article. Meanwhile, it should not be forgotten that there are other ways in which fats can help to win the war in addition to their powerful place in the army commissariat.

ONE WASTE WHICH CAN BE SAVED—For example, you have frequently heard the advice: *Waste no soap.* As soap is made from fats, it is easy to see that wasting it is equivalent to wasting fats. That does not mean, however, that the commercial manufacture of soap should necessarily be reduced, for glycerin is a by-product of soap-making. And glycerin is essential in the manufacture of many modern explosives.

In fact, the housekeeper should find out if there is any fat-collector in her community or any soap-maker handy to whom she can turn in her soap-fat. By so doing, instead of making her own soap, she is instrumental in increasing the world's supply of glycerin. For the soap-manufacturer also produces glycerin, whereas the housewife who makes her own soap has no apparatus for glycerin-making.

WHY EUROPE MUST HAVE OUR FATS—But it is by means of fats which are edible that we can do most toward winning the war. As has been said, our soldiers need these fats and so do the soldiers of our associates.

They have to get them from us. Not only have the Allies' normal supplies of vegetable fats diminished, but the herds of Europe have dwindled steadily since the beginning of the war, and to build them up would require time and fodder which the Allies can not afford. It takes less shipping space for us to send the food-products themselves instead of the fodder. And the Allies prefer it. Particularly is this true of pork-products, such as ham, bacon, and lard. All these are rich in the necessary fat.

One of our great food-problems as a nation, therefore, is to provide this supply of fats.

HINTS FOR EVERY HOUSEKEEPER—This can be done by the exercise of sufficient care in habits of cooking and eating. Here are some brief hints which every housekeeper in this country should note and profit by:

- (1) Make every day a fat-saving day.
- (2) Fry less; bake, broil, boil, or stew foods instead.
- (3) Eat less pork. This is especially true of bacon, which is needed for Army and Navy rations.
- (4) Instead of pork, eat more fish, fowl, and vegetables.
- (5) Utilize meat-drippings for cooking. Avoid the use of lard and butter in cooking; instead, use cottonseed-oil, corn-oil, and other vegetable fats.
- (6) Never throw any fat into the garbage-pail; that act serves the enemy as well as if the fat were at the bottom of the sea.
- (7) *Never waste fat of any kind in any way.*

OUR WASTE AND SURPLUS FATS—Two facts must be faced and profited by. First, as a nation we waste fats outright. Secondly, as a nation we are now using more fats than we need. Experts in physiology are agreed that 2 ounces of fat a day are more than sufficient for the average person. Yet as a nation we are at present making use of 3½ ounces of fat daily, that is, 1½ ounces more than is necessary. The Allies are getting only enough fats to allow each person 1½ ounces a day. They need more. They must have more. And we must ship it to them.

As patriots, eager to help win the war, we must be sharers. But before we can share fats with the Allies and our own soldiers, we must as a nation stop wasting fats and eating more of them than we need.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what other occupations beside those mentioned do men require a large amount of fats in their diet?
2. What is meant by a by-product?
3. Why is it necessary for this country to raise a specially large number of cattle and hogs?
4. Did you know that throughout the country it has come to be a patriotic act for a family to raise a pig? Are families in your town acting on this principle?
5. Are members of your family eating less pork-products than before the war? If not, do they understand why they ought to?

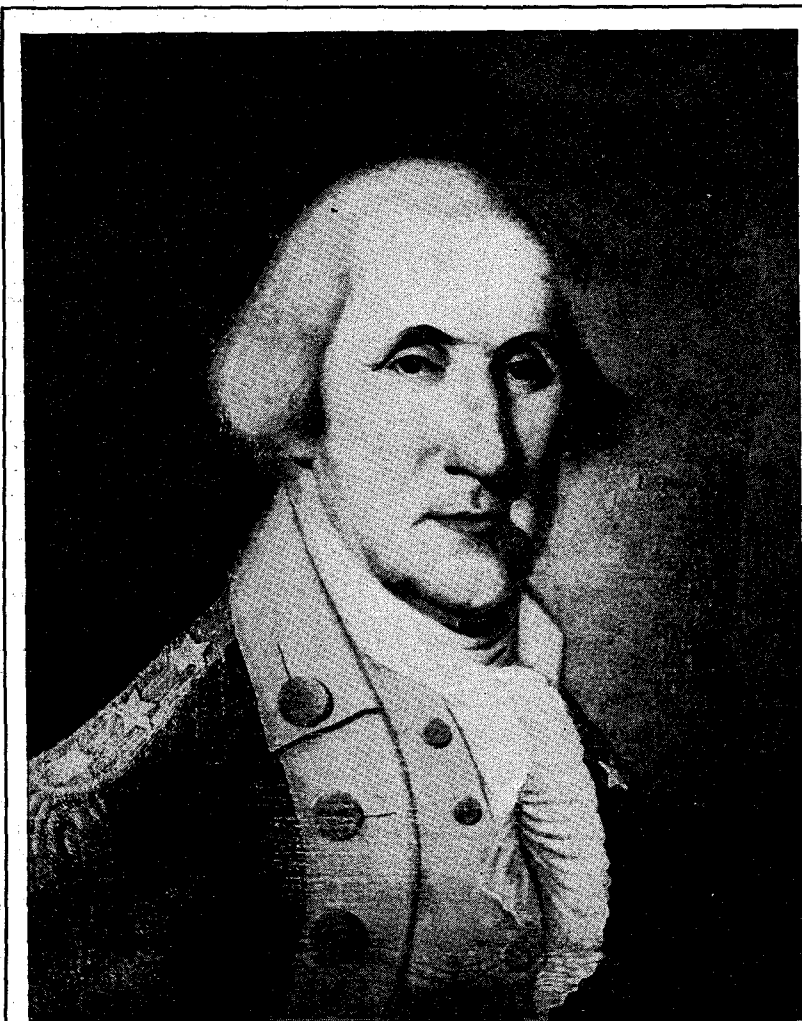
LETTERS - AND - ART

AN UNKNOWN WASHINGTON

BANK-NOTES AND POSTAGE-STAMPS have made us so familiar with Stuart's portrait of Washington that we are led to believe that he must have been, in real life, somewhat like an animated Egyptian sphinx. The resemblance between him and the silent guardian of the Egyptian desert has been often noted, and yet other data upon which an ideal estimate of Washington obtains do not rob him of all human qualities. Stuart made so many copies of his own portrait that he set the fashion that way and the likenesses of our first President painted by Charles Wilson Peale have consequently remained in obscurity. One of these furnishes the colored frontispiece for the February number of *Scribner's*, and presents "a rare and unusual type," by many perhaps not likely to be recognized as a portrait of Washington. But a writer in the department of "The Field of Art" in that magazine sees in it "qualities that are convincing in a marked degree and lead one to believe that this portrait, unflattering tho it may be in many respects, is a genuine likeness of Washington as he appeared in the later years of his life." We read further:

"This portrait was painted by Charles Wilson Peale about the time when Gilbert Stuart first began to paint portraits of Washington. In several respects it differs materially, however, from the Stuart heads with which the public are familiar. It was Peale's custom to represent Washington in the uniform of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Stuart, on the contrary, painted Washington almost invariably in the court-dress of the Presidential office. There are only two or three portraits by him representing Washington in uniform, and by a singular anachronism Stuart portrayed him in uniform but wearing the curled and powdered hair which he associated invariably with the Presidential office.

"This picture has remained in obscurity for a great many years and has only recently been brought to light, and has never been exhibited or reproduced for publication. It has a remarkably complete pedigree, as it has remained in the possession of one family for a hundred and twenty years. It was purchased from Peale by Samuel Lee in 1797, and has passed through succeeding generations from father to son until 1917, when it was acquired by the present owner."



A "HUMAN" WASHINGTON.

A portrait by Charles Wilson Peale, owned by Mr. Charles A. Munn, published lately for the first time. It differs in essential respects from the familiar Stuart portraits.

A JAPANESE WAR-GAME

CHESS, BEING ESSENTIALLY A WAR-GAME, may add to its devotees in these war-days, if many may be found with leisure to study its problems. It might add to our interest to inquire how many of our successful officers are chess-players. Chess and its allied game of draughts resemble the

"absolute" war of Clausewitz, says a writer in the *London Times*, but a game favored by the educated classes in Japan, named *Go*, is "a much closer representation of war than chess or draughts." The "men" have not historical significance like those of the Western game, where, as in chess, for example, there is presented a "similitude of chivalrous warfare between West and East"—the white king being Richard Lion-heart, the black king Saladin. The Middle Ages, for obvious reasons, made a favorite of this game; but the writer here speaks of draughts as "nearer to the science of modern warfare, in which little visible pomp is left, and sheer numerical superiority is even more important a factor than when Napoleon said that "superior valor, tho it might win a battle, could not insure success in a campaign." *Go*, we are told, was invented in China, as most Japanese things

have been, and at a time when the Chinese were a fighting race. "It was from the first a true *Kriegspiel*, intended as a mental training in strategy and tactics." We read:

"It is played on a board of 18 by 18 squares, giving 361 intersection points, and the men (*Ishi*) are placed one by one, the two players playing alternately, on the points where the cross-lines intersect. The men are all of the same value at all times; they are represented (in Japan) by small, smooth stones, of which each player has 180 in a suitable box.

"A curious and complex etiquette is observed in the playing of *Go*, as one might expect from the genius of the Japanese people for manners as a fine art—manners for manners' sake, in fact. For example, it would be regarded (in Japan) as a gross breach of good manners to be content with merely depositing your man on the point you desire to occupy. The only correct way is to lift the little stone lightly between the forefinger and middle finger of the right hand, so that it rests lightly on the nail of the forefinger, and then lightly place it on the desired spot, which requires a good deal of practise, *experto crede*.



British official photograph.

GATEWAY OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"But when the bugles sounded war
They put their books away."

Again, it is considered boorish beyond words to take advantage of an opponent's oversights; you must always point them out, and even persuade him to rectify them. There are many other points of etiquette which no gentle *Go* player would think of forgetting. One of them concerns the deportment of lookers-on, who must not give advice to the players or comment audibly on the play. This rule of courtesy is quaintly enforced—by the existence of a cuplike depression on the obverse of the board, in which, in former days, it was customary to place the bleeding head of an interfering spectator! People who play chess in public places and are annoyed by the comments of eager, ignorant bystanders (who always see a non-existent winning move) would like to see this fine old custom revived and extended."

Mentally it requires all the "rigor of the game" demanded by *Mrs. Battle*, who began with "a swept hearth and a clear fire." All that happens on the board, we are assured, is "ruthless warfare." Thus:

"The players deposit a piece alternately, until the situation of the one or the other field-force is beyond the help of reinforcements—the reserves in the lacquer box. Points in the final account are scored either by having surrounded groups of enemy men and captured them or by having occupied territory. It may seem to some war-experts that *Go*, by giving points for so many squares surrounded by a cordon of men, infringes that all-important principle of war which insists that the chief function of an army is to seek out and destroy the enemy's forces in the field. But the progress of the present war has confirmed the theory of Bloch and Freytag-Loringhoven that occupied territory held by strong lines of defense may be a considerable ad-

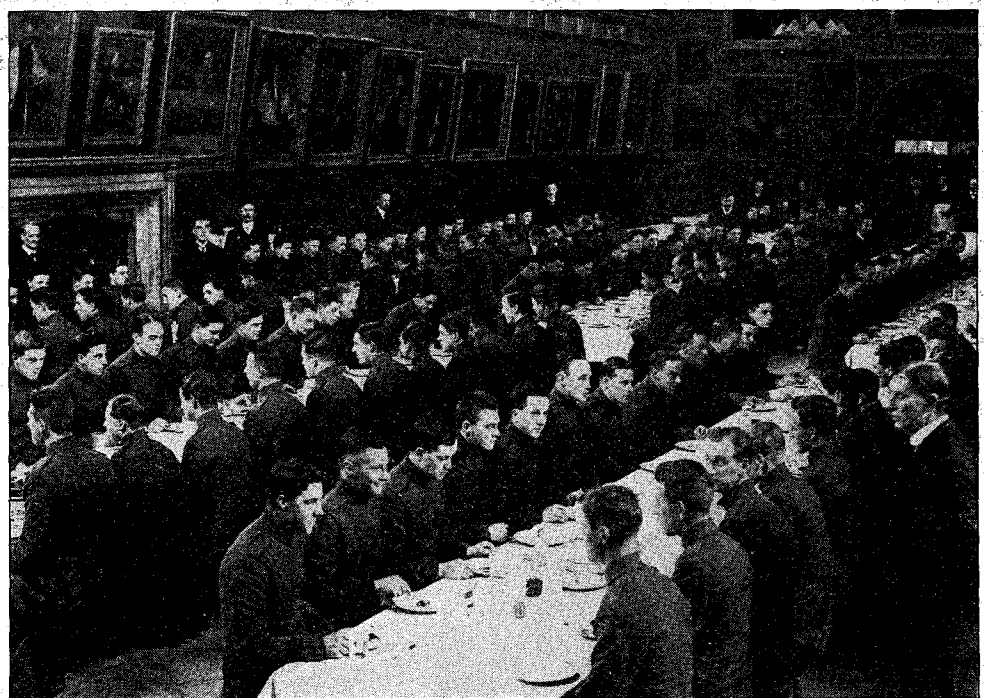
vantage, even a permanent one. They certainly constitute an economic gain of vast importance, especially if the resources thereof are fully exploited, and the civil population enslaved, according to German practise. So that *Go* is correct in attaching a definite value to occupied territory. But more points are generally scored, in well-contested games, by successful efforts to surround and capture bodies of the opponent's men.

"If the enemy disposes his men in 'small packets' he is certain to suffer serious losses in this way. The efforts to bring about a miniature Sedan or Tannenberg are apt to be prolonged and fraught with surprises, pleasant and unpleasant. In certain positions it is found that placing a man on a key-point (called an 'eye') inevitably leads to a notable bag, if the correct play follows.

"The strategy of *Go* is common sense in theory; in practise, however, it is very difficult to apply the strategic principles profitably, and long experience is required to make a fine player. Is it not so in actual warfare? *Go*, in fact, is at the same time the easiest and the most difficult of board-games. Such was the verdict of the masters who attended an international chess tournament some years ago and spent a good deal of their leisure in playing the Japanese war-game. Without diagrams it is impossible to give an idea of the profound and fascinating tactical problems that arise as the board becomes populous. But perhaps

enough has been written to show that *Go* is worth cultivating for its own sake by any warlike nation, and also for the insight it gives into the strong, subtle mentality of our Japanese allies."

The hint contained in one of the final lines may not appeal to those pacifistically inclined. Their retort may be that we already have enough incentives to militarism in our complex political situations without importing any military stimuli from the Far East. Then, too, we should find ourselves somewhat at a loss to apply all the etiquette of the game, since our habits lack the subtlety of oriental courtesy.



British official photograph. Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE "GREAT HALL" A MESS-ROOM.

Cambridge, like Oxford, is dedicated to war in place of the "humanities," and this noble room of Christ Church College is here filled with the Officers' Training Corps at luncheon.

SCHOOLS REMEMBER THEIR OWN

THERE IS NO ILLUSION about what young officers have to face in this war, but this fact will not daunt young America. The confidence which an English writer, Mr. J. P. Collins, expresses in our young graduates of Plattsburg and West Point is already justifying itself in facts, and the schools and colleges whence our young officers have come may well consider how the record of their deeds shall have fitting memorial. When Britain begins to cast up her debts after the war, and "attends to the moral as well as the material side of the account," says Mr. Collins in the *Boston Transcript*, she will "have to pay due honor in one outstanding quarter." He refers to the British public schools, the equivalent of our college preparatory institutions, which, he says, "have not merely sent many thousands of their best products into the service, but are turning out officers as fast as they can, and will continue to do so while the war lasts." We read:

"The public schools are as full and as busy as ever, in pursuit of their right vocations, and tho the average of age has dropt a year or two, the quality of the lads that fill them remains the same, and happily the supply has never failed us yet. Directly the war began, the pick of their pupils moved on to Sandhurst or Woolwich. Men who had meant their sons for other lines in life revoked their decision without a murmur, and yielded these youngsters the dearest wish of their hearts. Younger brothers have had the benefit, for they have moved up all the earlier to fill the gaps thus created and have gone forward in their turn, from the preparatory school or the private tutor, to Eton or Harrow or Rugby, from there to the camp or military school, and from there into the stern reality.

"There is no longer the old reluctance to leave school behind, that unaccountable reluctance which is, perhaps, the highest compliment that any school can earn. It is told of that fine spirit, the late Alfred Lyttelton, that on his last day but one at Eton, after a brilliant record at nearly all its games, he said to his chum Brodriek (now Lord Middleton): 'Just think, only twenty-four hours between me and utter insignificance!' It was the heartbreak of one who had taken the lead in all the pursuits that lads admire, and was now dropping through into a heedless world where nobody knew the thrill of a 'bully' in the football-field or the glory of pulling off the gold cup on a great Thames day. There is none of the reluctance at leaving school nowadays. Athletics and the river are a necessary part of the business of life, but war, you may say, is life itself, and the men who are honored in young Britain to-day are those who win a battle or a V. C.—or a death that adds fresh laurels to their old school's fame."

The real secret of this war and its fortunes, says Mr. Collins, repeating what has been said by many, has "lain in the essential difference between the German officer and the English officer, quite as much, in fact, as between the voluntary spirit of Thomas in the ranks and the Boche with the bayonet behind him":

"It is better to lead men than to leather 'em, and it makes all the difference to the value of the impetus supplied when it is given in the form of a shining example of valor well in front. This noble emulation is also yours, judging by all the signs. The figure of a subaltern mounting the parapet and waving his men on with sword or revolver has become so tragically familiar that we have almost ceased to think what a high proportion these gallant youngsters of ours make in the enormous total of officers on our roll of honor, or even to raise our brows as we used to do when any one cynically referred to this terrible toll of life as 'the massacre of the innocents.' The men themselves, as you talk to them in hospital, often shut their eyes and shake an aching head as they recall a favorite leader plunging through

a barrage or into the teeth of a machine-gun fire, or down a reeking and bullet-riddled trench and waving his men on with a last gesture as he dropt. That is why you find so many letters from commanding officers written to the parents and widows of junior officers 'gone west,' which conclude with the telling words, 'he was beloved by all his men,' or 'the platoon would have followed him anywhere.'"

Every boy of fifteen who is five feet in height enters the cadet



British official photograph.

COMING EVENTS FORECASTED.

The dominance of women students at Balliol College may represent a condition likely to hold over after peace has once more come again.

stage as a matter of course. No compulsory regulation has been needed:

"He must do nine weeks of drill before he passes into the ranks of the corps proper. Then by easy stages his work becomes more exacting and more serious. His two or three hours of training per week become nine or ten when he becomes a non-commissioned officer; when he reaches the age of seventeen he does four hours more; and at eighteen, another six hours a week. At this stage, if he shows the due degree of efficiency, he joins the Officers' Training Corps, goes under canvas for a ten days' camp at the end of the summer, and qualifies in a complete course of musketry, bombing, bayonet exercises, trenching, telephone work, and signaling, and the use of the Lewis gun. It is one of the soundest infantry courses of training afforded in the kingdom, and you perceive the results it turns out when you go and see, as I was asked to see the other day, the five companies drilling in the playing-fields under one of the smartest sergeant-majors living. The old and picturesque uniform of gray and sky-blue of the Victorian era, which was all very well for gala days, has been abandoned for a more serviceable blend of khaki with a heather-mixture tinge in it, and the lads go through their 'manual' exercises in admirable style. The rhythm of their drill would come out to much smarter effect

if it were done upon an asphalt or gravel or concrete floor instead of the lush grass of the water-meadows of the middle Thames, but one would not dream of bringing the lads away from their beloved and historic playing-fields, or robbing them of that sylvan picturesqueness which makes those who have lived among it cherish and remember Eton all their lives as a region apart from all others in distinction and in charm."

Eton has already an honor-roll that calls for a substantial memorial, not to mention what this famous school will be forced to write in letters of gold before the war ends:

Fighting.....	5,000
Killed.....	800
Wounded.....	10,000
Prisoners.....	42
(Only Two Unwounded)	
Received the Victoria Cross.....	10
Received D. S. O.....	270
Received Military Cross.....	320
Other Decorations	
British or foreign, over.....	200

So much for the story of this premier public school in the greatest of wars. Haileybury, another only a little less famous, is also anxiously asking itself what ought to be done to show its dead are not forgotten. At a recent meeting of Old Haileyburians reported in the *London Times*—

"Colonel Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, who presided, said that of 2,585 Old Haileyburians who had fought in the war, 2,413 were officers, and a large number of them had won distinctions. The honors gained were:—V. C., 3; K. C. B., 3; K. C. M. G., 1; K. C. S. I., 1; C. B., 11; C. M. G., 38; C. S. I., 1; C. I. E., 5; D. S. O., 108; D. S. C., 7; M. C., 152; Bars to M. C., 6; Brevet, 66; D. C. M., 5; Legion of Honor, 5; Médaille Militaire, 1; Croix de Guerre, 8; Russian honors, 12; Servian, 7; Italian, 1; Belgian, 6; Egyptian, 4; mentioned in dispatches, 842—total, 1,293; 423 Old Haileyburians had been killed or died of wounds, 469 wounded, 30 taken prisoners, and 10 were missing, making the total roll, 932. Old Haileyburians at home had for a long time felt that something ought to be done to perpetuate the memory of those who had fallen, and in conjunction with the Council of the College they had prepared a scheme which would be carried out when the war ceased."

GERMAN SCHOOL-BOOK CAMOUFLAGE

GERMAN BOOKS, particularly those used in schools, are subjected to a searching scrutiny that hitherto took many things for granted. One book, "Im Vaterland," which has figured as a text-book, has borne the brunt of most of the opposition, and, as it now appears, is rather an innocent scapegoat while others go undetected. On the charge of an Eastern educator that "Im Vaterland" was "printed in Germany, prepared by propagandists, and introduced into the schools by unusual, if not unjustifiable, methods," the book has been forced to make a summary exit from many curricula. Particular objections have been raised against its laudations of the Kaiser and Germany as the Fatherland not to be forgotten. But the *Boston Transcript*, never suspected of pro-Germanism, has investigated its history and gives it a clean bill of health. Meanwhile, some other books might merit a severer scrutiny on the suggestion of some information sent to the *New York Tribune* by Mr. B. L. Hunin. It is this:

"SIR: Recently I attended the section in modern languages of the general meeting of the High School Teachers' Association, where different topics of general interest to teachers in modern languages were discussed.

"During the meeting a long list of German works used in Washington Irving High School was passed around. On the list I found the following: 'German Fairy-Tales'—*Aschenbrodel* ('Cinderella') and *Rotkäppchen* ('Little Red Riding Hood'). These books, paraded as German, were written by Charles Perrault, French poet and teacher of the Duke of Burgundy, son of Louis XIV. Perrault was born in Paris in 1628, and died in 1703. His fairy-tales, above mentioned, and the series of 'Mother Goose' verses were written and published by him in 1690. This did not bother the 'German author,' for we see the ignorant book-publishers publishing them as the works of Wilhelm Ch. Grimm, the German philologist, born in 1723—

that is to say, thirty-three years after the publication of Perrault's French fairy-tales.

"It has been the custom of Germany and of her sympathizers to claim the works of other countries and of other writers as her own. Recently in a German book entitled 'German Fables' I was surprised to find that 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' by the French fabler La Fontaine, and written by him in 1660, was the work written by a Prussian in 1810! Have we not found a book published by some Leipzig firm where it stated that a certain Prussian, Otto Kernhaus, of Halle, was in 1840 the inventor of the telephone? Poor Bell! Of course, Bell stole it from Prussian *Kultur*; so did Edison. Did you not notice three weeks ago that when a large *Fokker* aeroplane, flying at a great height with an unbelievable speed, was brought down by the French, the wonderful 100 or 150 horse-power motor used by the Prussian, was nothing else but a French motor taken from a captured French aeroplane? Have we not seen the 'Histoire Universelle,' by the French historian, Bishop Bossuet, written in 1680, translated word for word in German, retranslated in English and French with a German imprint under the new title of 'The Works of God,' by a group of German 'philosophers'? Well, the immortal Pasteur's works—were they not published in Germany a decade ago as the works of German biologists? What next?

"The educational authorities should direct a part of their investigation to the elimination of German books and courses in which the best works in science, poetry, and literature of other countries are masqueraded as the works of the Germans. Such processes are dishonest and might, through teaching, affect the knowledge and the conscience of young people."

The one book that has had heaped upon it all the opprobrium was not, according to *The Transcript*, made in Germany at all, but made here at home by a writer who seems to have as much claim to real Americanism as any one of us can boast. At least, on the *Transcript's* authority, "here is the truth after it has been ascertained after investigation":

"'Im Vaterland' was written by a Harvard man, now a member of the Massachusetts State Guard, doing not only his own work as an editor, but doing that which he voluntarily assumed for two colleagues who are to-day 'somewhere in France.' It was printed in the near-by town of Norwood and is published by an old and reputable New England firm, whose senior partner is a veteran of the Civil War and who shares with the junior partner the satisfaction of having a son in France. The personnel of the firm is free from any trace of German-Americanism and fourteen stars shine in its service-flag. The book was printed in response to a demand from modern-language teachers for readers which would give descriptions of the life and customs of French, German, and Spanish peoples. Its introduction as a text-book was not accomplished by invisible or 'insidious' methods. The author of 'Im Vaterland' aimed to supply the demand not only in his German reader, but also in similar French and Spanish readers produced under his editorship. When he wrote his book eight years ago there was a lively exchange of professors and teachers between American and German universities, and Harvard, Columbia, and other homes of learning on this side of the Atlantic were harboring German educators. He wrote his German reader in dialog form in order to portray, on the one hand, the wide-awake attitude of the young American tourist, and, on the other, to give a picture of the highly organized, well-disciplined, boastful Germany of that day, less known to Americans then than now.

"The effectiveness of the campaign against propaganda will be increased if its prosecutors will be scrupulous in respect of their facts."

The *Des Moines Capital* suggests that schoolbook publishing houses should set about providing an entirely new set of text-books for school use. It is marked that students of Spanish, French, or Italian do not read about kings and queens of Spain, or of heroic deeds of Napoleon, or even stories of Italy, but "when American boys or girls study German they must also study Germany." It adds:

"We have suggested that the big American companies which print books should have some of the German professors who swarm around our Eastern colleges and universities get up a set of American-German text-books. In these text-books every query in the German language should be upon an American subject. . . .

"It is perfectly sane to suggest that the American people begin to take care of themselves, and in order that they may do so they must begin with American schoolboys and girls."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON PROHIBITION

NO GREATER ADVOCATE OF TEMPERANCE than Cardinal Gibbons can be found among us. So the distinguished Catholic prelate declares in his own behalf, while he takes a stand against the dry fight now sweeping the country. In a Baltimore dispatch sent to the *New York Times* he is reported as denouncing the national prohibition amendment, and urging legislators of the States not to bow to the "fanaticism that seems to be ruling us in this respect." He is further reported as expressing his belief that some of the lawmakers are acting against their real convictions in giving their vote for the amendment. What he sees as a result of the amendment being carried throughout the Union is a state of things far worse from that which it is now trying to escape:

"I feel that if the amendment is ratified there will spring up in all parts of the country illicit stills that will manufacture a low grade of whisky that will do more harm than the good grade that now is made is doing. Beer and light wines will pass out of existence, and the man who wants a drink will have to resort to the brand of intoxicant that is made surreptitiously, and we will know what effect that will have on the men of the country.

"It is argued by those favoring the passage of the amendment that liquor is injurious, and therefore should be exterminated. There are many articles in the average drug-store that are more injurious to the human system, many articles that are deadly if taken internally, yet we would not think of closing the drug-stores.

"Liquor is an aid to health at times, as any reputable physician will tell you if you take the trouble to inquire.

"There is no greater advocate of temperance than myself. I have preached it on every occasion when I had the opportunity. I feel that this is the only way to overcome the evils of drink that do exist. I am certain that it can not be done by the prohibition amendment, for there will be nearly as much liquor obtainable, but of a low and harmful grade.

"It will be a calamity if the amendment is adopted. It will be only a step for abridgment of the liberties that we enjoy. Those favoring the amendment will not be satisfied with this victory, and they will try to impose obnoxious laws upon us that will make our personal liberty worth very little."

Without directly answering the Catholic divine, an advertisement of the National Campaign Committee, prepared by Charles Stelzle for the Federal Council of the Churches, bears upon the question of "personal liberty," and attempts to supply the reason why men are asked to surrender it:

"There was a time when men honestly believed they had a right to own slaves—because they thought it was purely a question of property rights. But to-day we know it is also a moral question.

"There was a time when men honestly believed that all they needed to do to get a wife was to take a club and hit the woman of their choice on the head and drag her home. But to-day—well, women have something to say about it, too.

"There was a time when men honestly believed they had an absolute right to do with their children as they pleased. But to-day we recognize the fact that children have rights of their own.

"Slaves, women, children—these have come to their own because a new conception of RIGHTS and DUTIES has dawned upon men. They discovered that there is a more fundamental question than property rights—that DUTY is a bigger word than RIGHTS.

"And so the weaker members of society are to-day being given a better chance.

"But we still hark back to the 'property rights' period and the question of 'personal liberty' when we discuss the saloon and the liquor business.

"We forget that the bigger thing in this discussion is DUTY and SACRIFICE—for the sake of the weaker members of society—that we should

be ready to give up our 'rights' when the well-being of mankind as a whole is concerned.

"The man who is ready to do this proves that he's a BIG man—the LITTLE man always stands out for his 'rights,' no matter what happens.

"The man who insists that his 'personal liberty' gives him the right to drink liquor and support saloons—and that he proposes to exercise this right—is asking thousands of men and women and children to make a greater sacrifice and to suffer infinitely more because the saloon is licensed, than HE would suffer or sacrifice were the saloon to be closed.

"If you believe that the traffic in Alcohol does more harm than good—help stop it!"

THE CLERGY DURING THE WAR

THE CHURCH IS BEGINNING to hit back. From the time the war started voices have frequently been raised against her telling her that the calamity would never have fallen upon the world at all had the Church been doing her duty. While the conflict has been raging, shortcomings in many fields have also been often laid at these same doors. One of the latest critics of the church is Rev. Joseph H. Odell, who strikes out in the pages of the February *Atlantic Monthly* at the ministers of this country who lacked insight into the menace of the war-policy of Germany and courage to denounce it seasonably and strongly. He insists that the effect of the teachings of Wellhausen, Harnack, Wendt, and Ritschl upon the German character ought to have been foreseen. More than this, as Germany, when it began to strike for world power, perpetrated atrocity after atrocity, "the preachers of America, who had all the facts on their library-shelves and in current periodic literature, never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of their churches to fizzle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the country club." This sentence, quoted by *The Congregationalist and Advance* (Boston), and followed up by Mr. Odell's painful generalization quoted below, is the backbone of his offending. Said Mr. Odell:

"Sometimes one is forced to question whether the ministry has ever really studied the life of Jesus of Nazareth. In the elements which make up a courageous manhood Cromwell is a shadow compared to Jesus. Do you think that Jesus of Nazareth would have been neutral in word and thought while Germany was raping Belgium, distributing typhus germs through Siberia, instigating and guiding Turkey in the slaughter of the Armenians, tearing up treaties, and rending international law, assassinating Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, sinking hospital-ships, and acting generally on all highways of the world like a carefully organized band of demented fiends? Do you think he would have remained placidly silent, absorbed in multitudinous schemes of ecclesiastical procedure? If not, then why were you so scrupulously neutral, so benignly dumb?

"Can the Christian ministry realize that in the midst of this disheveled and amazed world 'only essentials count'? Has the Christian ministry the courage to forsake everything, even the established habits of long years of happy peace, and settle down to a grapple with the facts which are driving deep into the souls of men? No one is asking for conservation or for construction to-day; no one expects that the old things, even those held most sacred, can survive in their familiar form, and no one has the audacity to think that a new structure can be built while the former one is still crashing upon his head."

The American ministry, declares the *Atlantic's* Boston neighbor, is not guilty on the main count of Mr. Odell's slashing indictment, and it goes on to show why:

"Because they have not rushed into print, it does not follow that multitudes of ministers from the moment Germany lifted

the mailed fist have not denounced in public and private the rape of Belgium and the invasion of France. Some of them have not paused to write magazine articles but have joined the Army or Navy and are preparing themselves to do their duty with gun and cannon.

"As Germany has gone on to alienate the public opinion of the world through the sinking of the *Lusitania*, through instigating the Armenian massacre, and similar deeds of shame on land and sea, the ministers of this country, as a rule, have not been one whit behind the laymen of their congregations in holding up to opprobrium such flagrant violation of the laws of God and man. And when at last the United States was forced into the struggle it was the ministers not only of the great city churches, but of many a little church at the crossroads, who pointed out in sermon and address the justice of the cause to which we have committed ourselves, the great fundamental principles of liberty and humanity that were jeopardized by German ambition and intrigue.

"The ministers dedicated the flags, prepared the rolls of honor, heartened the enlisted and drafted men, put their shoulders to the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, and Liberty Loan drives. The fact that these drives have registered such wonderful success is due to the lining up of the churches and ministers behind them, just as the very existence of the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross is due to the Christian Church and the Christian ministry, which nourished them, started them on their beneficent way, and stand ever in the background to serve them as occasion demands.

"The book which on the whole best represents the Christian sentiment of America respecting the war, and which is charged with patriotic feeling from cover to cover—'The Challenge of the Present Crisis,' was written by a minister, Dr. Harry E. Fosdick. Dr. George A. Gordon's 'The Appeal of the Nation' can hardly be charged with lacking the prophetic note, and there have been other utterances by eminent ministers—Dean Hodges, Dean Brown, Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Cadman, and President King, for example—which have sounded the same high call of duty and honor. We wonder in this connection if Mr. Odell has happened to see anything from the pen of Dr. N. D. Hillis bearing upon this subject. We wonder if he has seen such trenchant declarations of ecclesiastical bodies as that put forth by the Federal Council of Churches at Washington, in April, 1917, and by the Congregational National Council at Columbus, in October, 1917.

"If some were slow in discerning the one paramount issue which has now come to overshadow every other issue, if they felt that the materialistic basis on which the life of all the nations had been for decades grounded, was responsible in part for the outbreak that now threatens civilization, that attitude did not make them any the less ready to follow President Wilson's lead when at last the die had to be cast."

While it is easy "to flame with indignation over wrong and to give vent to righteous anger in quick, hot words," what the Congregationalist journal sees as not so easy is "for men who would follow Jesus Christ to the very end to reconcile the vast enginery and methods of modern warfare with the entire scope of his teachings and example"—

"If war meant the immediate apprehension and execution of the leaders of the military party in Germany that would be one thing, but because war seems to call for the killing of thousands of German young men whose greatest crime is a blind subservience to the state in which they have been schooled from childhood, men who believe that God made these young men, and that Christ died for them, are not to be pilloried if they come to the acceptance of this method only after long mental and spiritual travail. But with few exceptions to this decision they have come as the only alternative in sight to the spread of tyranny and cruelty throughout the world.

"With certain points in Mr. Odell's article we are in hearty agreement. His emphasis on the need of simplifying the message of the Christian religion, on doing away with useless ecclesiasticism and competitive denominationalism, and on getting down to reality is admirable.

"We wish, as he wishes, that we had more prophets among us, more men of courage, insight, and leadership capable not only of summoning the nation to arms, but of keeping alive, while the mighty physical conflict goes on, the great enduring spiritual ideals of Jesus Christ. But let us not ignore or berate the prophets who to the best of their ability are declaring the counsel of God unto this generation, and who are as eager as their critic to interpret aright this world-calamity and to turn it to spiritual account."

THE FUTURE OF DENOMINATIONALISM

THE DEATH-KNELL of denominationalism is heard in some quarters as the result of changing conditions, but the Baptist *Standard* (Chicago) refuses to credit any such warning sign. It admits little doubt of the fact that "we shall face an entirely new world when the war is over," and even goes a step further in accepting the new world as already with us. An epochal world-movement of thought, "as significant as the Renaissance," is what this journal anticipates, and "for the very reason that religion is a part of life, it can hardly fail to be influenced by such fundamental changes as are apparently taking place." But this organ of the Baptist Church refuses to see men casting off the forms under which they have preferred hitherto to see Christianity presented to them. A larger freedom in denominational interchange and sympathy it sees likely, but—

"We have not been greatly impressed with the assumption which has found frequent expression of late that the impending religious changes sound the death-knell of denominationalism. The boys coming back from the front, we are told, where they have seen life stripped to its barest reality, will be impatient of many of the ecclesiastical distinctions by which heretofore we have set great store. It is evident that many religious leaders sincerely believe we are fast approaching the time when sectarianism will give way to a larger and more vital expression of Christianity.

"That the war has furnished a new opportunity for the widest expression of essential Christianity is not open to question. The close association in relief-work of many kinds, on and off the field of battle, on the part of official representatives of widely varying religious faiths can not fail to bring about a more intimate sympathy with, if not a greater knowledge of, divergent communions. Stories are told, for example, of Jewish rabbis holding a crucifix before dying Catholics and of Roman priests performing religious services for Protestants under similar circumstances. Not long ago in these columns we quoted the statement of an Episcopalian chaplain to the effect that the longer he was on the battle-field, the less he thought of the Church of England and the more he thought of Christianity. Many other illustrations of similar tendencies might be adduced.

"Admitting all of these facts and rejoicing in them, we nevertheless do not see that they point in the direction of non-denominationalism. Clarifying and refining as will be the experiences in France for our American soldiers, there is no more reason to believe that they will return from the front with any greater tendencies toward ecclesiastical reform than were possessed by that noble army of boys in blue who returned fifty years ago from a conflict which, while on nothing like the scale of magnitude of the present war, was for the individual quite as revolutionary an experience as that through which our boys are now passing."

Looking back upon the great struggle of the Civil War, the outcome of those times did not affect denominationalism one way or the other:

"We do not therefore expect to see, after peace is declared, a sign hung on the door of every denominational shop—'For Sale.' There will be occasional readjustments, just as there always have been, but for a long time to come each denomination will be doing business at its old stand. It is altogether possible, and even probable, that new denominations will come into being. There will be the coming together of some of the smaller sects in our great denominational families. But aside from these minor changes, we do not look for realignment.

"Back of all this discussion lies the easy assumption that all our denominational differences are trivial, at least relatively so. Most of us would be willing to admit that some of the peculiar tenets of other denominations than our own are of this character, fewer would concede that our own distinctive views are thus unimportant. We count ourselves so naive and old-fashioned as to be among that class who still believe that Baptists have distinctive principles. It is not alone for this reason that we look for the perpetuation of denominational lines, whatever may be the special changes after the war. Because denominational differences are temperamental as well as theological, they will not be easily erased."

"FOR CHRIST'S SWEET SAKE, AND CHARITY"

A-R-M-E-N-I-A SPELLS TRAGEDY, no less in life than in death. More than one million Armenians and Syrians in Turkey and western Asia have perished during the past two years from exposure, starvation, disease, heartless deportation, and cruel massacre. These are past their sufferings and are beyond our help. There are still two and one-half millions of homeless and destitute people in Armenia and Syria who are experiencing a living death, who are enduring the horrors of hunger, the tortures of gnawing want, nay, even the loss of reason itself, through sufferings that have become too terrible to bear.

The young and the aged, without food and shelter—more than two millions of them—this indeed is a record to wring the heart and to open the purse-strings of humanity. This is a tragedy among nations before which even the appalling tragedy of Belgium pales. Here is a great people upon which even Poland, deep in her own misery, can look with pity and compassion, as on a nation that is experiencing an agony of suffering greater even than her own.

Other martyr nations have had their hosts, their legions, of friends. Other stricken peoples have had bountiful, prodigal help. But Armenia has been virtually cut off from outside aid, isolated, left to bleed, to suffer, and to die. A little more and an entire Christian nation will have perished from the earth. These two million five hundred thousand Armenians can be saved from final starvation only as America appreciates their awful condition, extends them the helping hand of fellowship and sympathy, and multiplies a thousandfold her divinely inspired benefactions.

It was estimated last year that \$30,000,000 would be needed to keep these more than two million homeless, destitute people from starvation during the winter now ending, and this allowed "but a pittance of seven cents a day for food, shelter, and all life's necessities." Think of that, you who live in homes of plenty, and see if you can close your hearts to this appeal of dying men, women, and children. Think of that and see if you can spend a dollar as lightly and thoughtlessly as before.

Armenia, once happy, contented, and self-supporting, is now a land swept by death and filled with tragedies that are too deep for tears. "The mind grows numb," a writer testifies, "and the heart, sick from a constant recital of tales of such horror as it is difficult to believe the twentieth century could hold. The poor, wizened, monkey-like babies that have been held up before my eyes are the worst spectacle of all."

One American consular agent reports that in his daily walk from his house to his consulate he counted twelve persons who had died from starvation the preceding night. Many villages in Syria have been depopulated. In one of them an American passing through saw only one house open and sitting in a doorway was one little girl, apparently alone in the world, saying over and over, "I'm hungry! I'm hungry!"

Look at the picture on this page. Can you not hear each child repeating the same pitiful words, "I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" His ears are stopt who will not hear the children's cry for help. He would be a Pharisee, indeed, who could pass by on the other side.

Upon these children, or such as these, helped back to normal childhood, let us hope, by the generosity of American people, must depend the perpetuation of a race that early accepted Christianity—a race that has been most cruelly persecuted by the barbarous Turks and that now goes to Calvary for its belief. The Turk owes to Armenia all the best that he has achieved in commerce, in industry, in science, and in the arts,

and the Turk repays his debt to Armenia by burning Armenian homes, ravishing Armenian womanhood, starving, mutilating, and brutally murdering Armenian childhood. And now comes an appeal from this prostrate, stricken, broken people to the wealthiest and most blessed nation the sun ever shone upon. America will answer quickly, largely, generously, that we know.

It is especially easy to respond to such an appeal when we are assured that the work of relief is in capable hands. We know the splendid and great-hearted men on the Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief. We know Cleveland H. Dodge, the treasurer. He not only gives his time and his devoted energy to this and to many other merciful causes, but he has set a new standard of giving. He has by his own example shown that in these dark and terrible days, when a sum of human suffering is being written, greater perhaps than for all ages gone by, it is our duty to give not only from our income, but out of our principal itself, until not one human being on this earth shall die from hunger.

Remember this is a 100 per cent. charity. Not a cent will be deducted anywhere along the line for postage or clerical help, or advertising, or transportation, or administrative expenses.

We have satisfied ourselves as to these facts. We have satisfied ourselves as to the desperate need they represent. The suffering is so tragic, the want so pitifully urgent, the privation so immediate and pressing, that as this article goes to press

THE LITERARY DIGEST is sending its check for \$2,000 to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. This is an earnest of our faith. This is our mite. But the cause is great and needs not our help only, but the help of every reader whose heart can be touched by human misery. Of a surety, you have given to many causes. Without doubt you have given generously and often, but you could not look a starving Armenian man or woman in the face and say that you had given enough. If you could, with your own eyes, see the wizened baby faces—faces of those who once were plump and rosy-cheeked children—if you could hear with your ears the cries of the aged, you would sell all you had and give to these destitute and utterly wretched people. You would follow the example of a generous giver to our Belgian Children's Relief Fund of last year—a Mr. Wm. M. Essick, of Reading, Pa., who wrote at that time: "I started my letter saying that I would throw the life-line to ten Belgian kiddies, and the job seemed so good I want to extend it to one hundred. Therefore when I wrote the enclosed check for \$120, I decided to add another cipher and make it \$1,200!"

Give now, give to-day, and there will be childish lips in Armenia that will pray for you, there will be mother hearts that will bless you, there will be men who will remember your act of brotherhood and humanity to the end of their days. Help feed these people. Help bind up their wounds. It is little to do and the reward is great and sure.

Truly they who give to Armenia will be laying up treasure in Heaven, and they too, no less, will be laying up the richest and brightest treasure in their own hearts. "And the King will say unto them: 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, thirsty and ye gave me to drink . . . naked and ye clothed me. . .'" And they will say: "When saw we thee naked, or hungry, or sick, or in prison and ministered unto thee?" And then will come that sublime and inexpressibly beautiful answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."



EMACIATED CHILDREN TAKING A SUN-BATH
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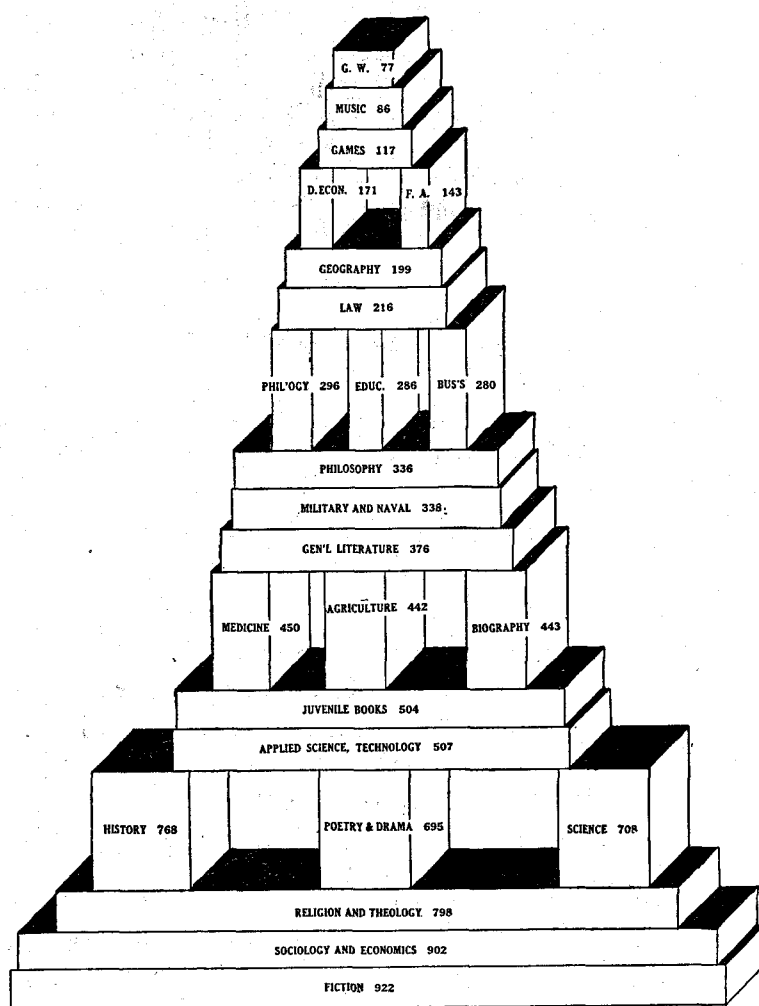
REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addressed to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York City.

GRAPHIC CHART SHOWING NUMBER OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE U. S.

DURING THE YEAR 1917

ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD



TOTAL NUMBER 10,060 385 LESS THAN 1916

NEW BOOKS 8849 NEW EDITIONS 1211 AMERICAN AUTHORS 8107 FOREIGN 1953

THE BOOKS OF 1917—AS TO WAR-BOOKS

The above chart has been arranged by Fred E. Woodward, of Washington, D. C., to show at a glance the proportional number of books published in each class by the size and position of blocks. Thus, fiction is the largest, 922, but it is hard pressed by sociology and economics with 902, and general works and miscellaneous are the smallest, with 77 titles, all of the intermediate ones occupying their respective places. There are interesting stories connected with many of these classes, notably in sociology and economics, poetry and drama, science, both applied and mathematical, philosophy, law, and education, all of which illuminate the progress of the American people.

The total number of books published in the United States during the year 1917 was 10,060, a decrease of 385 from the total of 1916, which was 10,445. Changes have taken place in our literary output during our first year in the war. Various classes of books have been affected, favorably or otherwise. The loss of 385 is scattered through fourteen of twenty-four classes or divisions, while ten classes record gains.

The largest losses are found in juvenile books, this class showing a loss of 166. Poetry and the drama show a loss of 165, geography and travel one of 155, fine arts one of 95, applied science one of 88, general literature and essays one of 85, medicine and hygiene one of 66, law one of 58. The remaining losses occurred in education, 38; general works, 33; music, 27; biography and genealogy, 23; games, sports, and amusements, 10, and fiction, 10. The classes showing gains over the previous year are, military and naval science, 244; sociology and economics, 135; physical and mathematical science, 69; agriculture, 59; religion and theology, 43; philosophy, 37; domestic economy, 14; philosophy, 14; history, 14, and business, 8. Readers prone to read signs of the times in books will see trends in the increase of books on sociology and economics, religion and theology, philosophy, science, domestic economy, and business, a combination of the intensely practical on the one hand with the spiritual and speculative on the other.

Fiction, with 922 titles, is still the largest class, but shows ten less than in 1916. The actual percentage of fiction to the whole is 9.15 per cent., which emphasizes the fact, easily forgotten, that at no time during the past seven years has the



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is doing her part in these strenuous times, and stern necessities are educating all of us in food quality.

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Barley is mixed with wheat in Grape-Nuts, providing an economy over an all-wheat food and further enriching it. And it can be eaten to the last atom—not a particle of waste.

And best of all, it is about 93% wholesome, delicious nutrition.

**“There’s a Reason”
for Grape-Nuts**

proportion of fiction risen above ten per cent. of the whole. Fiction furnished the largest number of new editions or reprints of older books, viz., 245, or about twenty-seven per cent. of all fiction. Sociology and economics furnished the largest number of native or American authors, viz., 820 out of a total of 902, or nearly ninety per cent. History, which makes a new high record in 1917 with 768 titles, was largely contributed to by our own writers; at least 511 books were so written, and 733 were actually new books. The smallest proportional contribution from abroad was found in law books, in which class only eight out of 208 were by foreign authors.

The greatest decline occurred in the class known as geography and travel, which in 1916 numbered 354, and in 1917 only 199. This loss might have reasonably been foretold, as the reasons for the decline are to be found in the disturbed condition of the continent of Europe, a condition which almost prohibits travel of any kind. Music, fine arts, and poetry no less than law and medicine show material losses, and juvenile books fail to keep up to the average.

Military and naval science, as might have been expected, jumped into great prominence with a gain of 244, an increase of 250 per cent. Of the total number, 338, only 23 were by English or other foreign authors, and all except 54 were new books. Science made a gain of 69, but singularly enough applied science, technology, and engineering recorded a loss of 88.

Military and naval books as a class first appeared in Great Britain in 1914, when 402 were recorded. Of this number 238 were new books, 9 translations, 108 brochures or pamphlets, and 47 new editions. Prior to this date there had been no separate classification of these books. In 1915 the number increased to 467, of which number 309 were new books, 3 translations, 87 pamphlets, and 68 new editions. In 1916 the former rate of increase was maintained. The year's record was 495, of which number 279 were new books, 190 pamphlets, and 26 new editions, there being no translations. In 1917 a decline was noted, the total being 313, with 150 new books, 125 pamphlets, and 38 new editions, there being no translations this year. This shows a total of 1,677 books, of which number 976 were new, 179 new editions, 510 pamphlets, and 12 translations.

The first record made in the United States in the class of military and naval science occurred in September 1916, when, in the remaining four months, 94 were recorded, of which 85 were new books and 9 new editions; American authors contributed 85 out of 94. In 1917 the number in this class had increased to 338, of which 284 were new, 54 new editions, all but 23 of the number being by American authors. This makes the total of books on military and naval science in the United States 432. This number, added to 1,677 in Great Britain, gives 2,109 as a grand total for the two nations in this class.

Books about the war were both numerous and in good demand for the holiday trade throughout the country. The opening spring season shows little if any falling off. No attempt has been made, as yet, to group or classify recent books on or pertaining to the war, as these books were formerly distributed among already existing classes, such as fiction, poetry, history, biography, and juvenile books. The fact that several so-called war-books were in constant demand during the recent holiday season and the sales of certain ones outstript sales of fiction is sufficient evidence of their popularity. It is only necessary to recall the names of "Over the Top," "Under Fire," "A Student in Arms," "Carry On," "My Four Years in Germany," together with the poems of Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Robert Service, and numerous "Boy Allies" series, many of them outselling fiction in the book-stores, to become aware of the prominent place given to books on the war.

ANOTHER BOOK ON LINCOLN

Chapman, Ervin, D.D., LL.D. **Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln.** Illustrated with many reproductions from original paintings, photographs, etc. Edition de luxe in two volumes. Pp. 570. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1917. \$5. Postage, in a box, 24 cents.

In his Foreword to this work Rev. Charles Edward Locke, of Los Angeles, says its preparation has engaged Dr. Chapman for more than half a century; and Dr. Locke concludes with this enthusiastic statement:

"It is not a new Lincoln, but a true and



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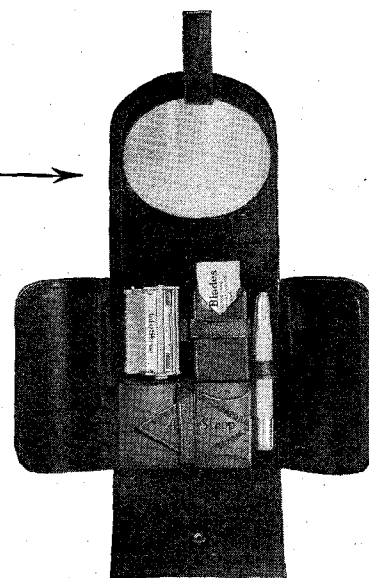
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real, indeed, a living Lincoln, which Dr. Chapman gives us in this work, a Lincoln of whose lineage and birth, and personal appearance and religious belief and experience, we have every reason to be proud. And it is that incomparably great and gracious Lincoln whom the world must ever hereafter behold, admire, and imitate. Dr. Chapman has placed a grateful posterity under everlasting obligation to him for this brilliant masterpiece."

After careful examination, the reviewer need not hesitate to indorse this opinion. We have not read all the three thousand Lincoln publications which have been put forth, but of the many not one is like Dr. Chapman's. It is not a "Life." It is what its title indicates—latest light upon a life concerning which a large library has been written and many errors disseminated.

Important chapters, quite new to Lincolniana, are those on "The Jacques-Gilmore Mission," which may have influenced Mr. Lincoln's reelection, as Dr. Chapman believes; "Reminiscences of Second Inauguration," original with Dr. Chapman because they are his own; and "Lincoln and Horace Greeley," in which Dr. Chapman's analysis of Greeley constitutes what he calls "an uncompleted chapter of American history." The more than forty full-page illustrations, on plate paper and not folioed as part of the text, form a decided addition to a work singularly valuable in its text alone.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN

Reischauer, August Karl. *Studies in Japanese Buddhism*. 8vo, pp. xx-361. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$2. Postage, 18 cents.

What Mr. W. G. Aston has done for Shinto, the native religion of Japan, Dr. Reischauer has here done for one of the three imported religions. That is to say, he has provided an account which is likely long to remain the standard. The title is altogether too modest for the area covered. One will find here a remarkably complete story covering the origin of this faith in India, tracing its development into its two great branches, northern and southern, fairly well describing the course of the former as it made its way into Japan from China and Korea, and then portraying its somewhat checkered career in the Island Empire. Thus in seven chapters that are unusually meaty we see how the somewhat bare doctrine of Gautama in its transit north and east varied its character and became rich in deities and theology, in ritual and eschatology, and, above all, in its demonism and its sacred books.

It is known to most people who have learned anything of Japan that four faiths are in a manner still striving there for mastery. Of these Shinto is indigenous, tho it and Buddhism have so interpenetrated each other that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. When we add that a third system, that of Confucius, also intertwines intimately with these two, we can understand that the intricacy of religious faith and practise of the Japanese is highly developed. But when we recall that Christianity has also since 1549 had its adherents, we can see how really complex the situation is.

Dr. Reischauer has well charted a way through this thicket, keeping in mind his real theme—Buddhism and its fortunes. He traces its peculiarly Japanese developments, especially into its very numerous sects, showing their origins, causes, and interactions. He reveals the mutual effects of religion and politics, and traces the present decadence of Buddhism and revival of Shinto to a rejuvenescent patriotism. Incidentally, the fortunes of Christianity

are also limned in with considerable clearness.

The book is in every respect worthy of author and publishers, and of a place on the table of Orientalists and students of religion.

GANSFORT WESSEL

Miller, Edward Waite, D.D. Wessel Gansfort. *Life and Writings*. Principal works translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder, M.A. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1917. \$4 net a set.

These volumes take us back into that period when men were shaking off the shackles of medieval scholasticism and geographical boundaries and discovering not only new worlds—the Americas—but old worlds—the Classics. Humanism, the Renaissance, and the first fires of the Reformation were active. In those times John Wessel lived. "The life of John Wessel was preeminently that of a scholar. . . . He was a man of the schools, a teacher, a writer, a traveler in search of knowledge." Biographical data are scant, but sufficient nevertheless to give a fairly complete outline of his long life of study and teaching.

He was born at Groningen about 1420—thirty-five years after the death of Wyclif and five years after the martyrdom of Huss, while Erasmus and Colet were to appear at his prime and Luther and Zwingli toward the end of his life. Wessel also bore the name of Gansfort (apparently a family named derived from a village so called in Westphalia, where the Wessels originally lived). He got his early training at the schools of the Brethren of the Common Life in Groningen and at Zwolle. While at Zwolle he came under the influence of Thomas à Kempis—in fact, the two became fast friends.

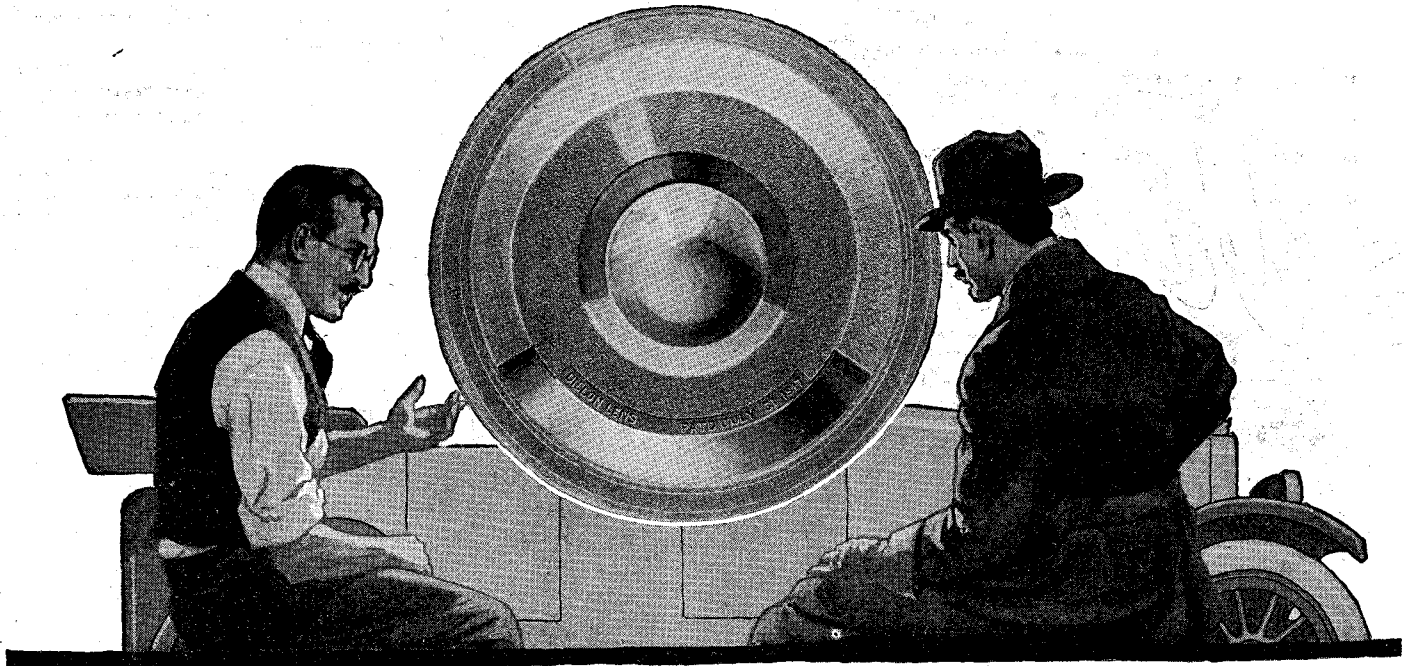
From Zwolle he went to the University of Cologne, where he spent ten years, devoting most of his time not to the lecture-hall, but to the university library. Here he took his master's degree in literature and arts, and here also he mastered Greek and Hebrew, rare attainments at that time. His next sojourn of length was at Paris, where he spent some fifteen years as student and teacher. Not later than 1470 he went to Rome, but stayed there only two or three years. He was for a brief while associated with the faculty of Heidelberg University, then returned to his native Frisia to spend the last years of his life in writing and teaching. His influence was widely felt. His deep piety, intellectual attainments, and sound judgment made of him a constructive force in the lives of those not only in his immediate but even in his remote environment.

This is a well-written and highly interesting biography, a very positive contribution in the field of historical evaluation. Over half of the bulk of the two volumes is taken up with a translation of Wessel's principal writings by Prof. J. W. Scudder, of Albany Academy. The volumes are indexed.

THE ORIENTAL NATURE

Cooper, Elizabeth. *The Heart of O. Sono San*. Illustrated. Pp. 269. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.75. Postage, 12 cents.

Mrs. Cooper has sought to understand the oriental nature and to picture it for the Western mind, and, in this story, does for the Japanese women what she did for the Chinese in "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard." Leaving the "Japan of Ports" and the "Japan of Beauty," she sympathetically visualizes the "Japan of Mystery," and the Japanese woman, who is the guardian of old ideals, and the "sweetest, finest type of womanhood that the world has ever known." It is difficult for the woman of Western civilization to under-



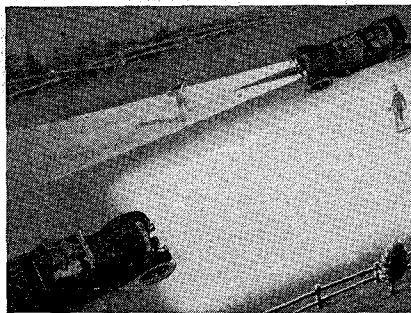
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stand the absolute obedience and loyalty of her Japanese sister who is taught from infancy to "love, yield, help others, and forget self." She must be willing to sacrifice for her parents, her clan, and her country, "her very life if necessary."

In this portrayal of the life of O. Sono San from her babyhood to the time of her supreme sacrifice, we learn about many Japanese family customs, their poetic and flowery form of conversation, their national habits and ways, and, above all, the wonderful self-repression of the woman-child who said "farewell"—(*Sayonara*), first, to the doll that she worshiped, her dearest treasure; secondly, to her heart's beloved, and, last and greatest, to her soul's idol, her son Taro, whom she "had the honor to give for his Majesty and for Japan." The story is characterized by exquisite pathos, charming fascination of beauty and mystery, and a delightful description of Japan, the land of flowers and sacrifice. The author's narrative is delicately appreciative and her graphic word-pictures are a charm to the mind as the beautiful photographic reproductions are to the eye.

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. *A History of the United States Since the Civil War*. In five volumes. Volume 1: 1865-68. Pp. 579. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. \$3.50. Postage, 16 cents.

The brief period covered by this opening volume of an important historical work was crowded with vital events. Reconstruction in the South followed close upon the termination of the Civil War, and times continued perilous altho peace had been declared. Mr. Oberholtzer writes of them with manifest fairness, evidently wishing to treat impartially the sections then so lately arrayed against each other and still so widely differing. It was a Southern man who succeeded to the Presidency after Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated; but Andrew Johnson's character, disposition, and habits did not make for early Southern satisfaction or later Northern acceptance. Contemned at first by Southern men, he came, strangely, to be their hope, almost their idol. And it was the North, by its representatives in Congress and its influence outside, that became responsible for his attempted impeachment.

It is not in all respects a gratifying record which Mr. Oberholtzer affords us, despite his able and admirable presentation of it. From the unhappy beginning of Johnson's Administration, on through the constant turmoil and uncertainty of it—through the Freedmen's Bureau and its accompanying troubles at the South; the building of a railroad across the continent; the wretched Indian wars and massacres; the serious developments in Mexico, Ireland, and Alaska, as related to American politics and progress—the story is a revelation often painful in its cumulative selfishness and greed and trying to national pride.

It is a record, however, that intelligent Americans must study—that all Americans must study to be intelligent; and the humiliating features of it are discounted largely by the wonderful progress which our country made, materially and politically, even during the four years covered by this volume, and of which this author so clearly tells. He makes no rhetorical pretenses, but he does picture things and men with simple clarity of style, tersely setting forth the salient facts. If many of these facts were discreditable, the fault was not his, altho his must be the credit for their comprehensive grouping and their succinct recital.

ANOTHER "POLLY" STORY

Dowd, Emma C. Polly and the Princess. Pp. 389. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.35. Postage, 12 cents.

Here is another "Polly story," in which Polly again does wonders by virtue of a sunny disposition, thoughtfulness, and loving sympathies. This time her activities are exerted on the inmates of the "June Holiday Home," a "sumptuous station where indigent gentlewomen assemble to await the coming of the last train." June Holiday had meant that this home should be a real one, beautiful and full of joy, but her untimely death leaves too much power in the hands of the vixenish Miss Sniffen, and "The Board" is complacently unconscious. Polly's greatest favorite, Miss Sterling, is her "princess" and is young enough to fit into the romantic web which Polly and fate weave around her. While the Sniffen villainy is, perhaps, overdrawn, it adds excitement and interest to the dramatic possibilities of the story. There are many laughs in the breezy episodes of which Polly is the controlling spirit, and there are some likable characters in "The Home" even tho the plot is somewhat disjointed and unconvincing. The young romance of Polly and David parallels that of Miss Sterling and Nelson Randolph and, of course, "everybody lived happily ever after."

AN AWAKENING BOOK ON BRAZIL

Cooper, Clayton Sedgwick. The Brazilians and Their Country. With map and many illustrations from photographs. Pp. 403. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1917. \$2.50. Postage, 16 cents.

This volume opens with a chapter on "mental hospitality," at the head of which stands this quotation from Dr. George H. Blakeslee, of Clark University: "To create a more sympathetic appreciation of the history, the civilization, and the problems of our sister American republics is our nation's most pressing diplomatic task."

Of our sister American republics Mr. Cooper claims Brazil to be the chief; and writing of Brazil as "A Leviathan Country," he says: "Her sheer bigness is first of all impressive. Only four other countries are greater in territory: Russia, Great Britain with her colonies, China, and the United States if Alaska is included." Further on he writes thus:

"It is because of her range of national physical possibility that this southern Republic is destined to become great with a greatness that only the richness of land and water extent can give. It is a country that possesses several hundred thousand square miles of unoccupied territory, much of it utterly unexplored, thousands of square leagues of forests which have never yet resounded to the feet of civilized man, regions as extensive as half of Europe, in which the deposits of iron, manganese, and minerals of almost every description await the approach of a world's needs."

As a country, physically, according to Mr. Cooper, Brazil has not been understood; her people, in character and in habits, differ as widely from the common understanding. One State alone, the Amazonas, is larger than a sixth of all Europe. "He who would discover Brazil must needs spend at least one long wander year apart from the dozen or less fairly sizable cities, losing himself in the rural districts, where the major part of the nation abides." So Mr. Cooper tells us; and he cites Minas-Geraes, with its 3,960,000 population, largest of any Brazilian state, as possessing "no city of any size, no seaports, no large industries." The information which this book affords, not less surprising by the extent of it than by its facts, would indicate that Mr. Cooper spent "one long wander year" in the country he so vividly and comprehensively portrays.



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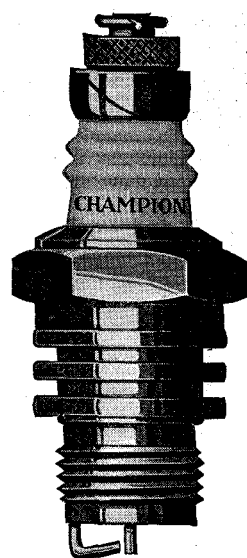
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CURRENT - POETRY

TWO of England's most distinguished poets have tuned their lyres to the praise of America as comrade in the great struggle. Sir William Watson in the London *Nineteenth Century* pays striking tribute to the leaders of the Allied nations, first to Mr. Lloyd George and then to President Wilson, in his poem "Americans, Hail":

AMERICANS, HAIL!

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON

Here, too, is greatness; here are heads grown gray
In council, not yet dreaming of repose;
Here are the athletes of debate, and here
The brains that are the lamps without whose light

Armies would grope and stumble, and noblest
prowess

With a waste splendor dazzle a fruitless field.

Here, also, his hot thirst for toil unslaked,

The sinews of his lithe mind unrelaxed,

Is he, our Empire's leader: he who set

The wheels of the machinery of victory

Whirring and spinning throughout all this isle,

Till Britain hummed as one great mill of war;

A man, no wraith or shadow; a live man,

Loathed by the specters and the counterfeits;

A man as human as your Lincoln was,

Not muffled up in formula and phrase,

With palisaded spirit, but giving us

Access and entrance to his hopes and fears,

And in companionship of glorious hazard

Bearing us with him, while he treads a road

Built like a causeway across flaming Hell;

Himself a flame of ardor and resolve,

Beset by all the tempests, but unquenched,

Being used to blasts, and native to the storm,

And thriving on the thunder from his prime.

Ours were the shame, if having such a leader
We proved unworthy at last to be so led,
And lowered the flag of an unshaken will,
And stooped our soul to a stature and a posture
Like theirs who preach a base truck with the foe;

With hope that can not wholly vanquish fear,
The veiled, unknown, tremendous morrow; we
With our own chiefs of camp and council; you
With yours; and at your head the famed, the
trusted,

The hated and revered one: he whose speech
Is hazeless sister unto cloudless thought:
Who, flooding with a bland light all his theme,
Can, when the hour craves gallant archery,
Unquiver none the less a deadly lightning:
A mind 'twixt wariness and boldness poised,
Wide-watching and far-scouting, subtle and sage;
Cool as a pine at its firm heart is cool,
Tho secretly a colleague of the sun,
And living by his fire: a soul erect
E'en as the pine itself is; and altho
Towering amid the forest of your life
O'er all beside, still of that forest, still
One only of a hundred million trees
Knowing no difference in their right to Summer.

Ah, once, in the dead yesterday that seems
Entombed so deep, haply we did him wrong!
We knew not all; now, now we understand.
We are men, and see the man: large, patient,
calm;

Freed from the trammels and the coils that
bound

And half obscured him: standing there to-day,
Etched with no vagueness against no blurred
sky:

Yonder concerting and controlling all
The instruments in that vast orchestra,
Your nation, whence there rises goldenly
Tho sternly, with far surge and tidal swell,
Not without sad and wailful underflow,
But mighty in heave and sound, all dissonance
hushed,

That new Heroic Symphony of war;
Heard throughout Earth with a grave thank-
fulness

By such as love great music; and perhaps
E'en on an ear divine not wholly lost,
Not utterly unacceptable to Heaven.

The London *Daily Chronicle* publishes a poem entitled "To the American People" from the pen of that melodious singer Laurence Binyon, inspired by the sight of our troops marching through London, and by a desire to see New York again. We quote a few stanzas:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Men of America, you that march to-day
Thro' roaring London, supple and lean of limb,
Glimpsed in the crowd I saw you, and in your eye
Something alert and grim—

As knowing on what stern call you march away
To the wrestle of nations—saw your heads held
high,

And, that same moment, far in a flitting beam
High over old and storied Westminster
The Stars and Stripes with England's colors clear
Sisterly twined and proud on the air astream.

I see again the fabulous city arise,
Rock-cradled, white and soaring out of the sea.
Manhattan! Queen of thronged and restless bays
And of daring ships is she.

O, lands beyond, that into the sunset gaze,
Limitless, teeming continent of surmise!
I drink again that diamond air, I thrill
To the lure of a wonder more than the wondrous
past.

And see before me ages yet more vast
Rising and challenging heart and mind and will.

Taps of the Drum! Again you have heard them
beat;

And the answer comes, a continent arms! Dread,
Pity, and Grief, there is no escape; the call
Is the call of the risen Dead.

Terrible year of the nation's trampling feet!
An angel had blown his trumpet over all
From the ends of the earth, from East to utter-
most West,

Because of the soul of man that shall not fail,
That will not make refusal or turn and quail,
No, nor for all calamity stay its quest.

And here, here too, is the New World, born of
pain

In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
Its mold, and life runs fierce and fluid, a stream
That floods, dissolves, remakes.

Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme,
Quickens unending future; and all's vain
But the onward mind that dares the oncoming
years

And takes their storm, a master. Life shall
then

Transfigure Time with yet more marvelous men.
Hail to the sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

In the London *New Age* we have a little etching of Desmond Fitzgerald's showing two lovers watching for the rising of a late moon.

NIGHT

BY DESMOND FITZGERALD

Silent we stood, the odor of your hair
Was in my nostrils, and your warm hands were
In mine enfolded: silent we,

And silent and still the blue-black night above.

I could not see

Your face, I only knew

That silence and darkness and love enfolded me
and you

As thus we stood,
Begirt by night's vast solitude.
The hours, on great black wings, passed high above,
Made reverent and tremulous by the mystery of
our love;

Then suddenly
The veils of dark were lifted, showing me
Your lustrous eyes, your face so pale and still,
And turning, I saw the silver disk of the moon
rising over the hill.

"Æ," as Mr. George Russell is more widely known, sends to the Dublin *Irish Times* a long and eloquent letter in which he pleads for a "get together" spirit among Irishmen of various schools of thought. This veteran leader in the world of Irish poesy concludes his letter with this poem:

TO THE MEMORY OF SOME I KNEW WHO ARE DEAD AND WHO LOVED IRELAND

By "Æ"

Their dream had left me numb and cold,

But yet my spirit rose in pride,

Refashioning in burnished gold

The images of those who died,

Or were shut in the penal cell.

Here's to you, Pearse, your dream, not mine,

But yet the thought for this you fell

Has turned life's waters into wine.

You who have died on Eastern hills

Or fields of France as undismayed,

Who lit with interlink'd wills

The long, heroic barricade,

You, too, in all the dreams you had,

Thought of some thing for Ireland done.

Was it not so, oh, shining lad,

What lured you, Alan Anderson?

I listened to high talk from you,

Thomas MacDonagh, and it seemed

The words were idle, but they grew

To nobleness by death redeemed.

Life can not utter words more great

That life may meet by sacrifice,

High words were equaled by high fate,

You paid the price. You paid the price.

You who have fought on fields afar,

That other Ireland did you wrong

Who said you shadowed Ireland's star,

Nor gave you laurel-wreath nor song.

You proved by death as true as they,

In mightier conflicts played their part,

Equal your sacrifice may weigh,

Dear Kettle, of the generous heart.

The hope lives on age after age,

Earth with its beauty might be won

For labor as a heritage,

For this has Ireland lost a son.

This hope unto a flame to fan

Men have put life by with a smile,

Here's to you, Connolly, my man,

Who cast the last torch on the pile.

You, too, had Ireland in your care,

Who watched o'er pits of blood and mire,

From iron roots leap up in air

Wild forests, magical of fire;

Yet while the Nuts of Death were shed

Your memory would ever stray

To your own isle. Oh, gallant dead—

This wreath, Will Redmond, on your clay.

Here's to you men I never met

Yet hope to meet behind the veil,

Thronged on some starry parapet,

That looks down upon Innisfail,

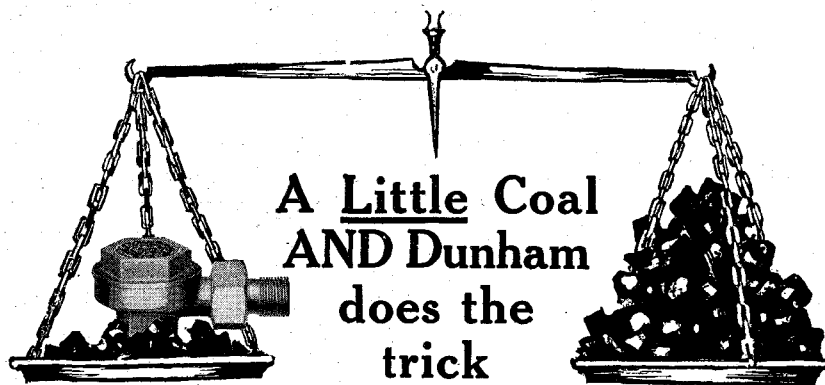
And see the confluence of dreams

That clashed together in our night,

One river, born from many streams,

Roll in one blaze of blinding light.

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More heat, less coal, surely a most desirable goal for the householder—and at first thought an unattainable one. With coal next to impossible to obtain and the boiler frantically demanding ton after ton, it looks like an impossibility to get more heat and still burn less coal.

But wait a minute! There is a way to save coal and still be comfortably warm even in the severest weather. That way is The Dunham Heating Service, the foundation of which is The Dunham Radiator Trap.

This trap, which has been aptly termed "The Guardian of the Coal Pile," saves coal because it gets every single heat unit out of the coal and converts it into genial, healthful heat. In the Dunham Heating Service this trap is situated at the outlet side of each and every radiator. It automatically allows the air and water to escape and keeps in the precious heat. Right here, at the point where in ordinary heating systems an enormous amount of coal is wasted—many, many buckets of coal are saved for Dunham Service users.

Homes, apartments and industrial plants all over the country are saving coal and cutting down their fuel bills by Dunhamizing their present heating equipment. The installation of Dunham Radiator Traps

in many cases is all that is necessary. The fuel saving effected the first winter often more than pays for the expense involved.

The Nation must save 50,000,000 tons of coal this year. How is it to be done? There is only one way. That is to make the coal we have go twice as far by using only as much as is absolutely necessary. Save every unnecessary shovelful. With every shovelful of coal you waste you

- Lower the efficiency of the man on the firing line.
- Lower the temperature of the camps.
- Reduce the speed of the submarine destroyer.
- Diminish the force of the projectile.
- Slacken the speed of the munition plant.

In other words you prolong the War. Remember this—every half-heated radiator, every pounding radiator, every sputtering, hissing air valve on a radiator is a coal waster.



Postpone This
The Dunham Heating Service will postpone that anxious moment when you come to the last of the coal pile. Dunham Heating Service saves coal, regulates dampers automatically, prevents overheating as well as underheating, eliminates hissing, sputtering air valves and pounding pipes, requires few repairs and lasts a lifetime.

Look to your present heating equipment. Find out if you are getting sufficient heat for the coal you burn. Ask a responsible heating contractor how Dunham Heating Service may be installed and how it can save coal for you. Ask us how your present heating system can be Dunhamized. Patriotism and economy are calling you to save coal. Answer them by writing us today. Will you?

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

GERMAN AIR-FLEET LEADS IN THREE YEARS OF WAR

FRANCE studies the aviation returns as eagerly as America watches the baseball bulletins. The Frenchman is as familiar with the score of the Allied planes as a New Yorker is with the batting average of the Giants. Unfortunately, he can find in the figures little that is encouraging, for the official aviation record shows Pan-Germany to be the victor in the air by a score of 1,121 victories with 66 aces to the Allies' 1,171 with 125 aces. Naturally, the question arises: "Why should Germany with half the number of aces almost equal the score of the Allies?" In a carefully prepared article in *The Outlook*, giving the victories of all the air forces in detail up to December 1, 1917, Laurence La Tourette Driggs thus answers the query:

The answer is, Germany's air-service is entirely in the hands of one competent man. General von Hoeppner, formerly Chief of Staff of General von Bülow's army, was in November, 1916, made Chief of Germany's Air-Service. Subject only to the orders of the Kaiser, von Hoeppner is absolute dictator of the air-service. He not only doubled the output of airplane engines in 1917, by standardizing the Mercedes and the Benz motors, but he produced the deadliest type of fighting machine the world has ever seen in the 1917 *Albatros* single-seater. Likewise, in launching the thirty heavy bombing machines on London, July 7, 1917, he exhibited to the Allies the best defensive war-plane—the *Gotha*—that had ever been devised. And it is rumored that the coming spring will see "flying tanks," and a superior type of *Fokker* fighting airplane as further results of the constant experimentation so wisely encouraged by von Hoeppner.

In selecting personnel and advisers General von Hoeppner displays the same skill that he has shown in airplane-construction. He inflamed Germany with press propaganda and held war-exhibitions throughout the larger cities, in which the latest types of war-airplanes were demonstrated and sham battles in the air were fought. The result was an enthusiastic rush to the flying service by the young men most eager to learn this work—and it is precisely this class of applicants that yields the natural-born pilots.

But above all else the prevailing air-tactics of the astute von Hoeppner must be examined and approved. Tactics which permit 67 German pilots to win almost as many victories as 124 Allied pilots win in the same time are worthy of imitation. It is the opinion of Anglo-Saxons that German temperament and characteristics do not lend themselves so nicely as do ours to the science of aviation. Yet, despite this racial handicap, their airmen hold their own against overwhelming numerical odds. Verily, an ounce of brain is worth a pound of brawn.

German tactics are permeated with that detestable word "efficiency." The maximum of success with the minimum of risk is determined upon by von Hoeppner and his staff of experienced aviators, regardless of the chivalrous sportsmanship of their opponents. Tactics that have proved

successful to Boelke and Immelmann are adopted by the entire air-service, and are first rehearsed and then practised by all German airmen in combat. Team-work, formation fighting, shameless avoidance of an equal contest, venturing over enemy lines only with strong support, permit the few thus banded together to hold their own against the preponderating but scattered free lances of the Allies. With one competent mind to direct it, with iron-clad rules to protect it, the German air-service, like the German machines, to-day easily outranks the world opposed. The sooner this unpalatable but relentless truth is realized the sooner will we adopt methods to cope with those of Germany, and then the sooner will our peace with honor come.

In a table which accompanies his article the writer gives in detail the losses and victories of the air-fleets of the world. A summary of the totals presents the following illuminating facts, an "ace" being a fighting pilot who has brought down at least five enemy planes:

FRENCH ACES	
Living.....	43
Victories.....	399
Dead, or retired.....	16
Victories.....	168

BRITISH ACES	
Living.....	30
Victories.....	298
Dead, or retired.....	3
Victories.....	102

AMERICAN LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE	
Living.....	12
Victories.....	35
Dead.....	3
Victories.....	10

BELGIAN ACES	
Living.....	5
Victories.....	31

ITALIAN ACES	
Living.....	10
Victories (to Nov. 1, 1917)....	121

RUSSIAN ACES	
Living.....	3
Victories.....	30

GERMAN ACES	
Living.....	27
Victories.....	504
Dead or captured.....	37
Victories.....	589

BULGARIAN	
Dead.....	1
Victories.....	20

TURKISH	
Living.....	1
Victories.....	8

In the American list, which includes all victories to December 1, 1917, Raoul Lufbery is the only ace, to whom seventeen victories are credited. In analyzing the list the writer says:

Fifty-nine French aces appear in this list, only sixteen of whom have been killed or captured. But their total is only five hundred and sixty-seven airplanes brought down, as against one thousand and ninety-three brought down by the sixty-four German aces!

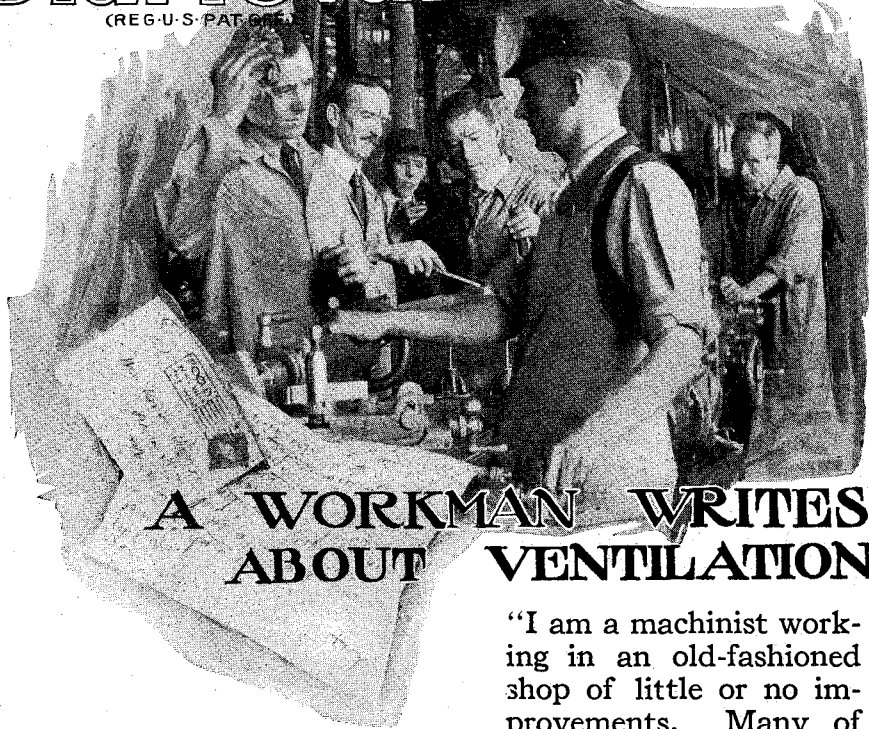
Our conclusion here is irresistible. The Germans must have some superiority either in men, machines, or tactics which permits this approximate doubling of the score.

But another glance at the list discloses

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AIR WASHING
SYSTEMS.



A WORKMAN WRITES ABOUT VENTILATION

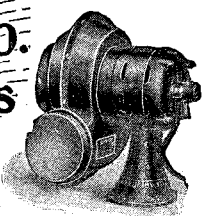
"I am a machinist working in an old-fashioned shop of little or no improvements. Many of the boys have headaches in the forenoon. If I open the windows there is a crop of sneezes. If the windows remain shut we get sleepy about 3 o'clock. Bad air is the cause of these headaches and this slowed-up feeling. I know this because in modern ventilated shops where I have worked this sorry condition of affairs never existed. I make good money; like the shop and comrades; but I am going to protect the two most valuable things I possess—my health, and my working capacity. The boss will have to get positive ventilation to keep me."

Labor is choosing the conditions under which it will work. Factory owners are rapidly learning that Sturtevant-equipped factories attract and hold the highest grade help; cut down excess sick-leave; energize tired, faltering hands; increase production and improve the quality of product. Sturtevant Systems insure SAFE ventilation because air is distributed independent of weather conditions and without draughts.

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the fact that over half the German aces have been killed, leaving but twenty-seven active aces with their total of five hundred and four, as compared with forty-three living French aces totaling three hundred and ninety-nine victories. Both tables are accurate up to December 1, 1917. So over half the German aces have been destroyed by the French (with the assistance of the British, Italian, Belgian, and American aviators), while but sixteen of the French airmen of this expert class have lost their lives. Moreover, the vanquished enemy aces number among them many of their most celebrated fighters, while the bulk of the surviving French aces have modest scores and can not be regarded as superior in experience to the famous enemies they conquered.

With this evidence before us, it is logical to conclude that, while Teutonic air-tactics may produce more high-score aces, yet their tactics do not serve to prevent ultimate defeat by antagonists of less renown. And here we arrive at the meat of the problem.

Tactics are of vast importance, but individual superiority means vastly more.

German air-tactics discourage the production of numerous small aces, but magnify the prowess of the established ace of great reputation, who is invariably a squadron leader. The fighting squadron sallies forth on its daily patrol. A victim is sighted. Down drops the crafty patrol, and by the time the isolated observer is aware of its presence he is completely hemmed in by the swifter enemy machines. At the proper instant, when the ensnared pilot is fully occupied with his encircling enemies, the squadron leader comes diving down to the attack, pouring ahead of him a living stream of lead as he approaches.

With nothing else to distract his attention, his opportunity for a "victory" is almost certain. But, successful or otherwise, once his attack is delivered, he swoops on down to safety absolutely without risk of danger to himself and withdraws with his supporters to await another opportunity for a surprise attack.

Thus Germany saves her star ace from exposure and permits him to roll up prodigious individual scores at the expense of his fellows until they, too, have become proficient through repeated experiences with their expert leader.

With the Allied airmen this successful system is imitated only as far as the enemy's tactics compel them to follow it. Every man is for himself among the Allied air-fighters, and overwhelming odds are recklessly disregarded to a most melancholy degree, as is evidenced by the heavy and growing losses among the French and British fliers.

England neither publishes the British lists of aces nor gives their victories particular mention, unless for some distinguished conduct which accompanies them. Therefore the British list herein is far from complete.

It is probable that this table of thirty-three British aces, with their total score of almost four hundred enemy airplanes shot down, might be easily doubled both in number of aces and in number of enemy machines destroyed if the whole truth could be ascertained. But England, with blunt justice, declines to advertise her fighting airmen over other soldiers, who are doing their duty as brilliantly, even if in a less spectacular fashion, and I have been able to secure this partial list of Great Britain's flying sharpshooters during these three years of war only through the incidental mention of their victories when

these pilots have received decorations for distinguished conduct from their King.

The United States has but one ace, Major Raoul Lufbery, of Wallingford, Connecticut, who is now commanding officer of the Lafayette Escadrille. Lufbery is credited with seventeen German airplanes to date. So far he has escaped absolutely unhurt after some thirty months' constant exposure to the perils of flying and the bullets and shells of the enemy.

Fifteen Americans in all have gained at least one victory over their opponents which is officially credited to them, while many others have brought down one or more German airplanes which fell to earth deep within the enemy's lines and were not observed by French officers, and therefore could not be homologated.

LADIES, MEET THE ONLY BACHELOR GENERAL IN THE U. S. A.

WHEN Joffre, the hero of the Marne, visited West Point he was pleasantly surprised at luncheon to find that all the American officers with whom he came in contact could converse with him fluently in his own tongue. This added greatly to the French commander's enjoyment of the occasion, for he speaks no English. It was all the result of a happy idea of Maj.-Gen. John Biddle, then plain Colonel Biddle, Superintendent of the Military Academy.

"I'll tell you how I managed it," said the General when some one at the Army and Navy Club in Washington asked him about it. "Of course I knew that Joffre couldn't speak English, so I picked out the officers at the Point who could talk French and kept him surrounded with them. It was very simple."

Quite simple to be sure, still it illustrates the tact of the Assistant Chief of Staff of the United States Army. General Biddle himself speaks French almost as well as Joffre, for altho an American to the core he was, when a youngster, a near-French schoolboy. But, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*:

In order to understand how this came about, and how the grandson of a Philadelphian of distinction happened to be born in Detroit, one must go back a bit.

Maj. John Biddle, grandfather of the present Assistant Chief of Staff, was himself an officer of the United States Army and a man of considerable wealth. He was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, whose bank was smashed by the enmity of Andrew Jackson. The Major, while still a young man, moved from Philadelphia to Detroit. He was Territorial Delegate in Congress from Michigan in 1829 to 1831. His eldest son was William S. Biddle, who had eight children. The first two were girls. The third was John, who is now the Assistant Chief of Staff. He spent his early boyhood on his father's estate, on the island of Grosse Isle, in the Detroit River.

His mother was Susan Dayton Ogden, of a distinguished New Jersey family. She was ambitious for eldest son John, and with a view to his satisfactory education he was sent to a school at Geneva, in Switzerland. He was then a red-headed boy, thirteen years of age, and while at the school he boarded with a

number of his fellow pupils at an establishment called the Pension Congnard.

He spent three years at the school in Geneva (where French was everybody's language), and then was sent to the University of Heidelberg to continue his education. From Heidelberg, as a youth of eighteen, he was brought back to this country, and in 1877 entered the West Point Military Academy as a cadet.

At West Point his acquaintance with French and German (particularly the former) helped him a great deal. But much more important was the fact that he was of a studious turn and exceptionally well equipped intellectually. Nobody was surprised when he was graduated second in his class.

The highest-ranking graduates of each class at the Point have the option of going into the engineer corps of the Army, which is generally considered the most desirable branch of our military service. Accordingly, young Biddle became an engineer officer, being appointed a second lieutenant in 1881, and assigned thereupon to the Second Battalion of Engineers at Willet's Point, N. Y.

A few years later he was appointed an instructor in practical military engineering at West Point. During the Spanish War he served in Cuba. In November, 1899, he was sent to Manila; and not long afterward to Guam, to survey that island. He was made engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia in 1901, and held that job for six years. Then he was put in charge of important work in California, to be later attached to the General Staff at Washington, and dispatched (in November, 1914) to Austria as a "war-observer."

So virulent was the feeling against Americans in the German and Austrian camps that our military observers assigned to the armies of the Central Empires were at length withdrawn. Whether it was on this account or not that Colonel Biddle came home nobody knows. He never had a word to say on the subject. But on his return he was made Superintendent of the West Point Academy.

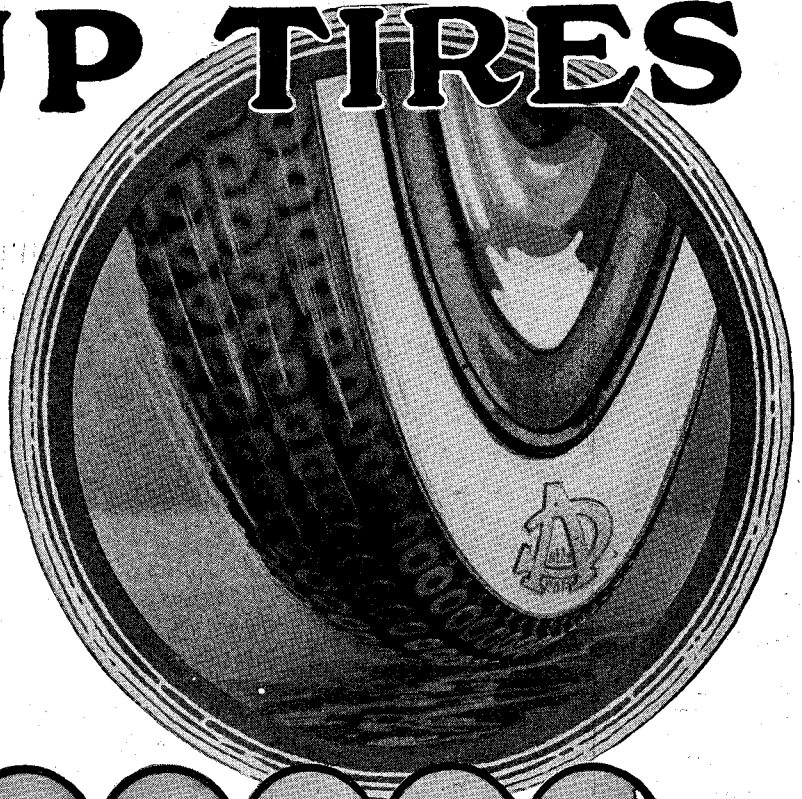
This is a skeleton of General Biddle's official life. As to the social side and his personal characteristics let it be set down at once that he is a bachelor—the only bachelor general in the Army—and there is no question of doubt as to its being a condition of his own choosing, for people have long asked in all sincerity: "Why doesn't Biddle marry? All the women, young and old, adore him." It has always been a mystery, says *The Public Ledger*, particularly in view of the following anecdote which indicates at least that he believes in a state of preparedness in matrimony as well as in war:

A good many years ago he happened to be stationed at Nashville, Tenn., which is an educational center of some importance. Another engineer officer, who had seven children, was stationed at Chattanooga, which possesses no such advantages. He (the father of seven) wrote to the War Department complaining that the arrangement, under the circumstances, was not fair, and asking for a swap.

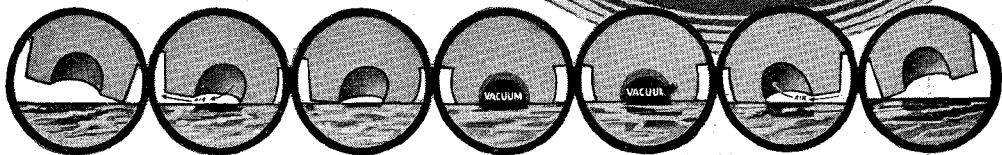
In ordinary official course the letter was sent to Biddle, who replied in due form that he had never heard of any discrimination against an officer on account of his marital condition or unfortunate lack of same; but that, if the question were seriously raised in his case, he was

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

*The Tires
That Grip
At Any Speed*



How the cups
operate to pre-
vent skidding
with no resist-
ance to forward
speed.



1. Contact 2. Pressure 3. Seal 4. Suction 5. Grip 6. Edge release 7. Disengagement

THE tires that deliberately glue their round, heavy feet on the wet, slippery pavement with a suction grip that only the forward rolling of the tires can release—

That grip-hold-let-go, one massive cup-shaped foot following closely upon another, exerting a continuous powerful vacuum clutch that defies the skid-wet treachery of the pavement at whatever speed the driver may fancy—

That utilize the wet of the slippery pavement to lay a track of skid-preventing vacuum power that loosens only when the tires roll forward, lift the edge of each cup gently and break the seal—

That give a riding safety, whatever the weather, that is *guaranteed*, else tires returnable at purchase price, yet draw no heavier on power and “gas” than any other tires of equal weight and thickness.

Emphatic and distinctive as the safety service of Vacuum Cups is, no less so is the mileage service of Vacuum Cup Tires. At prices on a parity with ordinary tires, they are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—for

6,000 Miles

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prepared to marry within twenty-four hours.

That settled it. The War Department took no further action. But with Biddle there was evidently a difference between marrying and being prepared to marry; for (the security of his assignment of duty at Nashville being established) he gave no further signs of an intention to lead any fortunate female person to the altar.

Nevertheless, the new Assistant Chief of Staff has always been remarkably fond of children. He particularly delights in boys. On a recent occasion, while superintendent at the Point, a summons from the War Department called him to Washington for a while. All the time while there he was on pins and needles to get back, saying that he "hated to leave his boys"—meaning the cadets, by whom, needless to say, he was much loved.

One boy, the son of a very dear deceased friend, he adopted in a way a few years ago, took him into his home, educated him, and in due time sent him to West Point.

The General is very fond of dogs and horses. He likes to ride, and thereby, it might be said, hangs a little story.

When (at that time a very young man) he was an instructor at West Point it chanced that he had made an appointment to take a young lady for a ride. Promptly at the hour he was at the door of the hotel where she was staying and sent up his card. She made her appearance, and he blew a whistle to summon his orderly with the horses.

Now, the young lady had hair of a vivid red color, and those were days when red hair had not yet become fashionable and admired. She was sensitive on the subject, and presently, when the horses were fetched she became furious. For, lo! both of the horses were white horses.

Convinced that an insult, or at least a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, was intended, she turned angrily upon the young army officer—only to see him ruefully rubbing his own red head while bending a disconsolate and apologetic glance upon her.

Of course, she laughed and forgave him. Nobody could ever be really angry with John Biddle.

The Biddles rank as one of the oldest American families, having been in America for more than two centuries. They were also people of importance in England, for the family is one of the few that brought with them to this country their servants and their furniture. *The Public Ledger* says of the personal characteristics of the new Assistant Chief of Staff:

He is a typical Biddle. As such, physically and otherwise, he might stand for the whole family—whose name, by the way, is spelled Biddulph in England, tho pronounced "Biddle."

About four times a week somebody asks the General if he has ever heard that story about "What is a biddle?" He always listens to it with an amiable smile. But there is a much better story (not so well known) about an Englishman who, having sojourned in Philadelphia, described the city as a place where "most of the people were named Scapple, and everybody had biddle for breakfast."

John Biddle being a bachelor, it is natural that he should be a good deal of a club man. He "goes out" in society a good deal, and has always been much sought as a guest at dinner parties. One reason for his social popularity, tho a

minor one, is that, while admiring young women, he is attentive to the older ones. He likes bridge, and plays a first-class game.

As for accomplishments, he has none. He does not need them. The girls say that he is a "tease"—tho exactly what they mean by that may be left to surmise.

Ask one of his fellow officers about Biddle, and he will tell you that in all his army life the new Assistant Chief of Staff has figured conspicuously as what is vulgarly called the "goat." All sorts of undesirable jobs have been put upon him, apparently for no other reason than that he would accept them cheerfully and perform them uncomplainingly. He has always manifested a willingness to do anything—the surveying of the Island of Guam being one of the bothersome tasks assigned to him.

His duties, however, have been chiefly of a military character. Indeed, there is hardly any other officer of the corps of engineers whose professional activities have been to such an extent those of a soldier. This has come about through his own seeking, for he is typically a military man, rather than a mere builder of bridges and forts.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE BY A FRENCH WAR-PRISONER

THE privations ensuing on three years of war were not needed to make the German people sick of the grim game. They jumped into it blithely enough because they had to and because they believed it would be all over in their favor within from thirty to sixty days. When a French prisoner, captured early in the war, told one of his guards, who was impatient for the end, that it might come in a year or two when German autocracy had been demolished, the guard looked at the Frenchman with a discouraged, stupid air. The French prisoner, who was held in Bavaria for more than a year, tells us this in his book, "The Diary of a Private" (Hachette, Paris). During his enforced stay in the country Mr. Gaston Riou, the author, became thoroughly acquainted with the mind of the German people not only through talks with his guards but also through contact with people away from the prison for whom he and his fellow prisoners did forced labor at 20 pfennigs a day of nine hours. The most obvious difference between the French and the Germans that he notes is that while the French read newspapers and have political ideas, in Germany there is nothing to equal the ignorance of the people as to general affairs. He compares the German peasant and workman to a French cultivator in the time of Louis XIV., who accepted princes, lords, imposts, *corvées*, and wars as he accepted the sun, the rain, the hail, the frost. Authority is the all-subduing factor to him, and in the translation of one chapter of the book, made for THE LITERARY DIGEST by Mr. Charles N. Brown, we find a quaint example of this notion of authority:

It happened to me, a prisoner of war, to berate roundly a sentinel, to reproach him for failing in his duty. I laughed

inwardly. He trembled. At attention, as before his officer, he trembled beneath the majesty of the order of the *Befehl*. He became submissive, lost in good-will. He had forgotten that I was a Frenchman, that I was his thing; that by the regulations it was forbidden me to speak to him; that he should have barred my way with his bayonet, touching me with the steel, stabbed me even—no! I had given an order; the man who gives an order, who gives forth a *Befehl* is sacrosanct for this people.

From talks more or less clandestine with his guards and the peasants who employed him the author gradually came to the conclusion that in spite of the patriotic songs sung by recruits in the streets, in spite of patriotic utterances in sermons and schools, the affairs of Germany are not the affair of the German Michel. In July, 1915, he wrote:

It is now a year that I have been a part of the life of this corner of Germany. I have looked about, I have questioned, I have listened. They are now entirely tamed. There are no longer cries of "Death!" No longer a "*Kaput*," except by way of pleasantry. In the villages when the gang of prisoners arrives the children come running from everywhere, barefooted, a little timid, at the same time bashful and smiling. Their papas have told them that the French are famous soldiers, "the only ones who have been able to face the gray-blues." This has magnified us in the eyes of these urchins. Then, too, they know that we receive packages, a great many packages. They believe us incredibly rich. They even declare, among themselves, that there is a billionaire and six millionaires at Fort Orff, and I don't know how it came about, but I am the billionaire. This little world is surprized and delighted that persons of such quality and so terrible upon the field of battle should show themselves so simple when with them. Their *bourgeoisie* and country nobility have a rather indifferent manner toward them. At last the villagers learned that the fort was a veritable republic, that there we had suppress all distinctions of fortune, that all packages were shared by all alike, by those who received them and by those who did not. This communism, natural as it is, touched and conquered them.

The fact is that the children and the labor gang fraternized. The women offered us on the sly, one an apple, another an egg. The elders bowed quite low to us. They address us as "Most honored Mr. So-and-so," and "Most high-born Mr. So-and-so." Even at Ingolstadt, while we were waiting for our packages in the *Place de la Kommandantur*, the civilians came and went, chattering in front of us. The women were particularly attentive. They recognized Monsieur Paul, "who had a terrible wound, but who, thank God, was quite recovered," and "Monsieur Paul, who—" and "Monsieur Jacques, who—" And how they laughed with all their teeth when we called them to order, citing the paper of the previous day which had mercilessly criticized them. They openly scorned the newspaper. The sentinel might well scold, they declared to his face that the *Franzosen* were mighty *cholis* and *chentil*. And some of the lettered ones "confest that a red pantaloons was preferable to a field-gray," and that "it was a fine humbug



The Truth About Power Lawn Mowers

OWNERS OF LARGE ESTATES and municipalities with large parks—where there is a wide expanse of lawn to be kept in condition—have long realized the resulting economy of using power driven machines for cutting grass.

Some five years ago we put on the market the first walking power driven mowers ever built, and many of those first Ideal machines are still rendering good service. However, like the automobile, the gas engine, the aeroplane, etc., the most practical and valuable development work has taken place with the machine in actual everyday use.

After five years of careful and practical study, our engineers finally conceived the idea of building a *tractor power lawn mower*—not only have we done away with the idea of trying to drive the cutting blades direct from the engine, but we have also simplified the construction throughout.



The Same Principle as the Hand Mower

What we have done is to simply incorporate in a power driven machine the same principle that is embodied in a hand mower. The illustrations on this page show exactly how the tractor idea has been

worked out. We have simply mounted the engine on a substantial frame above the heavy roller. This roller is driven by a belt from the engine. The mower, you will notice, is fastened to the frame by three brackets and is simply pushed ahead of the roller, and the blades are operated by the traction of the side wheels.

The Test That Tells

The advantage of pushing the mower ahead of the machine instead of connecting the power to the mower is quite obvious. It eliminates the possibility of damage should the knives suddenly strike some obstruction.

In fact, the *real test* of a power driven machine comes when the mower suddenly strikes a stick, a bone, a piece of cloth or any obstruction that will occasionally find its way into the very best kept lawns. This obstruction may stop the machine instantly. If the engine is connected direct to the cutting knives, it is this sudden stop which causes trouble by injuring and possibly breaking some part.

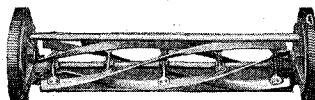
The Ideal being of the tractor type, can not be injured in the slightest by suddenly running into some obstruction, because the traction wheels slip and no damage is done.

Simplified Construction

The design of this Ideal Tractor Lawn Mower is so simple—it is so free from all unnecessary complications—the principle employed is so obviously correct, that it can safely be called a machine that is not only *fool-proof* but practically *accident-proof*. We have done away with all necessity of complicated clutches to wear and get out of adjustment. The single cylinder engine is of very simple construction, with hit and miss governor and jump spark ignition. It is, in fact, an engine designed especially for the work.

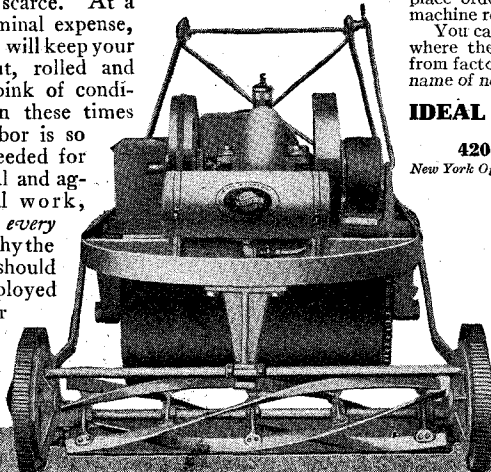
Extra Set of Blades

We furnish with every machine, an extra cutting mower. This eliminates any possible excuse for endeavoring to do a good job for cutting with a dull set of knives. No matter how constantly a machine may be operated, you can always keep a set of sharpened knives on hand, so one set of knives can be taken out and another one substituted in two minutes' time.



Very Economical

One man with an Ideal Power Lawn Mower can do as much work as five or six men with hand machines. This is most important when labor is scarce. At a very nominal expense, the Ideal will keep your grass cut, rolled and in the pink of condition. In these times when labor is so badly needed for industrial and agricultural work, there is every reason why the Ideal should be employed wherever there is grass to be cut.



Use It for Rolling the Grass

With the Ideal is also furnished a small castor, which may be substituted for the cutting knives, and the machine is then ready to be used as a lawn roller. The weight of the machine when used as a roller is approximately 500 pounds. When heavier rolling is needed, more weight can easily be placed in the machine.



Cuts Four to Five Acres a Day

The Ideal Tractor Lawn Mower has a 30-inch cut. A man with one of these machines can mow from four to five acres a day on an operating expense of about fifty cents for fuel and oil.

The operator has practically nothing to do excepting to guide the machine. At the operator's left hand is located a lever for stopping and starting. The lever works a belt tightener, as the machine is operated by a belt driven from the engine to the roller. This method does away with the necessity for a complicated clutch—it is simple, safe and sure.

Cuts Close to Walks, Flower Beds, Shrubbery

The Ideal is so simple and easy to handle that you can run it practically any place that a hand mower can be operated. You can work very close to the walks, close up to the shrubbery and to the flower beds.

10 Days' Free Trial

If you are interested in a Tractor Lawn Mower we will gladly place one of the machines at your disposal for 10 days' trial, that you may see for yourself how thoroughly and economically they do their work.

We sell the Ideal Tractor Mowers under a positive guarantee of satisfaction—we do not claim that it will give satisfaction if used where the grass has grown so long that a mowing machine should be used—but for keeping a lawn in good condition it will do the work cheaper and better than any power mower on the market, and we will gladly refund money on any machine that fails to give satisfaction when properly operated.

Where conditions are reasonable, and with ordinary care, the Ideal Tractor Lawn Mower should give good service for at least 10 years.

Order Early

On account of traffic conditions, it is advisable to place order as early as possible, to ensure having the machine ready for the early spring work.

You can buy the Ideal through your local dealer, or where there is no dealer near you, we will ship direct from factory. Write today for complete literature and name of nearest dealer.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER CO.

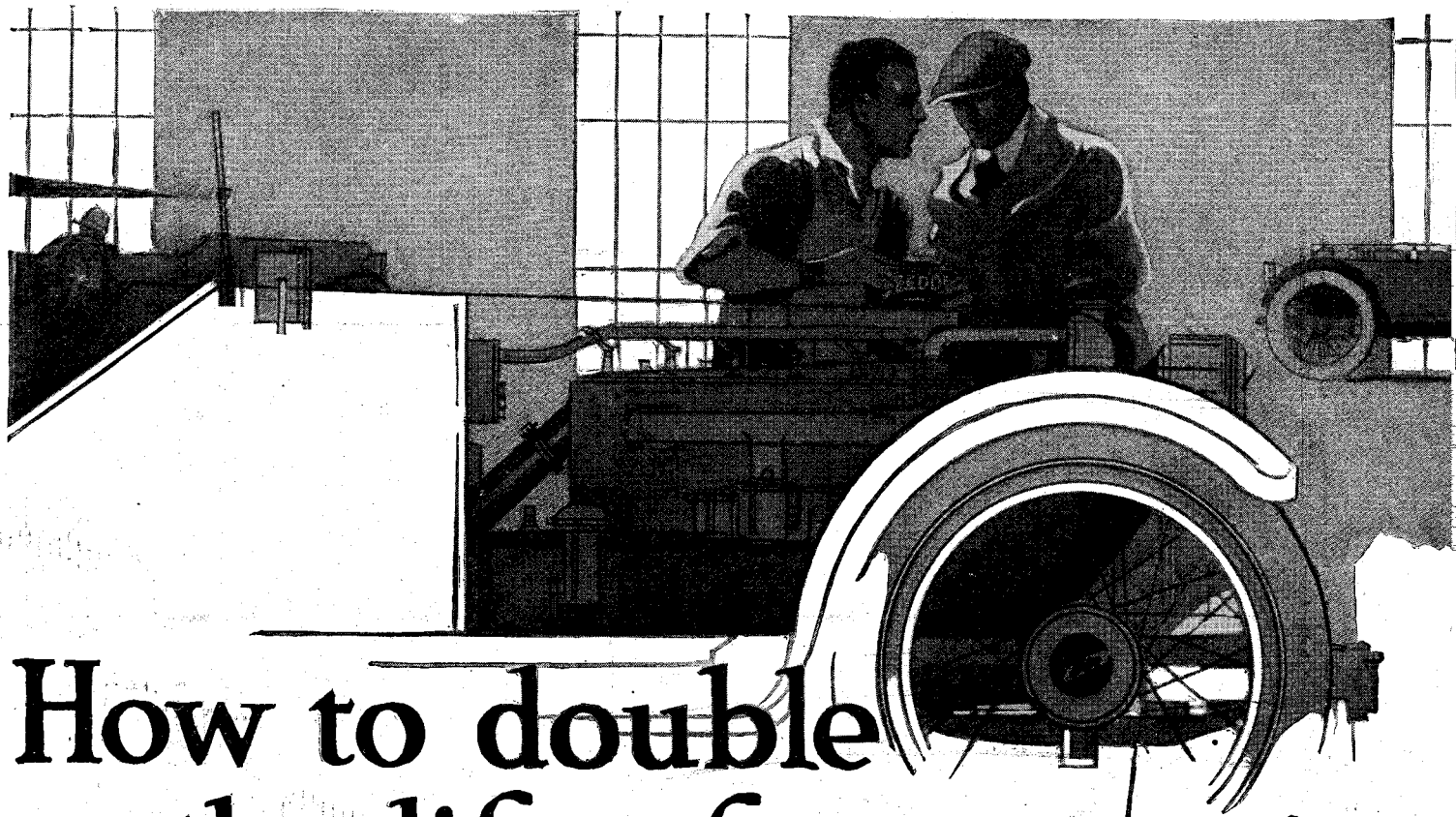
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IDEAL TRACTOR LAWN MOWERS



How to double the life of your engine

THE life of your engine depends on the lubrication it receives.

This fundamental fact has been proved by hundreds of scientific experiments carried out in laboratory and road tests by leading automobile engineers.

Any well-built engine can run, after a fashion, for weeks, sometimes for months, on inferior oil—but with rapidly decreasing efficiency. And then come troubles, in endless succession; worn and broken parts, requiring costly replacements, and eventual relegation to the scrap heap.

Do you want this to happen to your car?

Year after year the properly lubricated engine will give good, steady, efficient service, both operating cost and wear on the parts being reduced to the minimum.

Sediment in ordinary oil causes wear

The use of ordinary oil results in rapid wear because it breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine, 200° to 1000°F.,

and forms large quantities of black sediment.

Sediment is the greatest cause of friction and consequent shortened life of the parts in automobile engines. It crowds out the good oil that should form a protecting film between moving metal surfaces. As sediment has no lubricating value, these metal parts grind together, producing friction and wear.

Unmuzzling the tiny teeth of friction

Suppose you could examine a bearing, wrist-pin or other working part of an engine through a strong magnifying glass.

You would find its apparently smooth surface literally covered with millions of microscopic teeth.

When sediment crowds out the cushion of lubricant that separates two such mov-

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



ing surfaces, these tiny teeth grab and tear at each other.

How the sediment problem was solved

Hundreds of laboratory and road tests were required to solve this sediment problem.

After years of labor and research by prominent engineers and chemists, a new method of refining lubricating oil—the Faulkner Process—was discovered. By this process—exclusively used by this company—was produced Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

The famous Sediment Test

The advantage of Veedol over the average oil is strikingly shown by the famous Sediment Test—illustrated in the two bottles at the bottom of the page.

In the bottle to the left is a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase after 500 miles of running.

The right hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol taken under identical conditions.

What airplane engineers learned about lubrication

During the past two years, airplane engineers have learned that their greatest

problem is one of lubrication, so intense is the heat in airplane engines, and so rapidly does it cause lubricating oil to break down and sediment to form. They have proved the great value of the Sediment Test and of a lubricant that resists heat.

By showing that the use of ordinary oil will reduce the life of a high-powered airplane engine from 500 hours to two or three hours, airplane engineers have demonstrated what happens to an automobile engine after weeks of running with ordinary oil.

Be sure you know what kind of oil goes into your engine

Experienced motorists are rapidly coming to insist on knowing what kind of oil goes into their engines. They find out exactly what oil is best for their particular engines, and stick to that oil.

Uniformity of lubrication is of the utmost importance.

No matter when, where, or how you buy it, you will find every gallon of Veedol the same.

Try this road test with your car

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine very slowly for 30 seconds and then clean out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and level straightaways.

You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

Users of Veedol find that, besides increasing the life of their engines, Veedol greatly reduces their operating cost.

Buy Veedol today

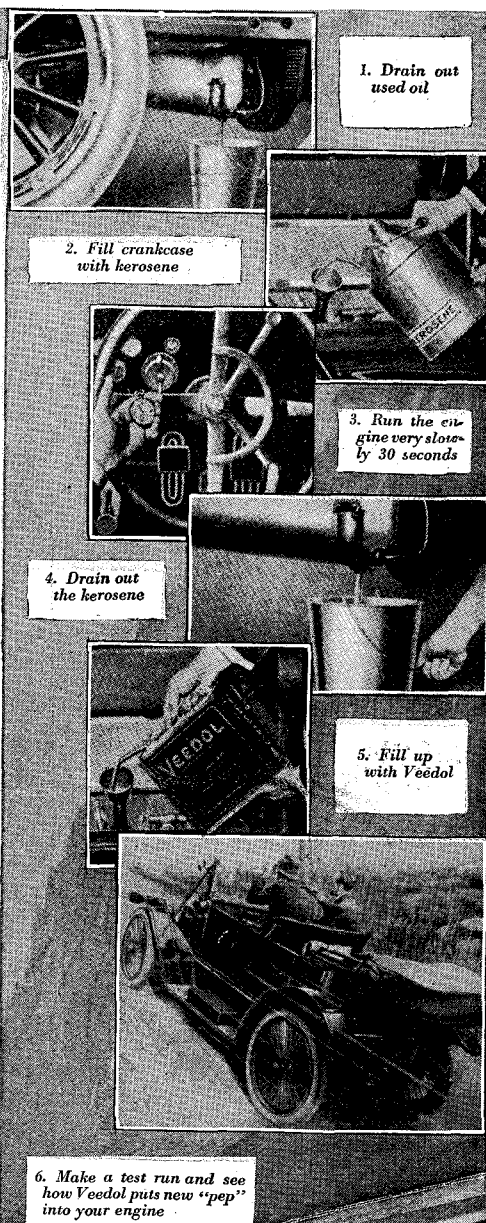
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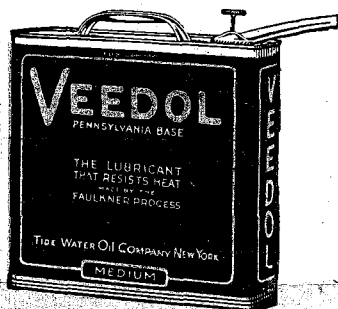
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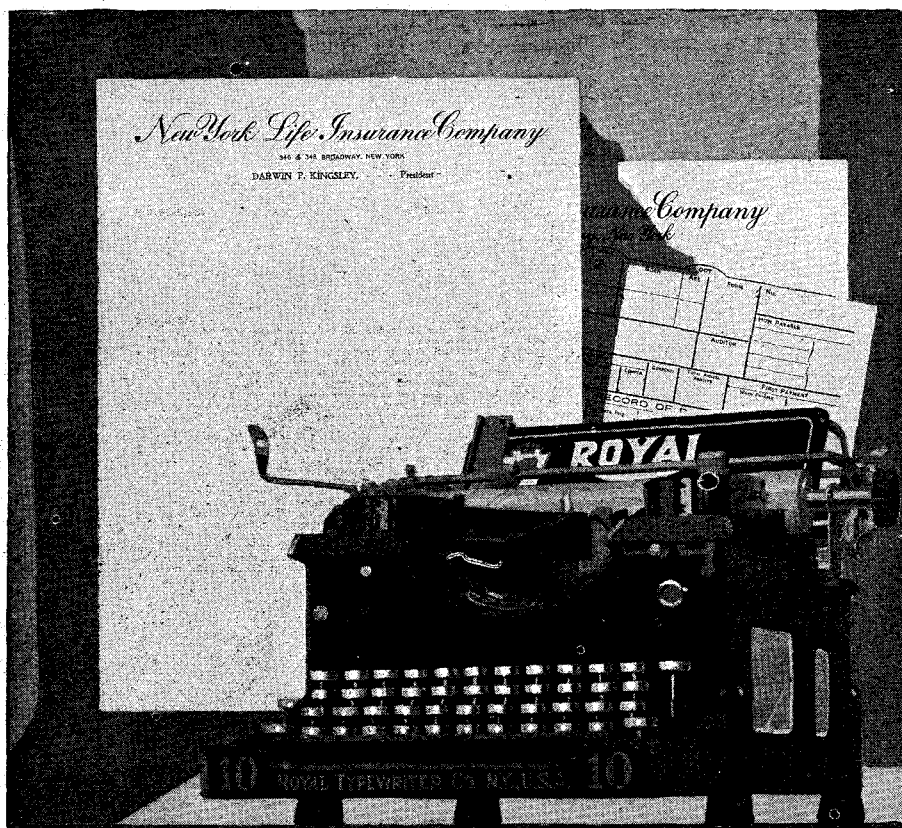
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The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as a text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.





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Inbuilt into every "Royal"—a part of the machine itself—are a number of ingenious devices which enable it to be used for a greater variety of work than any other typewriter will do without extra attachments.

The same "Royal" that types correspondence will do billing, index card writing and perfect tabulating, will address stiff shipping tags and write on tiny labels no larger than a postage stamp—all without extra attachments.

A "Royal" Typewriter is a more valuable office investment and your stenographer's productive time is extended because of the extra service that the "Royal" renders without extra cost.

If there's a variety of typewriting to be done in your office and if typewriting costs are a factor in your business, ask to try the "Royal"—and COMPARE THE WORK. Telephone, write or visit the nearest "Royal" agency and ask for a demonstration.

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ROYAL

that France was played out as some pretended."

Yesterday a white-haired postman planted himself in front of the working-gang.

"Ah, well! How goes it, grandpa?" asked Bracke, who knows a little of the Franconian dialect.

"Oh! very well, gentlemen, very well." He stooped there speechless. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead to keep himself in countenance.

"It makes me sick at heart," he said, suddenly, a little hesitatingly, "to think that we are at war with you."

"But, no, *mon vieux*, we are not at war with you. It is only with the hardheads who have got you into it. They are the brutes who are crushing you and would crush the whole world. But you yourself are a *poteau*? *Du bist ein poteau*?"

"What is a *poteau*?"

"It is as if we called you a real 'erony.'"

There was a tear in the postman's eye. "Ah! That makes me feel better. I myself love the French. You are so polite to every one. You do not despise the poor."

"Here, my good general, is a cigar which my boss has sent me. For you know that happily France is able to feed us. That won't prevent her from smashing your dirty Kaiser and all his big wigs. We are republicans. Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! We are willing that every one shall live. But who is making this disturbance? Good God! Why don't you throw your pig of a Kaiser into the sewer. Keep quiet! We ourselves are going to liberate you, and in short order!"

The terrified postman lit the wrong end of his cigar. . . .

Yes, indeed, things have changed since our arrival. The conviction of our positive decrepitude, which had been carefully instilled in their minds, no longer holds. It is amusing to watch these simple folk—who have never received from their officers and superiors anything but looks of disdain—treat us as intimates. It flatters them to chat with us upon a footing of democratic equality. For they very readily recognize our superiority. They are quite touched that we do not abuse it. They feel us to be sincere in our scorn of the pride of caste. They applaud our republican discourse. In return they make us the confidants of their hatreds, of their despair. How unanimous they are, these poor devils, in detesting this horrible butchery.

Our author tells us further that the Germans, when he met them at this distant date, had ceased to believe that their war is a war of defense. They had heard their officers—of the middle class—storm at Austria who got us into "this dirty muss." This idea has permeated villages and cantonments. Embittered by hardships, the soldiers grumble and many wish to desert *en masse*. They understand that they are the victims of a noble and industrial class puffed up with pride. They still obey but they grumble, and, says our author, a grumbling German is a new thing in history.

"All the world despises us," said a young high Franconian workman, to me, "every one except the Pope and the Turk. And that is because our big bugs want everything for themselves. And then they tell us that France is a worm-eaten nation, and that it only needed a rap to

reduce it to powder. That was all talk. We ourselves know very well that you are famous soldiers."

"I was in the Vosges," said a sentinel of the 13th Bavarians to me. "Bless me! What devils your *Alpin Jäger* were!"

"I was on the Yser," said another to me. "I shall always remember your marines!" And he held his lantern to show me his wound.

"My good fellow," I said to him, "my younger brother, who is a marine, was wounded on the Yser."

"No," said they both, "we have been mocked. You are not played out. I should say not. Neither are your cannon no good. They made it lively for us. And if our big wigs had only been as humane as they would have us believe, you would see that we would be the best friends in the world. We wouldn't have the whole world against us. And it is we poor devils who pay for the foolishness. No! it's too much! It's too much! Oh! Let's have peace! Then you take Alsace-Lorraine. What do we care for it! Let whoever wants it have it! What difference does it make to us whether we are governed by Paris or by Berlin."

A big *Unterofficier* said to me: "Upon my word I, myself, prefer the French to the Prussians. They are good fellows with us, the French. They know how to mix; they know how to share their bread. As to the Prussians, yes, indeed, it's kicks, that's what they give us! A crowd of upstarts who think that everything is permitted them, who want everything for themselves, who mock their own people and refuse them justice. As for us, we want but one thing, that is to live in peace with the whole world. And now they are having us killed. Why? Does any one know why? What good are we getting out of it? In all the villages widows and cripples. In the cities it's much worse; a crowd of workmen's families are dying there of hunger. Ah! you have the best of it. France is rich. She is able to send packages to her prisoners. We ourselves have to tighten our belts. See here! They have taken us to the slaughter and left our wives and children to toil. Peace! Oh, if it were over! Peace at any price!"

For the last six months I have not heard a German soldier express any other opinion. Soldiers wounded and recovered returning to the front, *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*, expecting daily to depart, are unanimous in it. If a tenth part of their grumbling should be translated into action there would be a revolution throughout the land.

To tell the truth, I don't greatly admire such grumbling. It is not of the indignation of the heart. It is not the repressed expression of secretly cherished liberty which has been duped and outraged and which has burst forth in virile strength. No, it is simply the cry of the mule which can do no more beneath the pack-saddle which crushes it. It desires the peace of its stable, its bran, its fresh water, the delicious warmth of its well-made bedding. But, be tranquil, it fears blows. And its master knows how to keep it on the jump all the way up-hill.

For Michel has hardly progressed spiritually since the Empire. He used to be very poor. He was sober. He loved music and dreaming. He delighted in a mystic piety. Serf among men, he felt himself free with God, his Evangelical God, very dear and tender—*Mein lieber Gott*. To-day he is well-to-do. He is a serf still, and more so than ever, with the authorities—nobles, officers, and captains of industry—he no longer seeks his liberty



My Boy went Yesterday

He's gone to do his bit "somewhere in France." I'll do mine here at home.

These last few months have opened up our eyes. "Efficient" was what we liked to think we were. We've got a *lot* to learn!

So many ways *I* see for doing *my* bit better than I've done before.

I'm not too old to learn new ways of being *more* efficient. "New occasions teach new duties"—even in smoking. Suppose—

Instead of *heavy, strong* cigars—*efficient* Robert Burns!

* * * * *

Why? Because Robert Burns *is mild*.

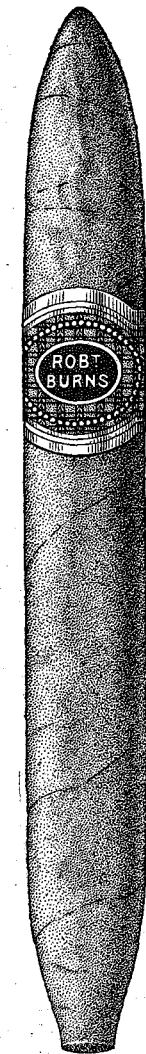
The *blend* and the *curing* prove it. His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Thus Robert Burns goes onward in these stirring times, showing men a way to smoke enjoyably without sacrifice in efficiency.

Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a small edition of Robert Burns ten cent cigar.

Rob't
Burns =
10¢ and 2 for 25¢



ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow
2 for 25¢

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GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC., 119 W. 40th St., New York City

with God. His new cult is a cozy fire-side, with good victuals and a keg of nice fresh beer. In short, he has become an egoist. He no longer thinks about anything but himself, about anything but his own petty affairs, but of the trades-unions which protect his earnings, but of the co-operative concerns which ease his existence. There is no doubt but that by reason of ignoring politics, of disassociating himself from power, of being interested in nothing but his private affairs, he has glided into that state of mind which is expressed in the ancient formula: *Ubi bene, ibi patria* (Where I am at ease, there is my country).

In July, 1914, before the outbreak of war, the German cried with his master "*Deutschland über Alles*," and with full throat sang chauvinistic songs during his drinking-bouts. Germania, he saw mounting, always mounting, toward the highest summit of glory and of power. She was so mighty. As he visioned her she was a robust and redoubtable matron, hardly amiable as she imposed her will with a peremptory fist, but giving to her own good things to eat and to drink and prosperity besides. How could one help loving such a person, when one is a poor devil and has but just escaped penury? Our author proceeds:

And now comes the war! At last Germania is going to become queen of the world! Forward! And good Michel leaves for Paris. Oh! it will be very short! A fortnight. A simple pleasure trip! Just think! Reims, champagne in floods! Paris, the little ladies—all the delights of Babylon. For now France, as everybody knows, is a nation ready to be taken—Forward!

Forward! But, confound it, that was a hard rap! Paris is back there—but what a hell of fire to get through! Lo, here we are retreating. And we are leaving our good Teutons in the stubble fields and in the pools of the Marne. What a massacre! Now, how is it? They have lied to me. The French can whip us! Ah, yes! they have whipt us, whipt us well!

But that didn't end it! How hard the winter was in the trenches! And always the dead, always, always! I had my feet frozen. I was ill fed—oh! my slippers, my fine slippers, my dear wife who lit my long pipe, and who warmed me in my bed! *Sacrament!* Why is this terrible war? They told me it would be so easy. After all I don't myself care to govern the world. To pay for that out of my skin? Ah, no! I am but a poor man! What have I to do with universal dominion? Oh, please, dear God, bring this war to an end that I may again see my village, my tavern, my bed, my dear children.

Michel has reasoned and reasoned thus. It is not heroic. *Sancho Panza* would press his hands as those of a true comrade—but after all, why should he be a *Don Quixote*. Has Germany ever pretended to be a *Dulcinea*? Has she ever showed herself to him with charming features, caressing, sweet, maternal, loving him for himself, without selfishness, with pure affection? Certainly not. Germany has rather terrorized him with her commanding voice, and forced him beneath the earth with her display of aggressive force. She appeals to the imagination of the former serf, not to the nobleness of his heart. She wishes his obedience, not his affection.

CARING FOR PERSHING'S WOUNDED AT THE FRONT

"YOU just put in your paper that the men here get treated right. We have the best of care, the docs know their business, the nurses kid us along, and make us feel cheerful, and the chow is good. We think the medical department of the U. S. A. is O. K. We've got no kick."

This was the greeting the correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* received on visiting the Johns Hopkins Base Hospital "Somewhere in France." Doesn't sound as if the boys at the front were being neglected in any way. The men were some of the first American soldiers to be wounded in actual fighting and the scene was in the barracks ward of the hospital. Men in pajamas were gathered around the little wood-burning stoves at either end of the long aisle, while on either side was a row of cots on which others were lying, some reading, some smoking, and many asleep. It is the same at any of the base hospitals, says the correspondent who wrote before the Americans had taken up their sector at the front:

The average soldier does not know he gets in France better medical care than he ever would be able to get for himself were he at home and in civilian life. In fact, there are few officers in the Army who would be able to afford the services of such an array of specialists, men who have made reputations nation-wide in practise at home, as are in charge of the hospitals here. All their care and supervision the soldier gets free.

This is true now, while the Army is still in training. It will be truer still when they get into fighting and instead of a score or so wounded, which is all we had in a month in the trenches, there will be, well, more than a score. Every plan has been laid for the prompt transportation and care of American wounded. Within twenty-four hours of the time he is wounded the American soldier will be under the care of an American woman nurse.

It has been decided that women nurses are necessary in evacuation hospitals, which are only eight or ten miles behind the front and which the Germans delight to bomb, so the American woman will get as near as any woman can get to the actual firing-line.

The better to insure the comfort, and, with badly wounded, the life of the American wounded man, a new stretcher has been designed, on the hammock principle, so that it can be readily carried through narrow, winding trenches.

Large numbers of automobile ambulances have already reached France, and, tho some were found unsuitable for the purpose and are now used as runabout trucks, the supply is ample.

But before inquiring further into the manner in which American wounded will be handled some explanation of the organization planned for expediting their recovery should be given. The first and foremost principle is that the quicker a wounded man is transferred from the confusion and noise of the front to comparatively quiet surroundings, the more rapid will be his recovery. Everything is done to obtain rapidity in getting him to the rear, and at the same time insuring the comfort that is essential.

A soldier is wounded, we will say, in a front-line trench, by a shell explosion. A call is sent back for stretcher-bearers, or, if they are not available, one or more of his comrades start back with him. Now, if the trenches be narrow and winding, as most trenches are, the old type stretcher will not do. Either the man must be carried, or perhaps the new hammock stretcher will do the trick. The soldier's wound is bandaged as well as possible with his own first-aid kit, contained in a little tin can about the size and shape of a pack of cards, and he is taken back to the first-aid dressing-station.

This is usually in a dugout anywhere from a hundred yards to a half-mile from the first-line trench. Here a medical officer is generally on duty. The moment it is known that the man has been wounded, a telephone message goes back to send up an ambulance to the nearest point behind the lines where it is safe for an ambulance to go. The Germans like to shell ambulances as they like to bomb hospitals. Meantime, in the advanced dressing-station the wound is bandaged again, as well as possible, and the soldier receives an injection of antitetanus serum. Then the ambulance takes him to the field-hospital, about four or five miles behind the front. There he is operated upon only if the need is pressing.

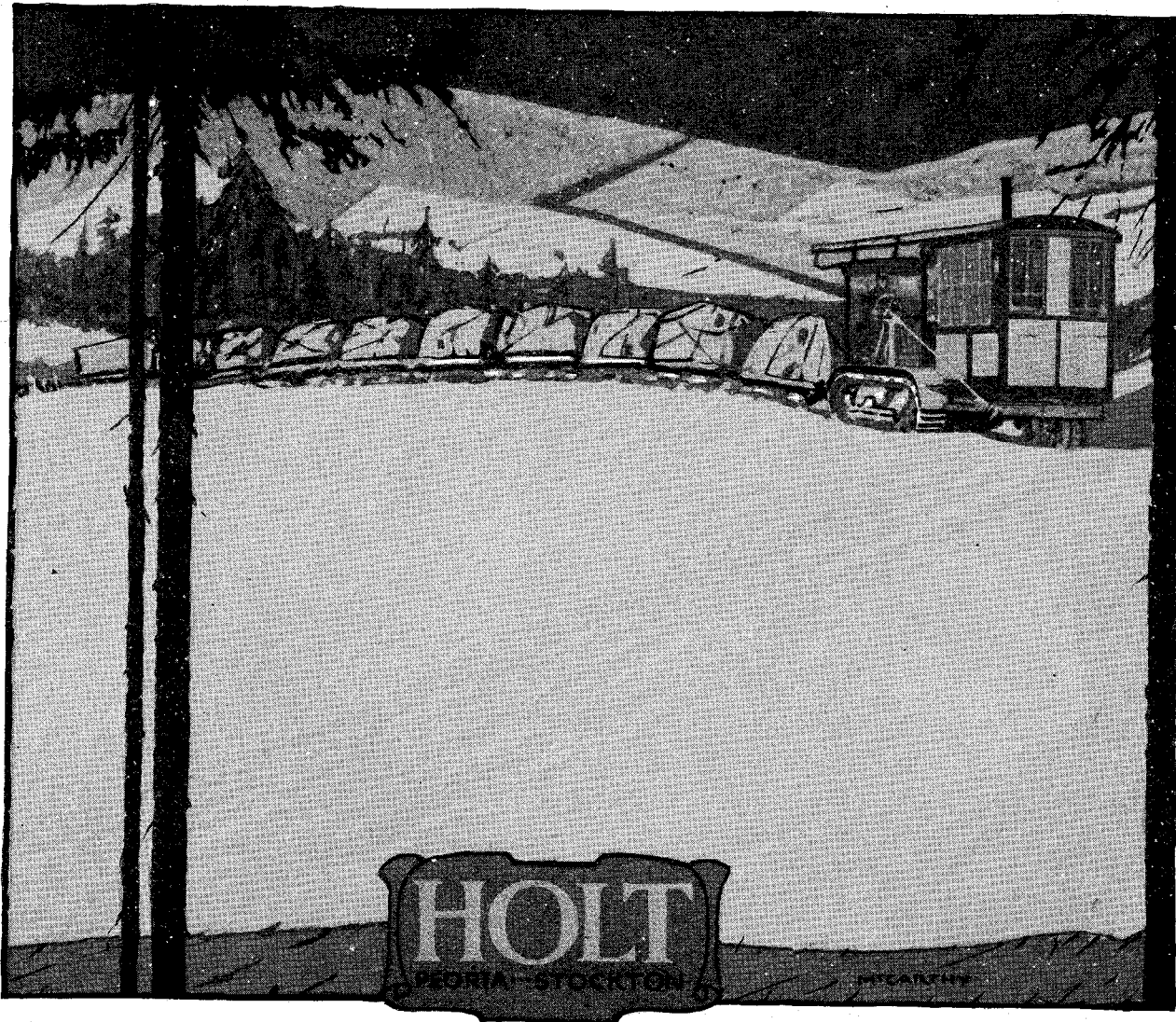
At the field hospitals the wounds are cleaned and dressed, and if the patient's condition is satisfactory he is sent on to the evacuation hospital, where every kind of operation is performed. Says the writer:

There are special operating teams on duty all the time, with special wards for each special kind of wound. It is expected that 50 per cent. of the men operated upon will recover, and that is a good percentage, for naturally such cases are serious to start with. The wounded man remains in the evacuation hospital until he has convalesced sufficiently to be sent to a convalescent hospital.

He goes there on a hospital-train. If his condition requires it he will be sent in one of the special hospital-trains recently ordered in England, the first of which was completed recently. Each train will carry 375 bed patients. They are the last word in railroad comfort, with every possible convenience and hygienic appliance, equipped for every emergency. Other hospital-trains have been made by transforming *Wagons-Lits* cars of the French railroad service, the equivalent of our Pullmans. If the patient has recovered sufficiently to be a "sitting case" he will travel in trains composed of day-coaches, with an extra car attached for hospital attendants and another for cooking.

He will go to a convalescent hospital situated probably at or near the Atlantic coast. There he will stay until he is thoroughly well. Such a hospital is the Massachusetts General Hospital, for instance. Let us suppose that, unfortunately, the soldier has lost a leg or an arm or has been otherwise permanently disabled. Then, and then only, will he go back to the United States.

No slightly wounded, and no convalescents, will be sent back home. No man who, when he recovers, may serve again as a soldier, will be sent back home. Only a man who can serve no longer will go home. . . . Therefore, there will be, properly speaking, no American hospital-ships. On each returning transport there will be, however, a sick-bay to accommodate from 50 to 150 patients, and a medi-



FORTY below in Alaska—nothing stirring but dog-teams and the “Caterpillar” Tractor! When the boats and trains of the White Pass and Yukon Route quit for the Winter, the “Caterpillar” began covering a sixty-mile haul on the ice with fifty tons of perishable foodstuffs. Motor housed in, ten big sleighs and a caboose behind, the tractor with a double crew bucked the drifts twenty-four hours a day and fed the camps up-river. It’s the same Holt tractor that plows the cane fields of sunny Cuba and the great wheat ranches of California.

No climate, or kind of work prevents the “Caterpillar” Tractor from delivering cheap, dependable power.

No outpost is too far away to bank on service, for service is *built into* every Holt machine.

There’s but one “Caterpillar”—Holt builds it. The name “Caterpillar” is the exclusive, registered trademark of the Holt

Manufacturing Company, Stockton, Calif., and Peoria, Ill.

For a dozen years this company has been supplying “Caterpillar” Tractors to farmers and industrial users. It gave the world a new and indispensable traction principle and made it a definite, commercial success. *Full information will be furnished promptly.*

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TRACTORS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Comfort Car H



THE really striking thing about this new Hupmobile is that an almost unprecedented degree of driving and riding comfort is secured at a mileage cost low almost beyond belief.

All of the old Hupmobile qualities—amazing quickness, and an almost savage power of driving and pulling—are more fully developed than ever.

In addition, Hupmobile engineers have accomplished a marked reduction in weight, with all of its resulting economy—and still provided a car whose comfort of riding and driving, superb steadiness and absence of side-swing, is a positive delight.

The remarkably easy starting of this new Hupmobile on cold winter mornings is by no means the least of its comforts.

Hupmobile

cal officer will be aboard each returning transport to care for them if they need care.

Now, if the soldier be blinded he will get home as quickly as it is possible to get him there. As a matter of fact, the number of men blinded in war is not so great as some suppose. Only one man of every 1,000 or 1,200 wounded loses his sight. Not one American soldier has yet been blinded by wounds received in action. But when there are American blind they will get the tenderest care and will be returned to the surroundings of home as quickly as may be. Medical officers are convinced that this factor, an early return home, is especially important with the blind.

As soon as he can be removed the sightless soldier will be sent to a special hospital where not only will he receive medical care, but his instruction will be begun in how to care for himself and how to make himself useful under his handicap.

As quickly as enough patients are accumulated at this hospital to make up a ship's complement they will be sent home. The instruction will continue aboard ship, and a special instructor of the blind will go with them for the purpose. Once in the United States the main work of reeducation, for that is what it amounts to, will be undertaken in special hospitals. This work here is in charge of Dr. de Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, and that is the best guaranty. He has under him many noted specialists in eye troubles.

Those are some of the plans for handling the wounded of the Americans in General Pershing's army. Of the excellence of the medical corps the writer says:

It may sound strange, but as a matter of fact we have too many experts here now, and for a time the Government has been asked to send over younger, less experienced, less, so to speak, high-priced men. The reason is that there is not enough fine work to go around. So far we have not had the unusual cases, the exceedingly intricate cases on which the expert thrives. It has been a comparatively humdrum affair, where a good doctor is as good as an expert, and the experts have been rather wasting their time. It has been like cutting down trees with a highly tempered sword; an ax would do just as well, and it's hard on the sword.

But the time will come when the services of these splendid medical men will be absolutely invaluable, and in years to come many a man with wife and children will have to thank some surgeon who gave up his limousine for a flivver ambulance that he has them and his home, and is not buried in a war-cemetery "Somewhere in France." The names of many of these men can be given, and they should be, for their names are a roll of honor, and they should be always held in remembrance by every family that has a soldier in France, or will have later, for some day they may save that soldier's life.

With the prefatory remark that this is only a partial list, and that other names that should be on it are not available, here they are, beginning with the New York men: Dr. Samuel Lloyd and Dr. McKernon, of Postgraduate Hospital; Dr. Charles H. Peek, of Roosevelt Hospital; Dr. C. L. Gibson, of New York Hospital; Dr. George E. Beeven, of Presbyterian Hospital; Dr. Harry Cushing and Dr. F. A. Washburn, of Boston; Dr. R. A. Harte, of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia; Dr. R. T. Miller, of Pittsburg; Dr. George

W. Crile, of Cleveland; Dr. F. A. Besley, of Chicago; Dr. Angus McLean, of Detroit; Dr. John M. Finly, of Johns Hopkins; Dr. F. T. Murphy, of St. Louis; Dr. M. Clinton, of Buffalo; Dr. P. R. Clark, of Youngstown; Dr. R. V. Clark, of Indianapolis; Dr. Joseph E. Flynn, of Yale Medical School, and Dr. B. R. Shurly.

All these men are working with the surgeons of the regular Army in perfect team-work, without jealousy.

JOYCE KILMER STARTS A BARRAGE FOR THE AMERICAN INTERVIEWER

JOYCE KILMER went abroad to fight. He didn't wait until he got into the trenches either. On his way to the front to help make life miserable for the Hun he tarried long enough to start something in London. When he is not fighting for Uncle Sam Kilmer is a New York newspaper man who writes poetry on the side. The offensive that he started as soon as he reached London was aimed at the maligners of an old-established American institution. With the true English spirit of fair play *The New Witness*, of London, opened its columns to Mr. Kilmer, who, in a defense of the American interviewer, says:

One of the most delightful of Mr. Barry Pain's fantasies deals with the experience of a man who established a sanatorium for the cure of habitual lying. He had a staff of assistants who were men of egregious untruthfulness; they would lie to the patients constantly and tremendously, and by this means eventually fix in their minds a strong disgust for falsehood. And one of the most distinguished of this corps of professional liars was, Mr. Pain tells us, an American interviewer.

Now, Mr. Pain wrote this sketch before he had ever seen an American interviewer. It may be that to-day he would make his chief liar something else—an English politician perhaps. But it can not be denied that in making the American interviewer a liar he was expressing an idea common among his fellow countrymen, particularly among those who are associated with letters or art.

As the ship bearing the illustrious Englishman approaches New York Harbor, it is met (I am told) by a row-boat or a launch or a submarine bearing a score of American interviewers. They are armed with note-books, fountain pens, cameras, and dictophones. They clamber over the rail like pirates and savagely surround the illustrious Englishman. As they photograph him, pushing and pulling him to place him in a position favorable to their purposes, they shout at him in chorus:

"Don't you like America better than England? What do you think of American women? What are you here for? Are you ever going home? What is your yearly income? Have you any children? Is this woman with you your wife?"

Furthermore—I am assured—the distinguished Englishman finds his remarks misquoted and his picture forged. The reporters maliciously put into his mouth words that he has never uttered, words redolent of heresy and treason, words vulgar and uncouth. The photograph which the newspaper prints, moreover, is not of the distinguished Englishman, but of some one older, balding, and less noble in appearance.

Such, in substance, is the charge. Let

The boys want it—

"—and send some Edgeworth Tobacco, lots of it.—By the way, the American boys in the 'fight' are showing them all a thing or two."

"The first thing I went for was that box of tobacco which I tucked in before leaving B— against the time of need. Well, I'll say that first pipeful was the sweetest ever smoked by human being! Believe me, that box is going to save my life! If you have anyone ask you what I want, say EDGEWORTH."

Above are from two letters recently received by the families of two of our boys "over there." They show what they want—tobacco—Edgeworth—good old Edgeworth—the tie that binds them to home. Of course you will send your boys tobacco, but why not send them just a little more than "just tobacco"?

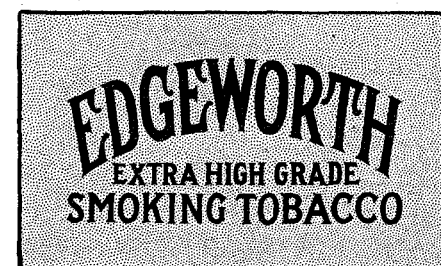
Send them some Edgeworth—say one of the humidor packages—which is a goodly quantity, and is so packed that it not only is shipped conveniently, but arrives over the seas in perfect condition and keeps that way. It will give your boy a new lease on life, and you can rest assured he will pay you back in appreciation a hundred-fold. Besides, the large size package of Edgeworth will last him awhile and will help make him popular with his crowd. He will not have to be a tobacco "tight-wad"—he can spare a pipeful for some of his fellows.

More and more men are daily coming to know the delights of Edgeworth for the pipe. It has an aroma and flavor all its own. Most of the men we know, after smoking it awhile, will have no other tobacco.

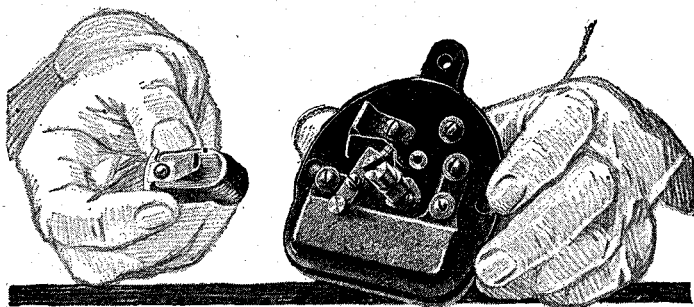
A good many "tobacco cranks" first get acquainted with Edgeworth by writing for our generous free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

Edgeworth comes in Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. The Ready-Rubbed is all ready to put in your pipe. Plug Slice is cut in oblong slices—a slice to a pipeful—and is rubbed in your hand to make it ready. Both the same good old Edgeworth. Packed in neat and convenient sizes from pocket package to the large humidor package of Ready-Rubbed. Let your "boys" have Edgeworth. They want it.

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me, in all humility, attempt to reply to it. My qualification for the task is that I follow, among other menial trades, that of interviewer, and that I am an American.

I am prejudiced, you say, and my evidence is, because of my trade, untrustworthy? Then let me confidently say no one need accept on my authority any statement made in this plea for the defense. If you don't believe me, ask any honest Englishman of letters who has visited the United States and met the American interviewers. Ask Mr. Barry Pain—he has been in the United States since he wrote the fantasy already mentioned. Ask Mr. Alfred Noyes. Ask Mr. Cecil Chesterton.

In the first place, who is the American interviewer? Well, as a rule, a few years before you met him he graduated from Yale or Harvard or some other American university, where he received an education equal or superior to your own. His income is certainly not less than ten pounds a week and it may be nearer to twenty pounds. He has read most of your books; if he did not read them when they were published he has done so in preparation for your arrival. It is probable that he reviews your books—that he is the critic whose unsigned opinion you await with so much trepidation. He is kindly disposed to you; all he wishes is to get from you brief and clear answers to a few simple and legitimate questions.

Mr. Kilmer divides the interviewers into two classes. First comes the ship news reporter, who, after learning all that is interesting about the voyage from the captain, gives the celebrities on board the "once-over." And if one happens to be a very famous author—you see Mr. Kilmer is directing his barrage-fire at the trenches of the writer folk—the reporter may ask him a few questions, both intelligent and courteous. But Mr. Kilmer warns the interviewee that when he comes to look for his carefully studied and verbosely exprest views in the next morning's newspaper he is very likely to find that they have been crowded out altogether by the pressure of real news. Then there is the second style of interviewer, of whom Mr. Kilmer writes:

Now for the real interview—the interview for the Sunday edition of one of the great papers. You will not be besieged by reporters. It is possible that not one of them will approach you. You may wander about the hotel unmolested; in the streets there will be none to bother you with questions. Assume the courage of humility, and reconcile yourself to a miracle—that no one in New York knows or cares who you are!

But meanwhile your publisher and your lecture-manager are busy. They know that you (disinterested artist in words that you are!) came over here to make money. You and they are in the same conspiracy, which has as its object to persuade the public that you are an important person. So they are writing and telephoning to the editors of all the Sunday editions of newspapers in New York, saying, "Mr. Dusenbury is staying at the Hotel Knickerbocker, you know, Adolphus Dusenbury, the great English author, who wrote 'Why Nellie Took Chloroform' and 'Sin in Sussex.' Give you a corking interview if you'll send a good man around to the hotel."

The editor—the Sunday editor he is

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How is it on your return home these winter days?

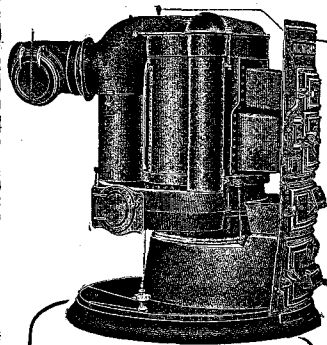
If your home has been heated Nature's way—with pure, fresh, circulating, warm, moist air—you can rest content.

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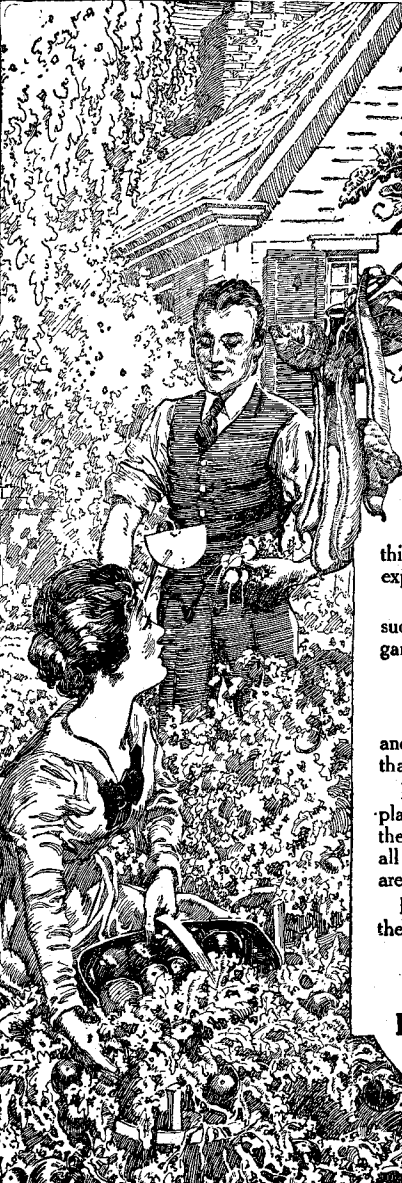
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called—says, "Who the hell is Dusenbury?" or, "Nothing doing on Dusenbury!" or words to that effect. But an editor more gentle than the rest may say, "All right, I'll let him have a page. Fix up a date for this afternoon at three o'clock." And the publisher or the lecture-manager will dance with glee, and telephone to you that you are to expect a reporter at your hotel at three o'clock.

Now this reporter will be selected for the task because he is fitted for it. He has probably interviewed some hundreds of writers, most of them more famous (tho not, of course, more gifted) than yourself. It is his business to be well informed about contemporary literature, and he knows as much as you know about Vorticism and Artzibasheff. Nevertheless, he will not attempt to impress you with his erudition.

And report he does, painstakingly, accurately. He is more eager than you are that what you say shall not be misrepresented. When he leaves you, he will ask you to read and censor the typewritten manuscript of the interview before it goes to the printer.

You will not make many changes in the manuscript, and the changes you do make will affect the ideas rather than the phrasing. You will reconsider some of your statements. Perhaps you should not have said, "All romanticists are asses"—you will substitute "Nearly all romanticists are asses." Alter the manuscript to suit your own whim; you are absolutely the arbiter of your interview. Nothing will appear in print as your utterance that you do not now approve.

Mr. Kilmer admits that it is possible the original of the legendary American interviewer may exist among the several hundred thousand reporters in the United States, but he finds another explanation which he describes as the "painful fact" that "not all British authors are men of honor"—*The New Witness* prints it just like that—and of them Mr. Kilmer writes:

There are writers who, finding that they have displeased some one by a statement made in an interview, will repudiate that statement—sometimes thereby getting the interviewer into serious trouble. This is why most wise interviewers are eager that the people interviewed shall read and censor the manuscript.

You see how it is. On Monday morning Mr. Dusenbury, feeling rather pleased with himself, goes to the office of his publisher or his lecture-manager.

"Did you see my interview in yesterday's paper?" he asks.

"Yes," is the answer. "And for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, why did you say that Washington Irving was immoral? Don't you know that the American people love Washington Irving, and hate everybody who criticizes him?"

"Well," says Mr. Dusenbury, if he is an honest man, "I said it and I'll stand by it. I'm sorry I've made a political mistake, but there's nothing I can do about it now."

But if Mr. Dusenbury is not an honest man, there is something he can do about it. He can lie about it. And often he does. He can get up on the lecture-platform and say: "I am learning the ways of the American interviewer. Recently I told one of the tribe that I thought Washington Irving was a master of the novel, and he reported me as saying that this great author, whom I have venerated all my life, was immoral." He can send this

repudiation to the newspaper in which the interview appeared, he can cause his publisher to multigraph it and send it broadcast. He can, and often he does, clear his reputation at the expense of his honor.

Some authors do have trouble with the newspapers. But it is not the sort of trouble they describe. Every newspaper editor, every interviewer, is sometimes obliged to refuse the importunate requests of fifth-rate British authors, who seek the shores of the United States apparently with the sole purpose of being interviewed, and by letter, telephone, and personal visit endeavor to satisfy this craving. Disappointed, they return to horrify their fellow countrymen with tales of how the impertinent "pressmen" interrupted their baths.

"DO THINGS AND DON'T TALK" IS THE MOTTO OF GENERAL WOOD

"NEVER miss an opportunity to do something."

"Do things and don't talk about them."

These precepts have been the impelling force in the life of Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood, who was recently wounded by the bursting of a gun during a test in France. And General Wood's career—until he tript over the red tape of National politics—is sufficient indorsement of his principles that have been the lever of his rather remarkable rise from doctor in the slums of Boston to one of the commanding officers of the United States Army.

General Wood is as typical an American as his close friend Theodore Roosevelt. Of his early career the Wilmington (N. C.) *Star* says:

General Wood's personality is so flavored throughout with Americanism that he is the incarnation of American democracy, energy, vim, resourcefulness, efficiency, and success. His father was a country doctor of an older day, a veteran of the Civil War, whose sterling character was bestowed upon the son, together with his great capacity for service. The General was born at Westchester, New Hampshire, October 9, 1860, but his boyhood was spent on Cape Cod. He loved the great outdoors, the woods, and the waters. His youth showed no military tendencies. He was a fearless sailor, and his first thought was to join the Navy.

But his father was a physician and the son was turned into that field of hard work and great service. He went in 1880 to the Harvard Medical School without financial means and tutored, and by the help of a scholarship that he won he worked his way through. Thus his college life at once was American. At twenty-four years of age, he opened an office in Boston, in a district of slums, where there were abundant work and small pay. He remained a year, and then one day he went to New York and stood an examination for surgeon in the Army, standing next to the head in a class of fifty-nine. No vacancies existed just then and as the war with the Apaches in the Southwest had just broken out, he entered the service as a contract surgeon. When invited to take the place, he said that he would go gladly if he could see active service. They assured him that if service was what he wanted, he would get all that he craved. He did.

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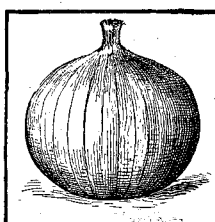
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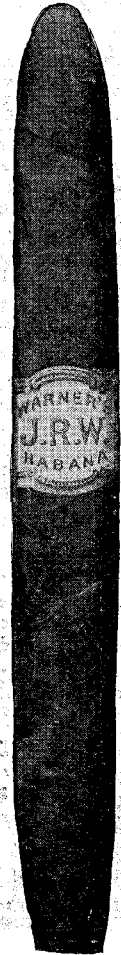
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If you like them, send me your check for \$2.85 for the fifty, and I'll replace the five trial cigars FREE, and if you prefer will open a 30 days' charge account with you. Write now for the five cigars.

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the Southwest, and he plunged into the thick of it. The troops were mounted, and the new army surgeon knew nothing of horseback riding. They gave him an unbroken bronco, in the cheerful Western way of extending hospitality to a tenderfoot, but Dr. Wood broke the animal in short order and on his first day rode thirty-five miles through the roughest Arizona landscape, without a word of weariness. He put in eighteen hours a day for the first week. His staying qualities are nowhere better pictured than in this.

He became a lieutenant in command of troops on the fighting-line, and after the fiercest of all Indian wars he rode in one day with Geronimo riding alongside. For his gallant service he received the Medal of Honor, the highest award this Government makes, given only for very conspicuous service.

General Wood, like his friend Colonel Roosevelt, has always been an athlete and out-of-doors man. He played football for recreation in the early days of his army life, and he made such a reputation on the gridiron while stationed in the South that it is a question whether he is better known there as an army officer or a football player. Eventually he was called to Washington, where instead of slipping into an easy berth in the "National Morgue," he recognized Opportunity in his pathway and straightway tackled. The writer in *The Star* says:

He became White House physician in the nineties when Cleveland was President, and under Cleveland and McKinley he continued as Presidential surgeon. Then the war with Spain broke out.

One night at a supper to which he had been invited, he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt. They liked each other, walked home together, neither dreaming, perhaps, that their destiny was shaping them for leading places in the history of their time. In fact, General Wood had about decided to abandon the Army as a career and try a sheep ranch in New Mexico. Army promotions were slow and the field of action was limited. It is recalled that Grant had gone to selling merchandise when the Civil War began.

The war with Spain gave General Wood his great opportunity. The question of raising the Rough Riders came up and Roosevelt was tendered the command of a regiment. He refused to be colonel, but said that if they would make Wood colonel, he would go as lieutenant-colonel. That was settled. The next question was raising the men. General Wood drew the plans down to the dotted line for the signature of Secretary Alger of the War Department. These he presented to that gentleman, who was amazed at what he called "constructive insubordination," but he welcomed it, too, and expressed the wish for others like Wood to aid him. In twenty-one days the Rough Riders had been mobilized.

When the Spanish War came the Army was wholly unprepared. There were no uniforms for the Rough Riders. General Wood put them in the ordinary brown canvas working clothes. The Army was equipped with the old-style Springfield rifles. Wood wanted Krags, and knew where they were and how to get hold of them—and got them. He knew in a moment that such men as the Westerners in the regiment had no use for a saber.

He armed them with the *machete*. This weapon was unknown in this country, but was the national arm in Cuba. An Ohio firm manufactured them. Wood knew that and got the wicked blades.

A month after he landed in Cuba it was Brigadier-General Wood. Two months later he was Governor of Santiago and the unknown Army surgeon was known all over the United States. Before that year was out he was a major-general. He was not yet thirty-eight years of age.

General Wood's record as military governor of Cuba is well known—how he guided the stumbling footsteps of the young Republic in organizing schools, courts, and government, and left the island a fit place to live in. And then once more he glimpsed the beckoning finger of Opportunity, for now he had the fickle jade well trained. He was fencing one night with President Roosevelt when the latter remarked that he was looking for a man to go to the Philippines, then a hot-bed of revolt.

"Why not send me?" asked Wood.

"Bully!" replied the President, and so it was settled.

Cuba was child's play compared with the task that confronted General Wood in the Philippines. But, says *The Star*:

He took the most dangerous place in the Philippine government, and fought Moros through woods and swamps and mountains and jungles for a year and a half, during which time he was practically continually under fire. He sent no soldiers where he wouldn't go himself; he shared every hardship and fought shoulder to shoulder with the regulars. His men loved him; his associates respected him; and his Government confided in him.

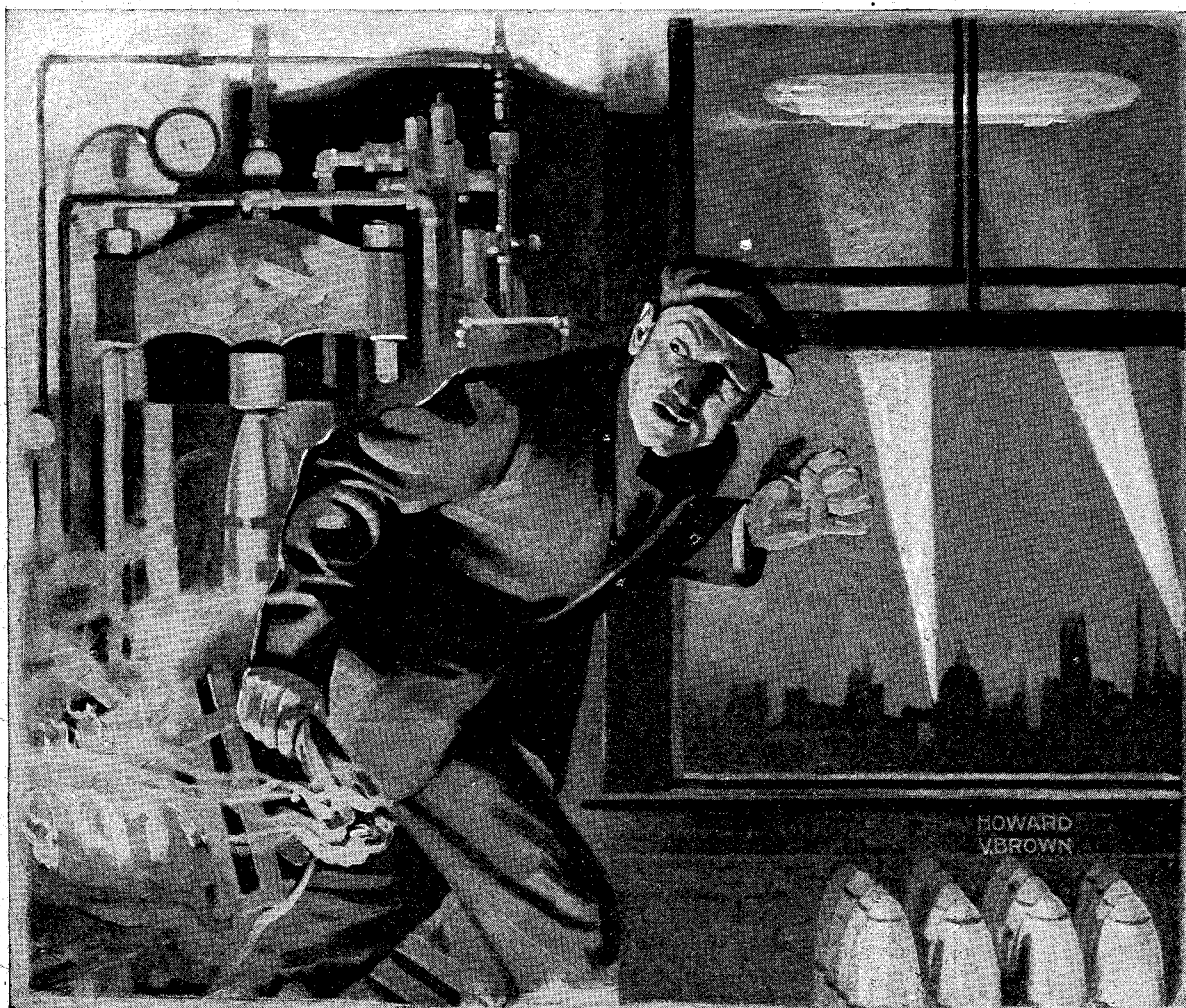
Nowhere does his genius shine brighter than in dealing with the natives in a diplomatic way. Where force availed nothing he won by diplomacy, and established peace and prosperity in regions where such things, presumably, had never obtained since the world began.

From the rulership of the bad province of Mindanao, he went to Manila to become commander of the Department of the Philippines, leaving behind him a land of law and order, schoolhouses and courts of justice, a liberated womanhood that had been enslaved and held as a chattel, having created a new world in the short space of three years.

At Manila he busied himself with preparing the islands for defense, and during this work he revived the bayonet as a weapon of great efficiency. At the time military men said "bosh." In the war now raging the use of cold steel is one of the outstanding features of the fighting.

In 1908 General Wood became Commander of the East, with New York as headquarters. In that post he began to carry out his ideas of preparedness. He started maneuvers and training-camps, and Plattsburg, Oglethorpe, and scores of other places are the fruit of his efforts. He saw that America's isolation was a thing of the past.

He became Chief of Staff of the Army in 1910 and sought to inject efficiency into the Department where red tape clogged the machinery. He preached preparedness at every turn, pleading for military training of boys in school. The first of his student camps was held at Gettysburg, and for the first time in a big national way he



America and England have a common defender—

THE great plants that work on government orders have all been fenced with barbed wire while sentries with loaded guns patrol their boundaries.

Intent on maximum production, many manufacturers have neglected to put Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers in the front-line trenches where they will watch day and night for the enemy whose presence means destruction—FIRE.

Fortunately, most of the biggest industries are already safe—textile, shoe, metalworking, automobile, woodworking, etc.

In the newer munition-plants that have been extended almost overnight from a modest floor-space to an enormous acreage, Grinnell Sprinklers have frequently been installed. They have already stopped incendiary fires again and again and will always be prepared to stop them. Sprinkler Supervisory Systems make it impossible for an enemy to tamper with the sprinkler system.

Even in England fires started by German incendiary bombs, dropped

from Zeppelins, have been conquered by Grinnells.

War-industries cannot afford to be without Grinnell-protection. Aside from the nation's need, the interest of the owners requires it, for the interruption of the industry by fire during these years of gigantic production and large profits would be a calamity far outweighing the cost of protection.

The Standard Fire Insurance policies carefully exclude losses caused directly or indirectly by invasion, riot, civil war, or commotion, military or usurped power. State insurance authorities refuse to allow companies under their charters to write insurance against "riot or commotion."

The Grinnell System usually saves enough money in insurance premiums to pay handsome returns on the investment. Don't theorize—get the figures!

The best and quickest way to determine how big a return you can get on your investment in

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
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safety is to address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 274 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Supremacy

*During 1917 The First Paper
of Cleveland published*

12,803,630 Lines

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Sustained and increased volume—exceeding The Plain Dealer's own record for 1916 by 810,292 lines and by far

***The Greatest Volume Ever Carried
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Exceeding Cleveland's second newspaper (evening)
by 1,494,388 lines of Paid advertising

Exceeding Cleveland's third newspaper (evening)
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**Every Week, Every Month, Every Year
The Plain Dealer Publishes More Advertising
Than Any Other Paper in Ohio**

This is proof positive that advertisers, whether local or national, display or classified, are of one mind, viz.: they recognize The Plain Dealer as *the one paper to be depended upon for results.*

Volume of Display

The Plain Dealer printed 8,802,878 lines of local and foreign display advertising in 1917, an increase of 408,016 lines over 1916, and 105,798 more lines than appeared in any other Cleveland paper during 1917.

Volume of Circulation

The Plain Dealer has the largest morning and Sunday circulation between New York and Chicago.

Over 175,000 Daily
Over 200,000 Sunday

Sells for two cents daily and seven cents Sunday.

Volume of Classified

The Plain Dealer printed 580,043 separate classified ads during 1917—which is 78,901 more ads than appeared in any TWO other Cleveland papers combined, during 1917—another proof of the power of The Plain Dealer.

In justice to the evening papers, legal advertising is excluded from the above figures.

The Plain Dealer
First Newspaper of Cleveland, Sixth City

gave the American youth a taste of military life.

From Chief of Staff General Wood went back to the command of the Eastern Department, and out of the disorder of the Mexican situation when the National Guard was called he evolved system and handled men and supplies with the utmost success.

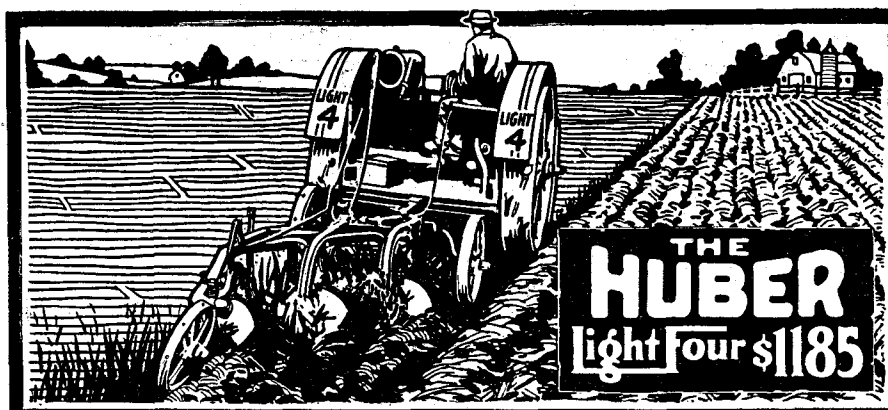
However, the state of unpreparedness, even for sending a few thousand militia to the border, showed the country just what General Wood had been contending all along. The country was unprepared and defenseless.

"There are many things man can not buy," he declared, "and one of them is Time. It takes time to organize and prepare. Time only will be found in the periods of peace. Modern war gives no time for preparation. Its approach is that of the avalanche and not of the glacier. God has given us eyes to see, ears to hear, and an intelligence and a memory to gather and to hold something of the lessons of the past. If we fail to make use of these means of protection which have been given us and simply say that because certain things are disagreeable they are to be disregarded, if we make no adequate preparation and neglect the evidence of our senses, we can expect help neither from God nor man. The fault is our own."

A PROPHECY COME TRUE AFTER FORTY-EIGHT YEARS

IN the dark days of November, 1870, after the surrender of Metz and of the armies of Napoleon III. and of Bazaine, there appeared in an English review a prediction of the inevitable course of Prussian militarism. The war of 1870 was not yet over, for Trochu, with 400,000 men in arms, was still holding out in Paris, and the republican government was still at Tours with several armies in the field. The fact that hostilities were in progress, and no decision had yet been reached, makes more remarkable the prophecy of the distinguished writer Frederic Harrison, who incorporated his essay of foresight in his volume "National and Social Problems" (Macmillan, 1908). Nor did this blistering criticism come from some envious enemy land—England was Prussia's traditional friend and ally, and was the old-time foe of beaten France. What is Prussia? Mr. Harrison asked, and answered the question himself by defining the Prussian Monarchy as "the creation of war." Its history, traditions, ideals are simply those of war, and it is the sole European kingdom which has been built up on the battle-field, "cemented stone by stone in blood." Its kings have been soldiers, sometimes generals, sometimes drill-sergeants, but ever soldiers, and "its people are a drilled nation of soldiers on furlough; its sovereign is simply commander-in-chief; its aristocracy are simply officers of the staff; its capital is a camp." Nowhere in Europe, he wrote, had the military tradition and ideal been sustained in so unbroken a chain, and he proceeded:

What, for the last generation, has been



THE HUBER Light Four \$1185

Do More Work with Less Men and Less Horses

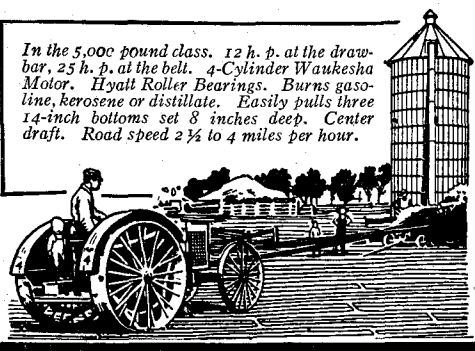
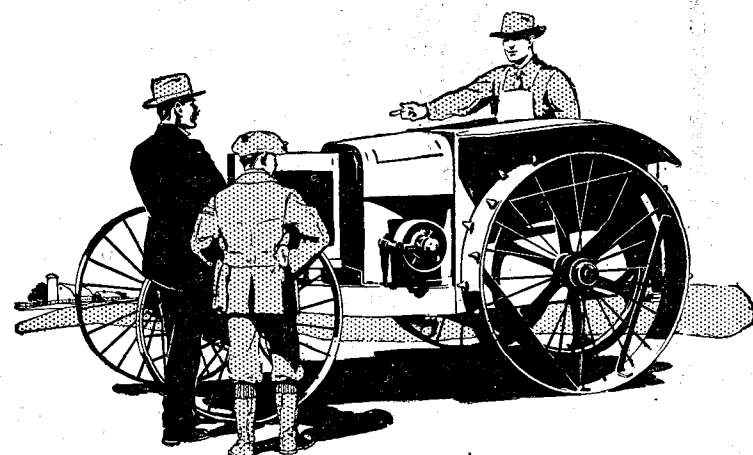
LESS men and less horses are available for the farm than ever before. Wages for farm help and feed for farm horses are the highest in all time. Yet the farmer is expected to produce more food than ever before.

"Doing the Impossible" is easy for the Huber Light Four. Does the work of 4 men and 12 horses. Plows an acre an hour. Light—works on a seed-bed without packing the ground. Strong—runs all farm machinery, pulls stumps, hauls loads and multiplies the production of your men in most places where horses are now needed. Economical—saves money in every farm operation requiring power.

"Doing the Impossible" is a Huber folder that tells how to do more work with less men and less horses. It is free on request. Send for it.

The Huber Mfg. Co.
421 Center St., Marion, Ohio

In the 5,000 pound class. 12 h. p. at the draw-bar, 25 h. p. at the belt. 4-Cylinder Waukesha Motor. Hyatt Roller Bearings. Burns gasoline, kerosene or distillate. Easily pulls three 14-inch bottoms set 8 inches deep. Center draft. Road speed 2 1/2 to 4 miles per hour.

Your Boy Can Run a Parrett

Solve your farm labor problem with a Parrett. For five years farmers have been using the Parrett Tractor in practically every part of the United States and have found it unusually easy to operate, remarkably simple in construction. A boy can easily do a days work with a Parrett.

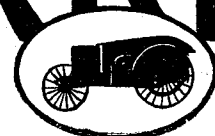
It is a one-man machine. It is self-steering in the furrow. No special hitch is required. A sensitive governor insures at all speeds a minimum of fuel consumption. And it possesses many other equally convenient—equally practical features.

The Parrett will pull three 14-inch bottoms, run a 20-inch to 26-inch separator, plows at a steady speed of two and three-eighths miles per hour, burns kerosene and is made by a firm whose entire energies are spent in making good tractors.

Write for the catalogue now.

PARRETT TRACTOR CO., 417 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

PARRETT

12  25

the history of the monarchy of Frederick in its international relations? Two wars of conquest against Denmark; a war of conquest against Southern Germany; bullying Switzerland; bullying Holland; oppression in Schleswig; oppression in Posen; oppression in Hanover, Saxony, Frankfurt, Hamburg. We quite forget that that history of the destruction of the old German Confederation is a perfect tissue of violence and fraud. Spoliation more arrogant, and chicanery more shameless, have never been seen in Europe in modern times. The Prussian deals with the weak in Europe as Russia deals with the Turk, as Europeans deal with Asiatics, but as no other people in Europe deal with a Christian neighbor. In Prussian politics alone the very germ of international morality is wanting.

Unhappily this gospel of the sword has sunk deeper into the entire Prussian people than any other in Europe. The social system being that of an army, and each citizen drilled man by man, there is (out of the working class) no sign of national conscience in this matter. And the servile temper begotten by this eternal drill inclines a whole nation to repeat, as by word of command, and perhaps to believe, the convenient sophisms which the chiefs of its staff put into their mouths.

We hear much of the Napoleonic legend. But there is such a thing as the Hohenzollern legend; and one of the sophisms which Germany repeats is the worship, as of a great modern ruler, of a king who, even in his own eyes, is a sort of imitation Czar. One of the most laughable of these sophisms is the notion that the German is a mild, peaceable, and stay-at-home creature, utterly inoffensive, and never resorting to arms except in urgent self-defense. Really, the "mild German" reminds one of the "mild Hindu." It is entirely forgotten that individual is a very different thing from national character. And the quiet of jovial Hans of his own fireside, under a complex set of national institutions, becomes, as the unit of a nation, one of a nation, one of the conquering people. Nothing can get over these facts: that the history of Prussia consists of military annals; that the present generation of Prussians have three times threatened, and have four times engaged in, a foreign war; and that scarcely an acre of the broad fields of Germany but has been soaked in the blood of one or other variety of the "mild German."

French opinion, had it had time to speak, would have held back Napoleon from his iniquitous career. But the Prussian rank and file (such a thing as public opinion does not exist) have neither the desire nor the power, as we saw in '66, to question the commands of their chiefs. And one of the most ludicrous examples of this slavish condition of things is seen in the way in which the entire German race reechoes the language of its mere soldiers, and all the time that it wages a war of conquest continues to repeat the formula, "we are the most peaceful of men," as if it were von Moltke's own password.

There is ground for thinking that many of them actually believe it. One of the most repulsive features of this war is the way in which a spirit of Pharisaism has entered into the very soul of the German. Pharisaism—hypocrisy—cant was ever the Teutonic vice. But in the history of human folly it never has been carried to such a point as in this late war. A nation, crazed with revenge and ambition, keeps

on thanking God for his mercy by platoons, the God which nine out of ten of their educated men openly or secretly ignore. A people who burn villages wholesale, and massacre peasants on system, swear that they are the most inoffensive of men. They heap on France every insult, and threaten every evil which hatred can invent, while whining through Europe that they are only seeking a safer line of frontier. They are never weary of calling Heaven to witness the immorality of France, while themselves waging the most savage of all modern wars, with inhuman cruelty and relentless hate.

Mr. Harrison went on to charge the Germans with carrying on war with inhuman cruelty, and said that it rested on the German race, with their pretended culture, to have carried into the heart of western Europe the horrible traditions of Eastern barbarism. He did not accuse Germans individually with any love of cruelty as such, but held that, like all people of Teutonic race, the Germans, tho they do not love cruelty, are perfectly capable of it to meet their ends, and "take to it with a calm, inward satisfaction and a businesslike completeness which are more horrible even than the excesses of passion." On them and on their children will remain the "curse of reviving in modern Europe the most bloody and barbarous traditions of the past—the wholesale wasting of an enemy's country, and the systematic massacre of civilians." Mr. Harrison proceeded:

Now it is not necessary to suppose that Prussia is about to overrun Europe with her troops as she is overrunning France. That is not the danger. We have not come to that point of weakness—we non-German people of Europe, and perhaps even German docility would have a limit somewhere. But what is to be feared is the passing of the undisputed supremacy of force to such a power as Prussia—organized exclusively for war, retrograde, feudal, despotic—more unscrupulous and ambitious than Napoleonism itself. If Prussia returns home triumphant and mistress of the greatest fortresses of France, Europe is handed over to a generation of arming for war; and civilization is thrown back incalculably. The military and reactionary powers will have their own black reign again as they did from the Treaty of Vienna. All the life of southern Germany will be crushed out of her. In northern Germany there is not, and never was, any political life. Germany at this moment is under the rule of the sword as completely as the conquered provinces of France. The mild German may hope and protest, but he is mild enough in his own country. He has waited, with the patience of a sentinel, for some civic life to be given him by his "good and pious" king and his clever, wise Bismarck—but he may wait for a century. Germany is really under martial law at this moment, and likely so to remain. The democratic leaders are in prison for protesting against a policy of annexation. Public opinion is stifled by police and soldiery. And the leaders of the people who raise a voice against militarism have something to put up with far more serious than the amenities of a journal.

Do the English people seriously consider what even from their insular point of view

this portends to them? The capitulation of Sedan tore up the treaties of 1856. The blood and sacrifices of the Crimean War are thrown away, or must be repeated. Which alternative will England choose? Russia is free, she is actually preparing to carry out her schemes of conquest in the East. Prussia is openly threatening this country. She repeats, and her drilled press and literature reiterate, impudent charges against our neutrality. There is an ominous courting of the friendship of America, with what end every one can see. Prussia openly aims at maritime power, the command of the Baltic, and the recovery of Helgoland. Denmark may be swallowed up as the first step in this career. Holland may be the next leaf in the northern artichoke. Belgium, by the force of events, may be compelled to throw herself into the arms of France. In a word, there is hardly a country left without embroilment and danger. Europe is thrown into the caldron to be recast.

"JOHN L." LAST OF THE BARE-FISTED FIGHTERS OF THE RING

PROBABLY its most striking character—both literally and figuratively—passed into the history of the prize-ring with the death of John L. Sullivan, "of Boston," the last of the two-fisted, bare-knuckle fighters of the days of give-and-take battles, of rushes and mix-ups; the days before the padded mitts and the back-stepping and side-stepping, the days when the fight went the limit until one or the other of the gladiators lay conquered in the ring. Like "Lanky Bob" Fitzsimmons, he fought to the last "mark" of "time."

"I'm not through until I'm counted out!" gasped Fitz in his struggle with death, and of Sullivan's last battle George N. Bush, who was with him to the end, said—and he wept when he said it:

"He scrapped it out to the last. His mind was clear, and almost to the minute he died John was saying: 'I'm all right, George. I'm getting better right along.'"

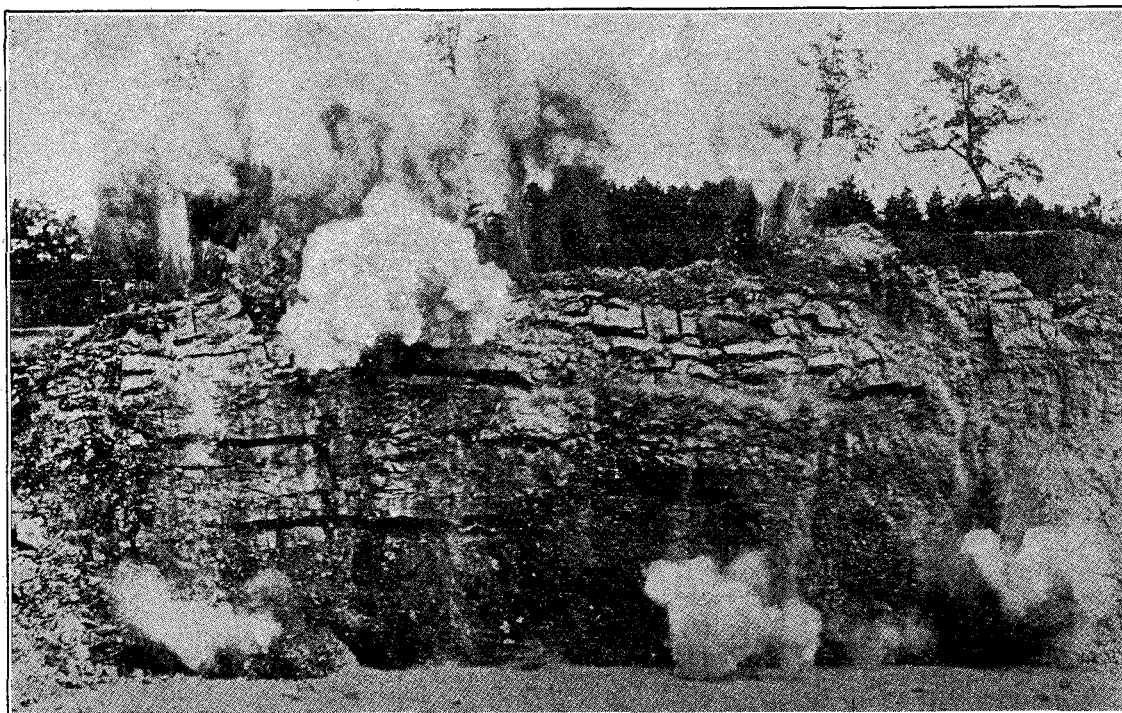
"Honest John" they called him, and it is true that he never "faked" in the ring. He was simple and honest by nature, too, with an absolute lack of self-consciousness, but with a perfect confidence in himself, he looked upon no one as better than an equal. When presented to King Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales, Sullivan warmly shook the hand of royalty, remarking:

"I'm proud to meet you. I have often heard of you. If you ever come to Boston be sure and look me up."

When John L. Sullivan was in his prime prize-fighting was at the height of its popularity, and Sullivan was the hero of every red-blooded boy and a large majority of the men. A writer in the *New York Sun* says of him:

For a longer time than any other man, ten years, the mighty John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston and the world at large, was the undisputed holder of the title of champion heavyweight of America. And, altho he never "officially" was champion of the world—popular belief to the contrary—there was little or no doubt in the

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The Builder of Nations—Dynamite

A titanic laborer—wresting from the bosom of Mother Earth the stone, the ore, the coal that are essential to modern life—tunneling under rivers and through mountains for the railroads that span the continent, and cleaving hemispheres for the canal that links the oceans.

In this class of constructive national forces the palm of leadership goes to



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the world's leading brand of industrial explosives. Powerful, quick, low-freezing, insensitive to ordinary shocks of transportation and handling. Safer than gasoline or gunpowder. It represents a distinct achievement of American scientific research and manufacturing skill. Many millions of pounds are used annually by civil, railroad and mining engineers, contractors, road builders, quarrymen and farmers.

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The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, N. Y., Ivory Py-ra-lin and Cleanable Collars
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Trapshooting	Rayntite Top Material
Py-ra-lin Toilet Goods	Motor Fabrikoid
Challenge Collars	Craftsman Fabrikoid
Novelty Sheeting	Fairfield Rubber Cloth
Transparent Sheeting	Leather Solutions
Py-ra-lin Rods & Tubes	Metal Lacquers
Py-ra-lin Pipe Bits	Refined Fusel Oil
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Visit the du Pont Products Store,
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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

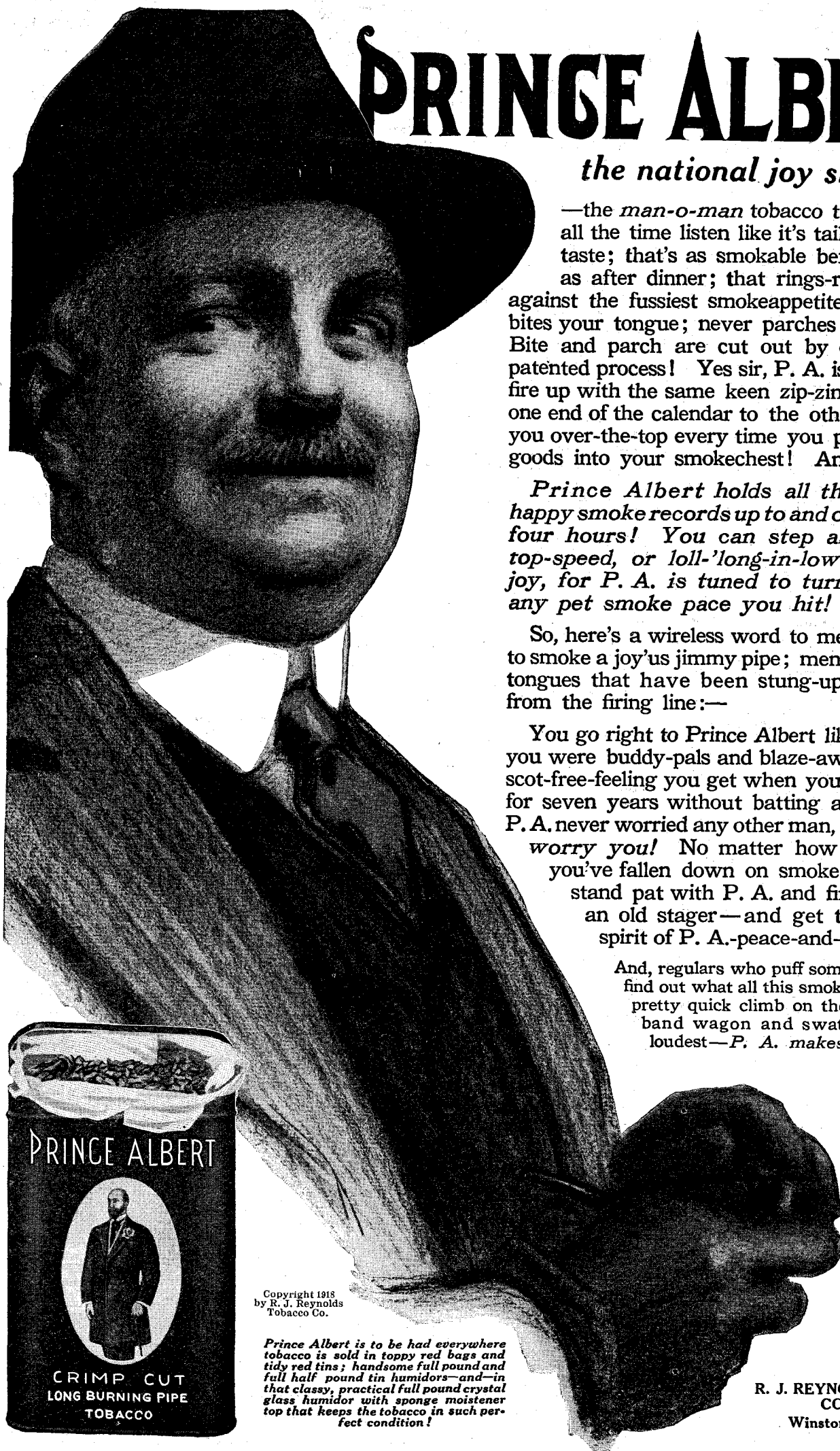
—the *man-o-man* tobacco that sure does all the time listen like it's tailored-to-your-taste; that's as smokable before breakfast as after dinner; that rings-right, *always*, against the fussiest smokeappetite; that never bites your tongue; never parches your throat! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process! Yes sir, P. A. is tobacco you fire up with the same keen zip-zing-relish from one end of the calendar to the other; that puts you over-the-top every time you puff the glad-goods into your smokechest! And,

Prince Albert holds all the long-and-happy smoke records up to and over twenty-four hours! You can step along at tip-top-speed, or loll-'long-in-low with equal joy, for P. A. is tuned to turn-a-trick at any pet smoke pace you hit!

So, here's a wireless word to men who yearn to smoke a joy'us jimmy pipe; men with touchy-tongues that have been stung-up and retired from the firing line:—

You go right to Prince Albert like the pair of you were buddy-pals and blaze-away with that scot-free-feeling you get when you smoke P. A. for seven years without batting an eye! For, P. A. never worried any other man, and *it won't worry you!* No matter how many times you've fallen down on smoke-stunts you'll stand pat with P. A. and fire-a-pipe like an old stager—and get that wonder-spirit of P. A.-peace-and-content.

And, regulars who puff some P. A. "just to find out what all this smokefuss is about" pretty quick climb on the Prince Albert band wagon and swat the cymbals loudest—*P. A. makes 'em so glad!*



Copyright 1918
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags and tidy red tins; handsome full pound and full half pound tin humidors—and—in that classy, practical full pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO
COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

minds of the largest part of the sporting world that the only John L. in his prime was the lustiest fighter that ever swung bare knuckles, skin-tight gloves, or the padded leather pillow-mitts of our own day.

The title of "champion of the world" unofficially was accorded early to the Boston lad even by the then young John L. himself, thus making the title next door to unanimous. But he never fought a foreign scrapper except Charley Mitchell, who was not champion of England when Sullivan and Mitchell met and never held the English championship. And no decision was reached in either of the Sullivan-Mitchell fights. The first, held in Madison Square Garden in 1883, was stopt in the third round by the late Police Inspector, then Capt. Aleck Williams. Sullivan's second go with Mitchell, a London-rules fight with bare knuckles, fought at Chantilly, France, thirty years ago this spring, was declared a draw after the men had fought thirty-nine rounds, lasting three hours and eleven minutes.

But in the eyes of his hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of admirers, there was no doubt that John L. was accorded the popular title of world champion with a heartiness and gusto never tendered to another man. Let the gossipers say, and they said again and again back in the days when John L. was paying as much or more attention to booze-fighting as to ring-battles, that he "drove his fist through the side of an old cab-horse in front of a Chicago restaurant the other night"; that he kicked and punched inoffensive citizens out of his way as he burned a trail of glory across the continent.

The cab-horse story wasn't true. Few if any of the other yarns of the kind were true. But even the fight fans who believed them true always turned out and turned their pockets inside out when John L. came to town; and they roared him a welcome from the time his mountain form lurched off the train, and ran and cheered behind his carriage to his hotel, and cheered him through the night, and so on to the next town again.

Schoolboy victor in many a Boston fight when a little chap, hater of books and frequent truant, plumber's apprentice, tinsmith's helper, plumber—always deaf to the pleadings of an Irish father and mother, who wanted him to study for the priesthood—amateur baseball-player of snap and ability, patron of the local boxing bouts in his downy days—thus went the boyhood and youth of John L., who was a mountain of man-strength when still in his teens.

Sullivan never had any regular training as a boxer. He fought his way through his teens on his nerve, bulk, and strength, and made his first informal entrance into the prize-ring when he met old Joe Goss, who was the heavyweight champion from 1876 to 1880. Sullivan promptly sent the veteran sprawling with a right swing, and when the surprized Goss struggled to his feet Sullivan won the thunderous acclaim of the fight fans by refusing to use his right hand during the rest of the fight. John L. won the championship by defeating Paddy Ryan, the star heavyweight of the country, down in Mississippi in 1882. It took just nine rounds. And thereafter, says *The Sun*:

For ten years he met them all—and he

had had hard fights of a semiprofessional kind even before he fought old Joe Goss—Tug Wilson, Charley Mitchell, Herbert Slade, Johnny Laffin, Alf Greenfield, Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Patsy Car diff, Jake Kilrain, Tom Sharkey, and—Jim Corbett.

They cried over the battered John L. on that September day in 1892 down at New Orleans when John met Jim. John himself wept as sobbing attendants tried to piece the old battle-horse of Boston together again. And around the world and back again, in front of bulletin-boards in New York and Sydney, London and Paris and along the toe of South Africa bland gentlemen in high topplers and rat-faced lads beneath peaked caps—and standees decked in feminine fluffs and feathers, too—lowered their heads sorrowfully as the news was flashed that once again youth had been served.

Thereafter John L. waxed fat around the waist-line. The \$1,000,000 or more that he had picked up with a few good punches long ago had melted away. He made book at Sheepshead Bay. He opened saloons and helped drink them dry. He bobbed up in the divorce courts and entered into matrimony once again. He toured his own and other countries in boxing and burlesque shows. He went to the deuce generally.

The old-timers arranged "benefits" for their hero. One of them was in Madison Square Garden. Out came a John L. now largely given to so much fat amidships that his great legs looked spindle-shanked by comparison. Somebody introduced him to a thunderous throng as "that greatest fighter of all time, the greatest hasbeen of any time, Jawn L. Sullivan!"

"Tha-a-at so!" thundered John L., the echoes rumbling off toward the Palisades. "Well, listen to me, son—it's a dam' sight better to be a hasbeen than a neverwas!"

But Sullivan's greatest victory was that which he won over his own great weakness. It was on March 5, 1905. John L. had been touring the West with a show, and incidentally absorbing large quantities of grape-juice in its champagne form. According to his own admission he was never quite sure how he reached Terre Haute, where it happened, but this is the story in his own words as told to the *Sun* writer:

"After the night show I and my manager, Frank Hall, beat it back to the hotel, I suppose. Anyway I cleared up at least enough to remember to this day what happened that night and that it happened in this here Terry Hut hotel. 'John, let's have a little drink before hitting the hay,' says Frank Hall to me. 'I'm on, eight to five, Frank,' I says, me still boiled.

"So we ordered a quart of champagne. The bellhop brought the grape up and I poured it. And I raised the glass—God, how I did want that drink, too!—and I was just about to down 'er when something stopt me. I put the glass down and I looked at it a long time. And I says to Hall: 'Frank, so help me God, I won't drink this, and so help me God, I'll never take a drink again.'"

And he never did—even tho, as John L. freely confest to the reporter, he "woke up somebody else—the original John L. Hangover himself—and me laying there burning for a drink, and right on the table beside the bed nearly a full bottle

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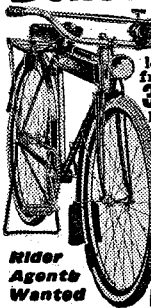
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of the grape—flat now, but still with the kick of the grape."

And thereafter the country knew a brand new John L.—gentleman farmer, temperance lecturer, married to an old sweetheart of his very early Boston days, raconteur and maker of epigrams and, highest of heights, "prominently mentioned for Congress" by the home-folks, a final honor which he spurned.

"And I'll live to be one hundred," was his boast, after the battle-smoke of his fighting and drinking days had blown away for all time. And John L. would rumble that slogan of his late days with an assurance which convinced the hearers that John L., at least, firmly believed that the last prayers would be said for him some time in the autumn of 1958.

He would have had to wait around that long to be a centenarian, for he was born in the "Highlands" section of Boston, in a house in Harrison Street, opposite Boston College, on October 15, 1858. The little John Lawrence Sullivan baby came from a branch of the Sullivan family-tree which in his father's native Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, was known for miles up the banks of the Lee as "the Big Sullivans." But oddly enough John L.'s father, Michael Sullivan, was a little man—5 feet 3 inches in height and weighing under 130 pounds. But his mother, whom John resembled in many ways, was a large woman, weighing 180 pounds or more.

A writer who signs himself "A. B.," and whom the sporting editor of the New York Evening Journal describes as "the foremost editorial writer of the world," tells in that newspaper many interesting incidents in the career of the great fighter. He witnessed the battle with Mitchell on Baron Rothschild's training-farm near Chantilly, France, of which he writes:

The men fought with one-minute rest between knockdowns. Each round lasted until one man went down. It was an interesting display of the brutal gentleman's sport. The worst criminals in England were at the ringside, standing in the corner of Mitchell, the English fighter. They had announced that Sullivan would not be allowed to win.

In Sullivan's corner stood a respectable-looking man in a stovepipe hat, with a handsome, heavy blue coat, velvet collar. He had both hands in his overcoat pockets, spoke very quietly and said to "Pony" Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law: "I suppose you know what I've got here in each hand"—tilting up the barrels of two revolvers. "Tell the Manchester men in your corner not to take any chances on me"—which meant that he would kill anybody interfering with his notions of fair play.

Nobody did interfere with them. The man was Billy Porter, the bank burglar, one of the most dangerous and murderous of American criminals. He took a fortune from one New York City bank, killed at least two policemen, and died a prisoner working in a German salt-mine—caught in a big burglary.

Fighting with bare fists, on the slippery turf, naked to the waist, in bitter winter weather, or fighting indoors with big gloves, Sullivan fought in only one way. He walked up to his man at the start, and kept walking at him to the finish; and the other man, while Sullivan was Sullivan, always walked away, or ran.

It never occurred to Sullivan that any man could beat him. And no man could—only whisky, and it took whisky many

years. He beat his man ordinarily with a look. He sat in his corner waiting for the signal, absolutely indifferent. It was plain to be seen in his light, gray, wicked eye that he wondered sincerely why anybody had been fool enough to get in the ring with him. He would look viciously at his man, then look away and shake hands without even looking in the other man's face. As he dropt the man's hand, he would shoot out his left, walk forward, and swing his right—always forward. This writer saw him fight four or five times, and never saw him take a step backward.

Mike Donovan fought Sullivan in Boston. Donovan was champion middleweight, and was matched to fight Billy Edwards for \$5,000.

"The Boston men had been told to pick out a chopping-block for me to show what I could do. The chopping-block turned out to be a young hack-driver, not twenty years old, named John L. Sullivan," said Donovan. "I did not like the looks of him, and said: 'Young fellow, I am matched for \$5,000, and wouldn't break that little finger on you for a good deal. Don't get gay, and when you come to New York I'll teach you something about fighting.'

"Sullivan's reply was, 'If you get in that ring with me you'll be lucky if I don't break your neck.'

"And I was lucky," said Donovan. "Sullivan knew nothing about boxing, but he was the most savage fighter and hardest hitter that ever lived. There's no use talking about any one else when you talk of Sullivan. Do you see that broken nose? Young Sullivan did that. He swung his arm, I stepped in. He hit me on the back, using his arm as a club in a down swing, knocked me on my face, and broke my nose on the floor."

On another youthful occasion, while still a hack-driving fighter, Sullivan was to fight in a big local theater with a well-known professional from another city. The professional took one look at Sullivan, then went off and got drunk. When the manager apologized and explained there was hissing. Sullivan walked down to the footlights. "My name's John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any man in this house," he announced.

One man tried, and the first blow knocked him back into the audience. No man lived that had Sullivan's force in a blow.

"A. B." says—by the way, Arthur Brisbane has frequently been spoken of in a highly laudatory way as an editorial writer, is a lover of clean sport, knew John L. Sullivan well and witnessed many of his fights. But to resume: "A. B." says of the characteristics of the fighter:

He believed that he was unconquerable, made others believe it, and he was unconquerable. When he was beaten at last—by whisky—he knew what had conquered him and admitted it.

He had his philosophical and his sentimental moods. When philosophical he preferred long words, hunted for them carefully, and would not accept suggestions or substitutes. "I've got a pretty good nut on me," he said, reproachfully, when the word "discriminate" was offered. Sentiment sometimes took the dreadful form of music. He would sing "Oh, White, White Moon" in a terrific deep roar out of the corner of his mouth—a voice that would make a poet writhe.

Sullivan was honest. A million dollars would not have bought his consent to pretend defeat. He considered himself as

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much of an American institution as George Washington.

Criticized by some American newspapers, he said in London: "Only for my own self-respect, I'd let one of these Englishmen lick me, and see how the United States would feel about that."

He had a powerful neck, head fairly well shaped, sloping shoulders, smooth arms with no visible bunches of muscles. The force of his blow was in his shoulder and back. He disdained to defend himself against another man's blows. Often he would drop his hands, let his adversary hit him three or four times on the chin—then rush at him and knock him down if he could reach him.

Dead, he will be talked about for many a year—as long as brutal power is admired, which will be some time.

If he has gone to the Heaven in which Christians believe he will be out of place and uncomfortable. If infinite kindness sends him to Valhalla he will be among friends—and undoubtedly challenge the local champion the day of his arrival.

The New York Herald prints the following table of the estimated earnings of Sullivan in the ring and on tour, totaling more than a million dollars:

May 16, 1881—Defeated John Flood	\$750
Feb. 7, 1882—Defeated Paddy Ryan	5,000
July 4, 1882—Defeated Jimmy Elliott	1,100
July 17, 1882—Tug Wilson, at Madison Square Garden	12,000
1882-1883—Tour under management Billy Madden	105,000
March 10 1883—Boston benefit to Sullivan	3,700
May 14, 1883—Sullivan-Mitchell, at Garden	11,000
Aug. 6, 1883—Herbert A. Slade	13,000
Sept. 28, 1883, to May 23, 1884—Tour with Al. Smith	195,000
June 30, 1884—Sullivan-Mitchell, at Garden	5,000
Aug. 13, 1884—McCaffrey, at Boston	1,800
Nov. 10, 1884—Laffin, at Madison Square Garden	9,200
Nov. 17, 1884—Al. Greenfield, at Madison Square Garden	6,800
Jan. 12, 1885—Al. Greenfield, at Boston	5,500
Jan. 19, 1885—Paddy Ryan, at Madison Square Garden	7,000
June 13, 1885—Jack Burke, at Chicago	4,300
Aug. 29, 1885—Dominick McCaffrey, at Cincinnati	8,500
Sept. 28, 1886—Frank Herald, Allegheny City, Pa.	2,300
Nov. 13, 1886—Paddy Ryan, at San Francisco	6,500
Dec. 28, 1886—Duncan McDonald, Denver, Colo.	2,800
Jan. 18, 1887—Patsy Cardiff, at Minneapolis	3,750
1887—Tour under Pat Sheedy	60,000
Aug. 8, 1887—Presentation belt, at Boston Theater	3,000
November-March, 1887—Tour of England	97,000
March 10, 1888—Draw with Mitchell	4,000
May 15, 1888—Benefit at Boston	4,000
June 4, 1888—Benefit, Madison Square Garden	6,900
July 8, 1889—Defeated Kilrain	10,000
June 4, 1891—Sparted Corbett, San Francisco	2,000
1891—Australian tour, August to September	58,000
1891—Tour, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"	85,000
Sept. 7, 1892—Defeated by Corbett	—
1893-1894—Theatrical tour	45,000
1895—Tour, East and West, with Parson Davies	85,000
1896—Tour, with Duncan Harrison	90,000
Aug. 31, 1896—Sparted Tom Sharkey, Madison Square Garden	1,500
1897—Tour under own management	40,000
1898—Tour through the West	25,000
Total	\$1,026,400

BATTLING WITH SHARKS TO THRILL THE "MOVIE" FANS

DALLYING with death to satisfy "movie" fans' ever increasing demands for "thrills" is just a part of the day's work of an up-to-the-minute actor or actress. For then there is at least the reward of witnessing their own reckless exploits on the screen. But for the man who turns the camera crank, and frequently shares the dangers of the "stunt," there is no such compensation. For while the film is flashing the fight with a shark at the bottom of the sea the picture does not register the man in the tube a few feet away. Eugene Gandio tells in the New York Tribune of the perils of such an exploit when the telescope down which he had been lowered with his camera broke close up to the barge fifty-five feet above when the lower end of the tube struck a sand-mound and stuck. Here is his story:

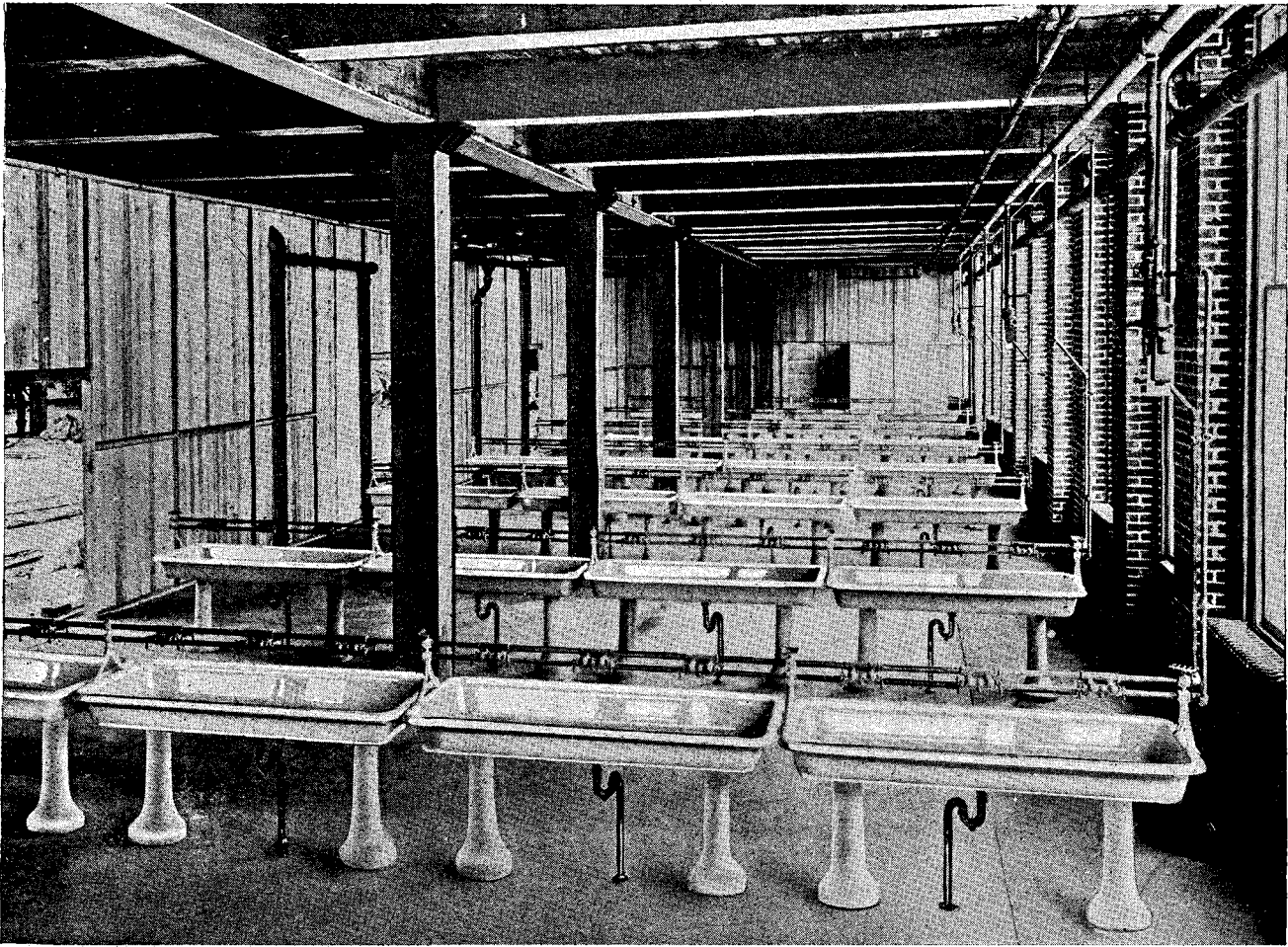
Towed by our yacht, the barge moved on, bending the telescopic chimney so that all my tubes were squeezed, cutting off the air. Sealed in this marine coffin, I frantically telephoned up intelligence of my predicament.

During those terrible moments when the yacht had to be signaled to stop, reverse its course, cables detached and reattached to the other end of the tow, I sat noting the change of oxygen in my tiny cell, and wondering how long a man could live on the supply left me. The torments of air-pressure, terrific heat, and cramped position began to tell. Realizing that my only chance of life lay in alertness, I struggled against the faintness that was overcoming me, listening eagerly for any sound that would indicate the approach of rescuers. My mind followed, in agony, the slow movements of both boats, while I was being asphyxiated.

Instead of a signal of relief a grinding, tearing sound from above broke on my ears. Water began to pour on my head in bucketfuls. The torrent increased in volume. Instantly I realized that the telescope had broken in readjustment and that my only hope lay in getting out of my chamber before it filled with water. There was no ladder. I scrambled up that steel chimney, clinging to its joints, the water beating me back with increasing power. I swallowed it, gasping, as I tried to breathe, battling up that fifty-five feet of ocean-filled tube, until it seemed my muscles would no longer respond to my frantic efforts. At that moment of collapse, my head suddenly shot above the surface and I caught a gasp of pure air. A second more, and the rescuing crew had lifted me to safety.

An idea of the immense amount of film used in the production of marine pictures may be gained from a six-months' record of Gandio, who states that in that time he exposed 120,000 feet, of which only 2,500 feet were used in the finished production. This is the result of light conditions, of which he says:

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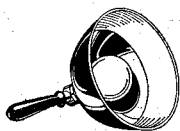
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Uncle Sam Health Food supplies bran or "roughage" from its toasted whole wheat flakes, and an indigestible oil from its toasted and crushed flaxseed. Ground celery and salt to tone the system and aid digestion are the only other ingredients.

Mild but positive as a laxative. No weakening after effects. Cannot injure anyone. Nutritious, appetizing. May be served many different ways.

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larger and closer than they really are, and this makes it necessary to have the stage and relative distances almost four times as great as under ordinary conditions. At other times the opposite state is true. I once tried to take a picture at a distance of eighty feet, and the object—a submarine—110 feet in length, registered as tho it were 300 feet away. This peculiarity lasts only an hour or so, when the usual magnifying condition returns. Another effect of the water is that when the surface is marvelously clear, there will be a murkiness underneath, while the contrary, also, is often true. The camera, too, sometimes fails to get outlines undersea that are perfectly defined to the eye, and often catches objects that are not beheld at all by any human being. The combination of light and currents produces strange effects, not understood, as yet, in deep-sea photography, and clear pictures at a depth below fifty-odd feet are practically impossible. At eighty feet no daylight is available. A twilight condition prevails, and the use of large arc-lights, 2,500 candle-power each, has been found to "dazzle" the film and give it a milky appearance. This is caused by too intense reflections occasioned by the movement of the water. I finally induced the director to abandon his theories about the advantage of arc lights at great depths, and to confine operations to marine studios illuminated by daylight.

Another difficulty occurs in the watertight chamber itself. The humidity of the cell would sometimes become so great that it would blur the inner sides of the middle lenses—there are four lenses in such a camera—and nothing more could be done until I had ascended to the barge, taken the lenses apart, and wiped the affected surfaces.

I began my assignment in a steel ball, three and three-quarters feet in height and four feet in width, equipped with a camera-stand in the middle, a seat for the operator, a clear glass lookout, a telephone, and intake and exhaust tubes for the air-supply. The tubes and wires passed through a cylinder, three feet in diameter, built in sections, so arranged that the length of the cylinder might be increased or diminished at will. Through this tube I was lowered and lifted from my little chamber, connected by it with a flat-bottomed barge, above, about which was constructed the specially designed apparatus for undersea work. Here the director rants and swears as he rehearses actors in their difficult parts, but when they and the recorder of their deeds sink to the mysterious stage of ocean settings the camera man becomes director and must manage both play and filming, dealing with obstructing tides, attacking monsters, dangerous needle-spiked sea-eggs, and sponge-fields, impossible for diver-actors to walk in, and which always terminate an expedition.

Grinding a camera while a man in a diving-suit fights a battle to the death with a monster shark only a few feet distant is something of a strain on the operator's nerves. In order to coax the man-eaters on to the submarine stage, raw meat is thrown into the sea, while the divers, harpoon in hand, await the coming of the sharks and the man in the tube stands ready to crank as the battle is waged. The writer says:

The daily swoop of the sharks to secure

the raw meat was thrilling enough. In their eagerness the monsters paid no attention to the waiting divers. This gave the men an opportunity to attack the sharks by means of a harpoon thrust in the side. A wounded shark becomes a terrible antagonist. I watched one titan, sixteen feet long, dash away, startled after such a wound, as many of them do when they are hurt. Presently the creature swirled and rushed back to avenge himself upon his enemy. So swift was his charge that I held my breath, and almost stooped turning my machine, with the horror of it. I saw the hapless diver standing a little apart from the rest. He could not be warned in time to defend himself. The monster was upon him before he knew. With marvelous quickness the man flung himself upon the ground, despite his heavy diver's suit, and thus saved himself from being horribly mangled before our very eyes.

Again and again the infuriated shark turned and charged his antagonist, staining the water with trails of blood as he darted, raging, at his foe. Each time the diver met him in fierce encounter, finally killing him when the strength of man and monster seemed to be at breaking-point in this fearful duel.

The great body lasht about, filling the water with its blood, at times perilously near to my little chamber, till at last it grew still and floated upward to the surface. I preserved its jaw-bone. It has six rows of terrible teeth, graduating from one and a quarter inches to one-half an inch in length. I can pass this jaw over my entire body, shoulders and all, and I am a big man. Fancy what it means for a man, hampered by the tremendous pressure of water and by impeding heavy diver's armor, driven, too, by surging ocean currents, to fight a mortal combat with a sea-monster; at home in the deep and several times his size! Such duels mean death to man or brute, and picturing such a scene tries the nerve to its utmost.

But there are other scenes at the bottom of the sea which well repay the risk of filming—sea-gardens, whose beauty increases with the depth. Of these Gandio says:

At twenty-five or thirty feet below the surface, in the Bahamas, the sea-bottom is generally of smooth sand, white and glistening with crystals of rock and salt, like fields of diamonds, almost dazzling to the eye where the sun's rays strike full upon them. At thirty-five to forty feet, the sea-gardens really begin. Here may be found vegetation of the richest possible kind; tiny fern-like growths, long waving plumes of green moss and fantastic seaweed, with mysterious shadows, filmed with fairy-like lace, broken, here and there, by darting fishes of brilliant and varied hues. Below fifty feet the scenes are beyond all description in their beauty. One beholds coral growths as large as boulders, overgrown with countless varieties of weird plants, and growth large and small. Some of these seemed alive, and made one almost start back, fearing some sleeping monster. There are brilliant streaks of quartz and deposits of glistening salt, with mottled and intermingled colors of the most elusory shade and hue. With their bold outline and exquisitely delicate finish, like a Gothic cathedral, these boulders seem the handiwork of a world beyond and superior to our own in

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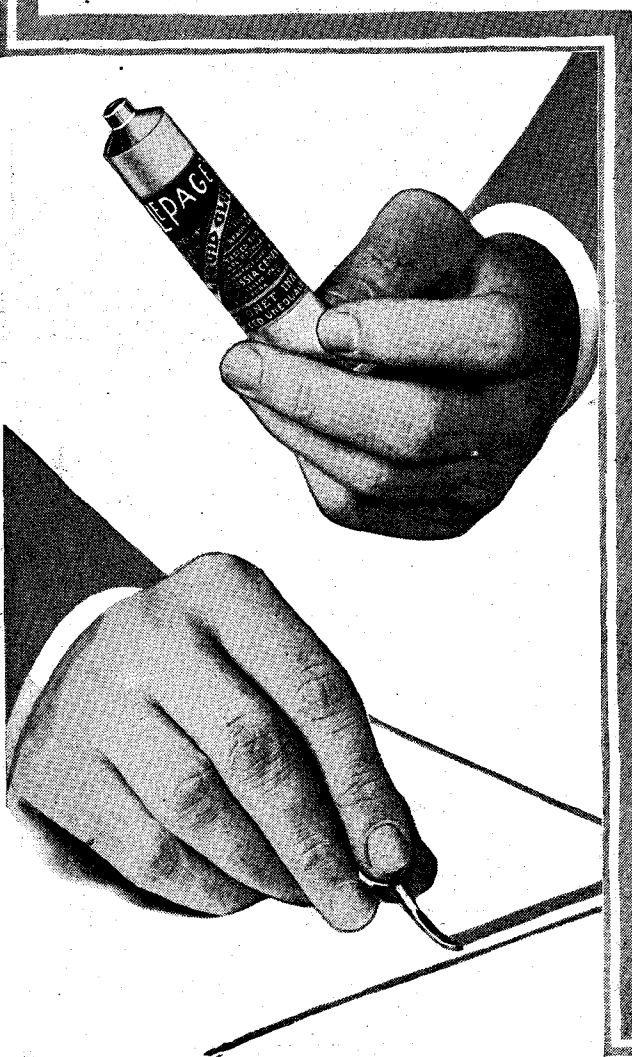
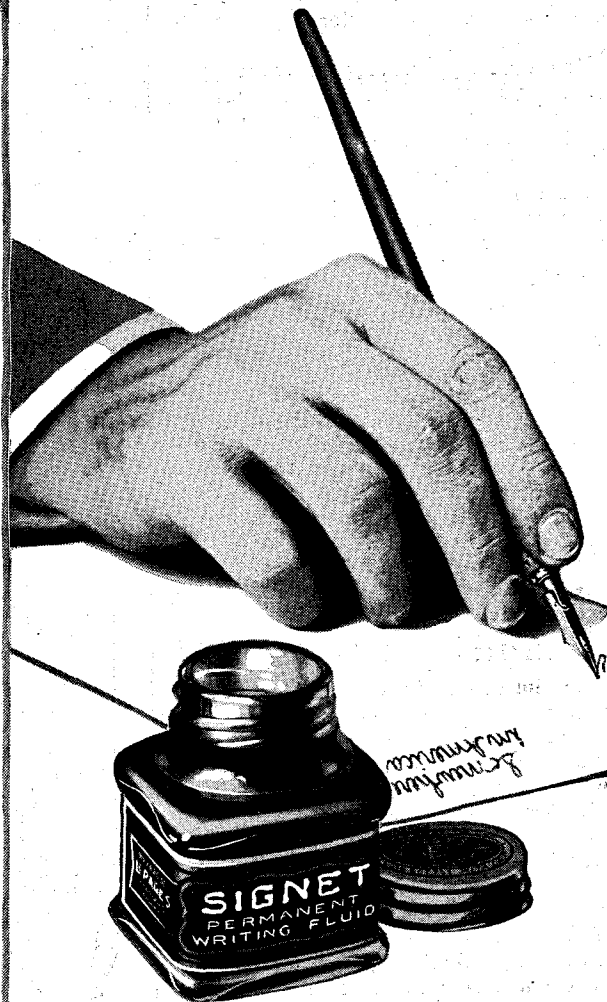
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Resists hot or cold water—requires no heating—in handy tubes ready to mend the costly vase, the prized teapot, cut glass bowl, china plaque or porcelain fruit dish. All dealers sell it.

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GLoucester, MASS.

art and handicraft. The mystery, the luster, the fantastic beauty of outline, general and particular, the harmonious blending of great rocks and plants with coral artistry and filmy ferns, all this will never fade from my memory. To feel that through me the public has been able to look upon some of these beauties for a few fleeting seconds makes my experience in filming this daily panorama of my undersea life all the more worth while.

There is humor, too, in the dangerous business of submarine "acting." Here is an amusing account of deep-sea stage-fright:

I recall one diver who was not as experienced as the rest and who became overcome with stage fright at a depth of more than fifty feet below the surface. He became separated from his fellows and could not locate them. He looked everywhere for them, scampering over large mounds and coral formations, glancing down every little ravine that he saw, growing more frightened with every second of his search, but never once thinking of looking toward my chamber, when he could have located his comrades in an instant from that point. At last his terror at the thought of being alone under the sea seemed to overpower him. I saw him reach for his ascension valve. Realizing that his ascent would spoil the scene, in any case, I turned the camera on him and tried by means of the tilt to picture him as he rose. But he went too fast. That chap wasn't posing for pictures about that time. He let all of his compressed air into his suit, distended like a balloon in a second, and shot upward with the speed of a sky-rocket. He looked for all the world like a jack-in-the-box as he beat it for safety, scared white for no reason save his own spell of stage fright. I laughed till my cramped limbs ached, and when we gathered on the barge later the director had something to say about "nerve" and "nerves."

The shark is not the only terror-inspiring inhabitant of the grottoes of the Southern seas which the submarine movie actor has to face. There is the whiptail fish, of which the writer says:

This creature is about four feet long and has a whiplike tail, some two and a half feet in length. This weapon is a truly terrible one. The great fish whips about an object and in drawing away with incredible quickness the tail cuts like a razor.

One of our actors was engaged in looking over a spot of ocean floor for a scene when he was attacked by one of these terrible creatures. Its tail struck him on the arm and across the waist, cutting his heavy rubber suit as tho it had been paper. The monster retreated at once, as whiptail fish always do after delivering a blow, and the diver, realizing his peril from drowning in a water-filled suit, inflated it from his compressed air-tank and rose to the surface, which he barely gained before his equipment filled to the sinking-point. Had he been less alert nothing could have saved him from drowning in his own helmet.

The divers who hunted their prey undersea on this occasion were men experienced in all the perils of the deep and who have been regularly employed by the United States Government. They were versed in all the lore of undersea life, and to picture them as they acted

their parts on the floor of the ocean was, to me, like taking part in the panorama of a fairy-tale more marvelous than any the mind of man on an earth stage has ever conceived.

WAGING WAR WITH WASTE—As in many other things in this war, it must be admitted that Germany set the pace in conservation when she collected in one year thousands of tons of fruit-stones, and also induced the peasants to grow sun-flowers that the oil might be extracted from the stones and seeds. Taking a hint from the enemy, England began a systematic overhauling of cellars and garrets, and, says the *London Daily Mail*:

In Islington, for example, over 100,000 empty bottles were collected, realizing £460, which purchased a motor-ambulance for the front. This collection was copied by Wandsworth and Gipsy Hill, and each locality realized about £100. Horsham, it is said, competed with a Devon town as to which should collect the greater quantity of silver paper. Birmingham seems to have been particularly appreciative of ordinary paper and cardboard, and so active have been the steps taken by the corporation that, with the aid of the dustmen and baling-presses, the amount recovered has risen from 400 to 1,000 tons per annum. Preston and Edinburgh may also be mentioned as two centers where waste-paper has received special attention. It is estimated that the Kingdom might easily provide annually some 200,000 tons, which would mean a million sterling from this source alone.

The latest campaign is that of Holborn, which is on the lookout for old pots and pans. Some centers collect sphagnum moss and wild thyme, others dandelion and foxglove roots; in some parts the school-children gather horse-chestnuts for the Director of Propellant Supplies, and acorns for the local piggeries; in others these are allowed to rot under the trees.

It is suggested that depots be established in every municipality and the work of collecting "waste" carried on in a systematic way. Attention is called to the fact that in a single trade journal ten advertisements offering to buy waste-paper were found. *The Mail* says further:

These "Victory Depots" could have a department for paper with baling-press (cost £4), a second for rags, a third for bottles, jars, and cullet (broken white flint glass, now so valuable for its potash and lead contents), and a fourth for empty tins (with press for flattening them out).

Naturally, paper, rags, bottles, and metals would be the four chief articles to be collected, but apart from these a few bins could be installed at each depot for, say, silver paper, fruit-stones, acorns, horse-chestnuts, sunflower-seeds, and other things.

Terrifying Thought.—It was in a churchyard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"Hush!" replied the old gentleman. "I've got three wives buried here."
—*Reedy's Mirror*.



ALL-CONDITION DEPENDABILITY

Engines that *must* keep going must be equipped with spark plugs of known, tested ability. It's that sure-hot spark that gets power from a motor—whether driving battle vans, passenger cars, or trucks.



Reflex equipped White Trucks snapped on unfailing duty "Somewhere in France."

because they are constructed for the most rigid service. Nothing but Chromite war-tested porcelain and non-corrosive electrodes go into any Reflex Spark Plug. Nothing but such quality could endure the usage they are getting in the thousands of White Trucks now operating in the war zones—service harder than you can give them in your car, truck, or tractor.

Reflex Spark Plugs, in any size for any service, are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Ask for handy booklet, "Your Aim," giving sizes for every car made.

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The E. Z. GARTER delights all who try it. The wide webbing rests lightly on muscles and veins. Physicians recommend it as an aid to the feet. You never feel you are wearing the



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"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"

DEALERS: Ask your jobber or order sample dozens from us without obligation.

Can't come undone—no buckles or adjustments. 25c for lisle, 50c for silk. Also the E. Z. 2-GRIP, 40c and 60c. If not at dealer's send his name and price to the THOS. P. TAYLOR CO., Dept. L, Bridgeport, Conn.

WINGED WORDS

SO OLD HOMER called them long ago, the sparkling phrases that pack a world of thought into a few trenchant syllables; such immortal sentences as "Make the world safe for democracy," or "Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

These are what we are all seeking but that, alas, rarely come to us. The gift of turning them is unique, but the want, the need of them, is universal. For this reason,

15,000 Useful Phrases

By Grenville Kleiser

A magical treasury of witty and appropriate expressions covering all possible occasions—just the kind you would like to employ but can never think of at the right moment—will be received with the welcome it deserves by you and by thousands of others.

What This Book Will Do For You

It provides you with an extremely wide choice of short, pithy sentences that hit the nail on the head verbally, so that you need rack your brains no longer for words to fit your wants. There is not a situation in which you can find yourself that will not be met and made into a victory for you by one of these handy little aids to fluency. For instance,

WHEN YOU

ARE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP OF PEOPLE

You do not have to stammer "Pleased to meet you" over and over to each new acquaintance, but command a choice of a number of polite yet dissimilar expressions that will at once mark you as a social success.

CONDOLE WITH or CONGRATULATE a FRIEND

You will have at your disposal a wealth of felicitous phrases from which you can construct a letter or a speech that will express just the right degree of joy or sorrow in the most convincing way.

MAKE A SPEECH IN PUBLIC OR REPLY TO ONE

You will be able to draw upon a host of telling similes, of polished periods, pointed illustrations, and freshly expressed ideas to make what you say carry weight and hold your auditors' interest.

ACCEPT OR REFUSE AN INVITATION

This frequently difficult and delicate task will be made so smooth for you that you will produce without effort an epistolary gem that you could never have dreamed of writing unaided.

COMPOSE A BUSINESS LETTER

You will have before you to choose from a number of compact, snappy, and up-to-date introductory and closing sentences, as well as many strong and clean-cut examples of commercial English for use in the body of your letter.

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You will be supplied with just that quality of small talk, those useful and stimulating remarks from which come openings for interesting exchanges of ideas that lead on to comfortable chats and make impossible those horrible periods of painful silence.

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The stores of imagery, the hundreds of luminous metaphors and striking comparisons, the terse phrases of assent or dissent, and the general stock of clever rejoinders and trenchant retorts to be found here will prove an invaluable aid.

PREACH A SERMON

The real eloquence of many of the short passages and their rich and varied presentation of life will enable you to incorporate into your homilies a new note of vital interest and broad human appeal that can not fail to stir all hearts.

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You will find here the restrained yet expressive wording and the happy choice of epithets that go far towards making your request one that will obtain the attention for which you hope.

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—The Outlook.

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—Catholic World.

"It will be a useful supplement to the dictionary and regular book of synonyms."
—Knickerbocker Press, Albany, N. Y.

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SPICE OF LIFE

Why Binks Worried.—"The Lord knows how Binks made his money!"

"No wonder he always looks worried."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Don't Crowd.—In a hamlet near Ashford, boasting only nine inhabitants, the following notice has been posted up by the authorities: "In the event of an air-raid do not collect in a crowd."—New York Sun.

Coming Back at the Court.—JUDGE (severely)—"Aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?"

Boozy Bill.—"Why, bless yer honor, this place is quite respectable ter some places where I'm seen."—Boston Transcript.

Billy Sunday's Work in Vain.—To ask President for a 40-foot Hell Gate—Committee will be sent down to Washington. —Will include Mayor Hylan, the Dock Commissioner, and representatives of business interests.—Head-line in New York Evening Post.

Considerate Husband.—MRS. EXE—"So you've got a new gown after all. I thought you said you couldn't afford one this fall."

Mrs. WYE.—"So I did; but my husband had a streak of luck recently. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays \$50 a week."
—Boston Transcript.

Where Science Fails.—A woman of intellectual tastes found it difficult to remember all the facts she collected. She therefore secured the services of a professor of one of the best memory systems. Scarcely had the professor taken his departure after a successful first lesson, when a loud double knock was heard at the front door.

"Who was that, Mary?" the lady inquired of the servant.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said Mary, "it was the memory man; he forgot his umbrella!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

She May Remember This

Your hands were made to hold, my dear;

Your hair to lure me on;

Your eyes were made to sparkle clear

Your face to gaze upon.

Your cheeks were made to blush, my dear;

Your waxen ears petite

Were made to catch the silver strains

Of music soft and sweet.

Your lips were made to kiss, my dear;

Your arms were made to cling;

Your voice was made to speak, my dear,

NOT TO SING.

—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

When Hubby Fooled Her.—Mrs. Scatterbrain was constantly bemoaning her lot. Her husband, who was entitled to place half the letters of the alphabet after his name, had the most treacherous memory in the world. He could remember nothing his wife told him, in spite of bits of string round his finger and knots in his handkerchief. Only once did Mr. Scatterbrain remember to do his wife's bidding.

Said a friend to Mrs. Scatterbrain:

"I think you are getting as bad as your hubby. I got a note from you yesterday dated a whole week ahead."

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Scatterbrain, trembling with the shock. "My husband must have posted it the very day I gave it to him."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

War's One Virtue.—One thing—in the theater of war you don't have to get up to let a fat couple find their seats after the show has started.—Florida Times-Union

Gasoline Manners.—"In the olden days a gentleman used to call upon a lady with much formality and stately ceremony."

"Well?"

"Now he merely drives up and honks for her to come out."—Kansas City Star.

Dodging the Question.—SHE—"Here's the paper says a lawyer told a man in court that he was *particeps criminis* in the affair. What does that mean, William?"

HE—"My dear, you ought not to ask me to explain such things to you before the children."—Baltimore American.

Anything to Keep Her Quiet.—AN ATLANTIC PORT, February 9—Caught in ice floes and her sides crushed in fore and aft, the Spanish steamer *Serantes*, outbound with a cargo of grain and flour, was beached in the outer harbor yesterday to prevent her from singing.—New York Evening Mail.

Unfortunate Phrasing.—"I told Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton.

"Did that please her?"

"No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the ballot in the first place."—Washington Star.

No, It Wasn't Twins.—HE (at the phone): "Hello, is that you, Maisie? Yes, this is Jack. Have I heard the news? No; what? Mrs. Murphy? Well, well! Five o'clock this morning? Oh, tell her I'm glad to hear she's doing well! What's that? Two of 'em? Well (hanging up receiver). What do you think of that? Mrs. Murphy smashed two of her fingers in the door this morning and fainted dead away."—San Francisco Examiner.

Knew His Place.—Sister Smith was called upon for testimony in a revival meeting. She humbly declined in these words:

"I have been a transgressor and a black sheep for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door."

Brother Jones was next called upon. Following Sister Smith's meek example, he said:

"I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think I ought to stand before you as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner, with Sister Smith."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Legal Honesty.—A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account.

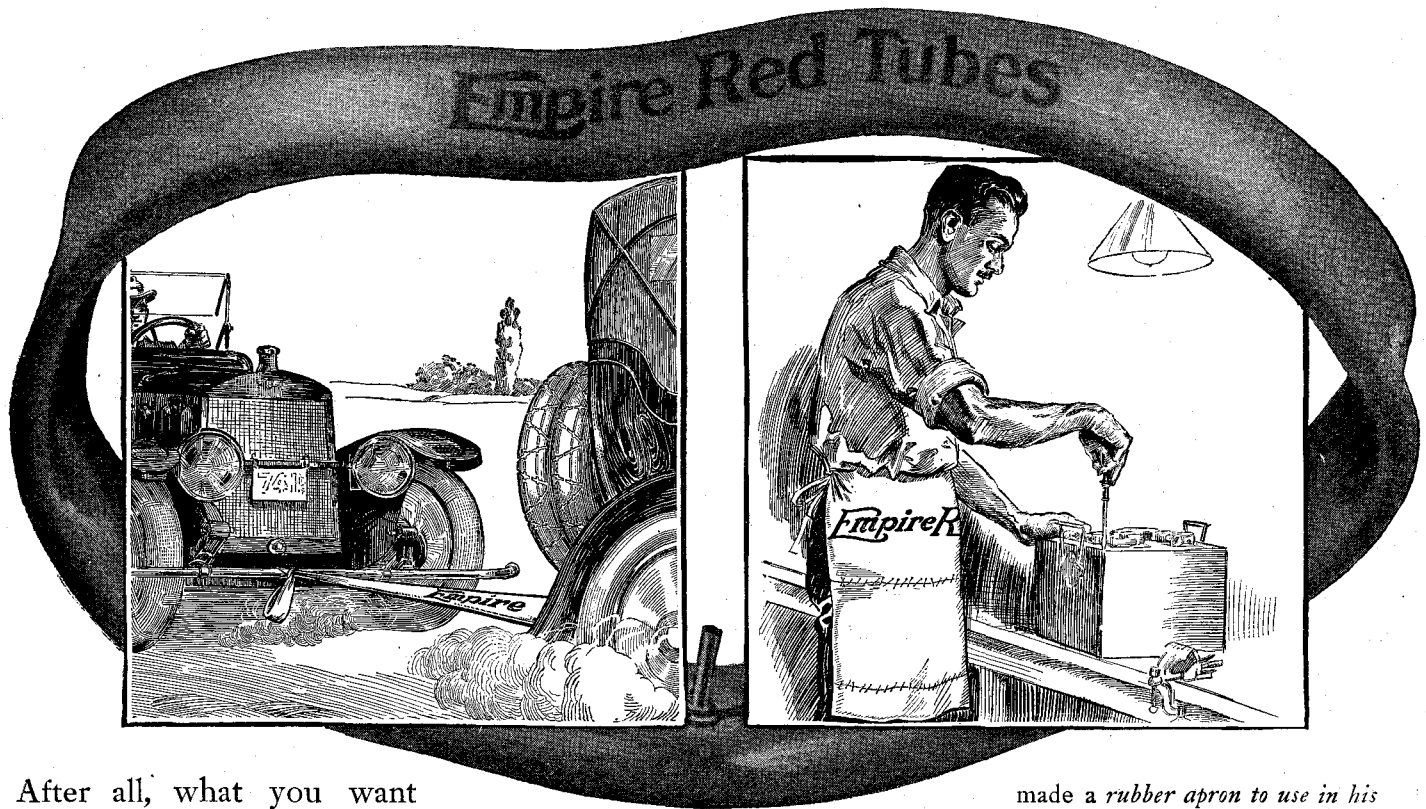
"Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind: Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," added the gray-beard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."—Harper's Magazine.

Why Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself

1. The Story of the Tow Rope and the Battery Apron



After all, what you want from an inner tube is *long life*.

Stress and strain are the enemies of the outer casing and to a minor extent of the inner tube. But what the tube mainly has to fight against is *time*.

Every now and then some odd experience shows up the great tensile strength of Empire Red Tubes. As, for example, this letter from The Toledo Auto Parts Co.:

Empire Rubber & Tire Company
Trenton, N. J.

Gentlemen:

We have used four 34 x 4 Empire Tires and Tubes and we have never in the 3000 miles, that we drove car, had these tires off.

"The Tubes of the rear casing were *used for a tow rope*, and were not damaged in any way. We put them in the rear casings and they are up yet today."

They were lucky to have an Empire Red Tube along when they got stuck. At the same time, Empire Red Tubes are not built or advertised especially for towing purposes.

The real stuff that is in them is perhaps better illustrated by this letter from Iowa:

"Mr. E. L. Forslund, who has charge of the Prest-O-Lite Service Station for the Madrid Auto Company,

made a *rubber apron* to use in his battery work from a 34 x 4 Empire Red Tube.

"The mark on the apron shows the tube was made in Oct., 1912. The Rubber is still in perfect condition and does not show any "checking".

Again we disclaim any idea of pushing the sale of Empire Red Tubes for such emergency uses.

But this battery-apron story drives home what we have been trying to tell to car-owners—namely, that the rubber used in these tubes stays young and lively for years. Five years of battery acids and heat and hard knocks—without "checking"—is equal to a whole lot more than five years of road service.

The fact is that rubber—ordinary rubber—is short lived. To make a tube that will last, you must do something to give it greater vitality than crude rubber itself possesses.

This is just what the Empire secret process does; it eliminates the tendency toward deterioration.

That is why we have records of Empire Red Tubes made ten years ago, punctured and repaired over and over again, and still doing service.

The experience of ten years has proved that in the great majority of cases, an Empire Red Tube *will last as long as the average car itself*.

The day when you come to the Empire store and get your first Empire Red Tube, you begin to cut your tube expense in half.

The Empire Tire Dealer

DODGE BROTHERS CLOSED CAR

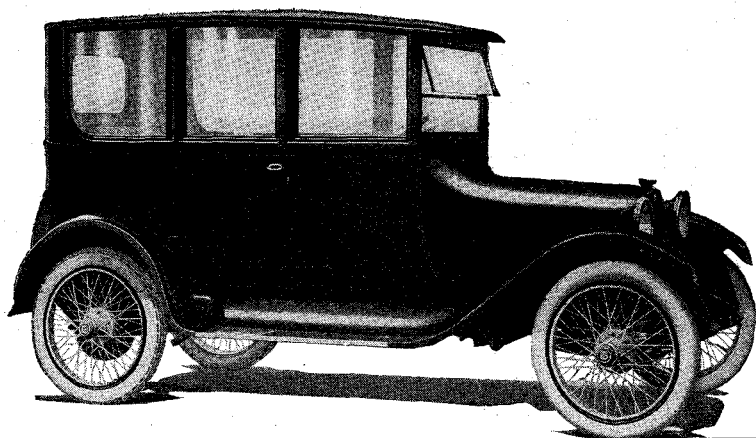
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

February 6.—Senator Overman, of South Carolina, introduces a bill in which powers are conveyed to the President to reorganize the established departments of the Government without the necessity of legislative sanction further than to supply funds. Senator Martin, the Democratic floor-leader, refused to stand sponsor for the measure, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Secretary McAdoo telegraphs every bank and trust company in the country, appealing to them to support a new financing plan, whereby \$3,000,000,000 Treasury certificates of indebtedness will be issued in semimonthly instalments of \$500,000,000. The banks are asked to invest in each issue at least one per cent. of their gross resources, the maximum not to exceed 10 per cent. This will postpone the next Liberty Loan until April 15, to allow for the speeding up of industries which have been affected by the coal shut-down.

Secretary Baker appears before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, but declines to reveal the details of the promised transportation of 1,500,000 American soldiers to the battle-front during 1918, on the ground that the proof of these claims would involve matter of great value to the enemy and should be disclosed only in executive session.

February 7.—Washington dispatches state that thousands of telegrams reach the Treasury Department pledging the support of the banks in absorbing the proposed issue of treasury certificates of indebtedness up to \$3,000,000,000, thus assuring the financing of the Government to the end of the fiscal year.

February 8.—Com. B. L. Reed testifies before the Senate Committee on Commerce to miscalculations in the ship-building projects on the Delaware River that will cost the Government millions of dollars. Commander Reed, who was recently relieved as the resident engineer at the Hog Island plant, tells the Committee that while the original estimated cost of the plant was \$21,000,000 it has already cost \$27,000,000 and only five of the 50 proposed shipways have been completed.

Answering criticisms of the Administration's War-Finance Corporation Bill, Secretary McAdoo tells the Senate Finance Committee that the early passage of the bill is absolutely necessary, and that instead of causing inflation it would go far toward stabilizing permanently the market value of the Liberty bonds.

Adjutant-General McCain announces that a new system of identification tags has been adopted by the War Department as a result of the *Tuscania* sinking.

A Washington dispatch states that a strike involving ship-building has been settled with the return to work of 2,000 metal-trades workers in New Orleans.

February 9.—Britain's special mission to the United States, headed by Lord Reading, reaches an Atlantic port. This is the third visit of Lord Reading to aid in speeding up the war-preparations.

William M. Saunders, Vice-Chairman of the Navy Consulting Board, announces that the Austrian ship *Lucia*, seized by the United States, has been converted into a transport-ship that can not be sunk by submarines. It is equipped with a lining of 12,000 small

The Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe

INTIMATE PEN PORTRAITS OF THE MEN WHO WILL DECIDE THE MAKING OF THE NEW EUROPE

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Austria
Bulgaria
Serbia
Belgium

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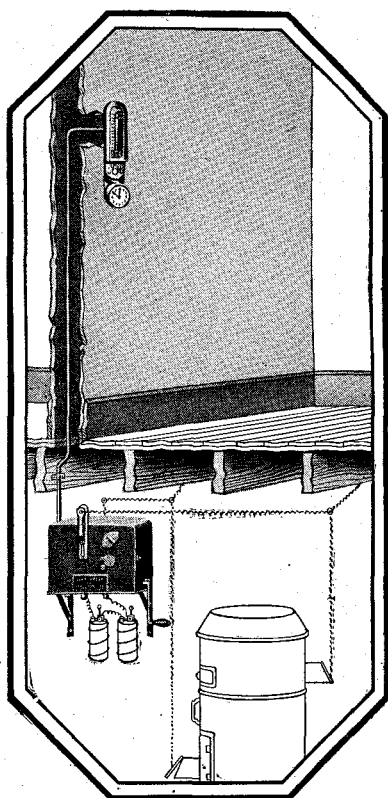
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galvanized iron air-chambers. It is about to be tried out, and if it proves successful a fleet to convey all American soldiers to Europe will be equipped.

February 10.—A complete reorganization of the General Staff of the Army is announced by Secretary Baker in a general order by the Adjutant-General. The new organization will consist of five divisions, having full powers to carry out the Secretary's policies. The personnel is not yet announced, but the plan divides the responsibilities of the Department into divisions under the heads of Executive, War-Plans, Purchase and Supply, Storage and Traffic, and Army Operations.

February 11.—Kurt Kind, a New York architect, is arrested in San Francisco on a Presidential warrant. He is said to be a member of the German secret service.

Many new construction projects for the American Army are revealed in a statement of the War Department to the Senate Military Committee. The work, it is estimated, will cost \$268,650,000.

February 12.—Under cover marked "strictly confidential," Secretary Baker sends to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs substantiating data on which he based his claim that 500,000 fighting men would be in France this spring and 1,500,000 at the front before fall.

George J. Baldwin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the American International Ship-building Corporation appears before the Senate Committee on Commerce and answers the charges of gross extravagance. He defends the course of the Corporation and lays upon the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation the burden of blame for the tremendous excess over the original estimates of cost.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

February 6.—Washington dispatches state that General Pershing reports one private killed and ten infantrymen wounded in action on February 3.

February 8.—Dispatches from American Headquarters in France announce that the American artillery continues to harass the enemy. A shell strikes a German battery position, causing a heavy explosion of ammunition.

February 9.—Berlin dispatches state that some American prisoners have been captured east of St. Mihiel, according to a statement issued by the German General Staff.

February 10.—A delayed dispatch from the American Army in France states that five Americans are believed to have been killed, four are missing, and one was wounded when a patrol was ambushed in No Man's Land by a superior force of Germans. One American artilleryman was killed and five wounded by shell-fire on February 9.

Washington dispatches state that General Pershing reports two men slightly wounded in action, and ten deaths from natural causes.

February 11.—The War Department hears from General Pershing that the ten men from New York City and vicinity, reported missing since November 30, have been located in a German prison-camp. General Pershing also reports 4 Americans killed, 6 wounded, and 3 captured in the fighting on February 7, 8, and 9. The deaths of Col. Frank A. Wilcox from pneumonia and three other men from natural causes are reported.

London dispatches state that French officials report greatly increased activity

in Lorraine, where the American troops are stationed.

February 12.—Associated Press dispatches from the American Army state that artillery action on both sides continues active. Only one man is reported wounded during twenty-four hours of action.

BRITISH AND FRENCH FRONTS

February 6.—London reports scattered actions on the French and Flanders fronts. Berlin reports the repulse of raids in the Argonne and east of Avocourt and the downing of seven Allied airplanes and one captive balloon.

February 7.—London reports raids at many points on the French front and heavy artillery-fire in the British sectors northwest of St. Quentin and east of Monchy-le-Preux and on the French fronts on the Aisne and near Verdun. The French repulse German attacks at two points near Banholz.

February 8.—London reports no operations of importance on the Western front.

February 10.—London dispatches state that a German attack on the British south of Houthulst Wood, on the northern Cambrai front, is repulsed with heavy losses. German raids are also reported on the Southern front, where British prisoners are reported captured. Raids on the French sectors on the Aisne front in Argonne and Vosges are repulsed. The French penetrate German trenches in the Champagne, taking some prisoners.

February 11.—Official reports state that the French successfully repulse a German raid near Juvin-court. A furious attack on Caurières Wood is finally repelled, the enemy leaving his dead in the hands of the French. The Germans take prisoners at Embermenil and Senones, while the French make captures at Anspach-le-Bas. The Austrian forces take 28 prisoners in a raid southeast of Messines.

February 12.—London reports that German raiders on British posts northeast of Epehy are repulsed. The British raid German trenches west of La Bassée, taking prisoners. The French take prisoners north of Ailette, and in a raid west of Renennauville 250 are captured.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

February 6.—Rome dispatches state that enemy airplanes continue to raid Venice, Mestre, and Treviso. Aerial activity is reported along the entire front and artillery action around the Brenta Narrows and along the Piave is increasing.

February 8.—Rome dispatches report considerable artillery-fire on the Italian mountain front, altho unfavorable weather has affected all operations.

February 10.—Rome reports artillery action along the entire Italian front. Two enemy raids were repulsed south of Daone-Chiese.

February 11.—Violent concentration of fire and offensive thrusts are reported from the Italian front in dispatches from Rome which state that the attacks were successfully repelled.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

February 6.—The War Department officially announces that the British transport *Tuscania*, with 2,179 United States troops on board, has been torpedoed and sunk off the north coast of Ireland. A cablegram from Ambassador Page in London states that 1,912 survivors had been landed at Buncrana and Larne in Ireland. Most of the troops were from the 32d Division and came from many States and included National Guardsmen.

The British Admiralty reports fifteen merchantmen sunk during the past week by mine or submarine. Ten were of more than 1,600 tons. Four fishing-vessels were sunk. Rome reports only one Italian steamship under 1,600 tons sunk during the week ending February 2, and Paris reports the loss of two French steamships of more than 1,600 tons and one under during the same period.

Officials of the Garland Steamship Company in New York receive dispatches announcing the torpedoing of the *Alamance* off the English coast. Six lives were lost.

In a statement made in the House of Lords Andrew Bonar Law declares that German U-boats have slain 14,120 non-combatant British men, women, and children.

Chairman Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board, announces the acceptance by the Allied governments of the plan to turn over the direction of all transatlantic tonnage to the Ship Control Committee which has recently been created, thus unifying Atlantic shipping operations.

February 7.—News reaches New York of the torpedoing of the Cunard liner *Aurania* off the coast of Scotland on the same day the *Tuscania* was sunk. Later reports stated that the steamship was beached and that her thirteen passengers, men on military missions to the United States, were saved.

February 8.—A dispatch from London says that Admiral Jellicoe, speaking at Hull, stated that he believed that by August the submarine menace would be killed.

February 9.—An official announcement from Madrid states that the Spanish steamship *Sebastian* was torpedoed while on a voyage to New York. The crew were saved. The Italian steamship *Duca di Genova* is reported torpedoed and sunk off Murviedro Beach.

February 12.—A delayed dispatch from a Scotch seaport states that the American dead as the result of the sinking of the *Tuscania* now apparently number 159. The bodies of 145 have been buried along the coast, and the recovery of 14 additional victims is reported.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

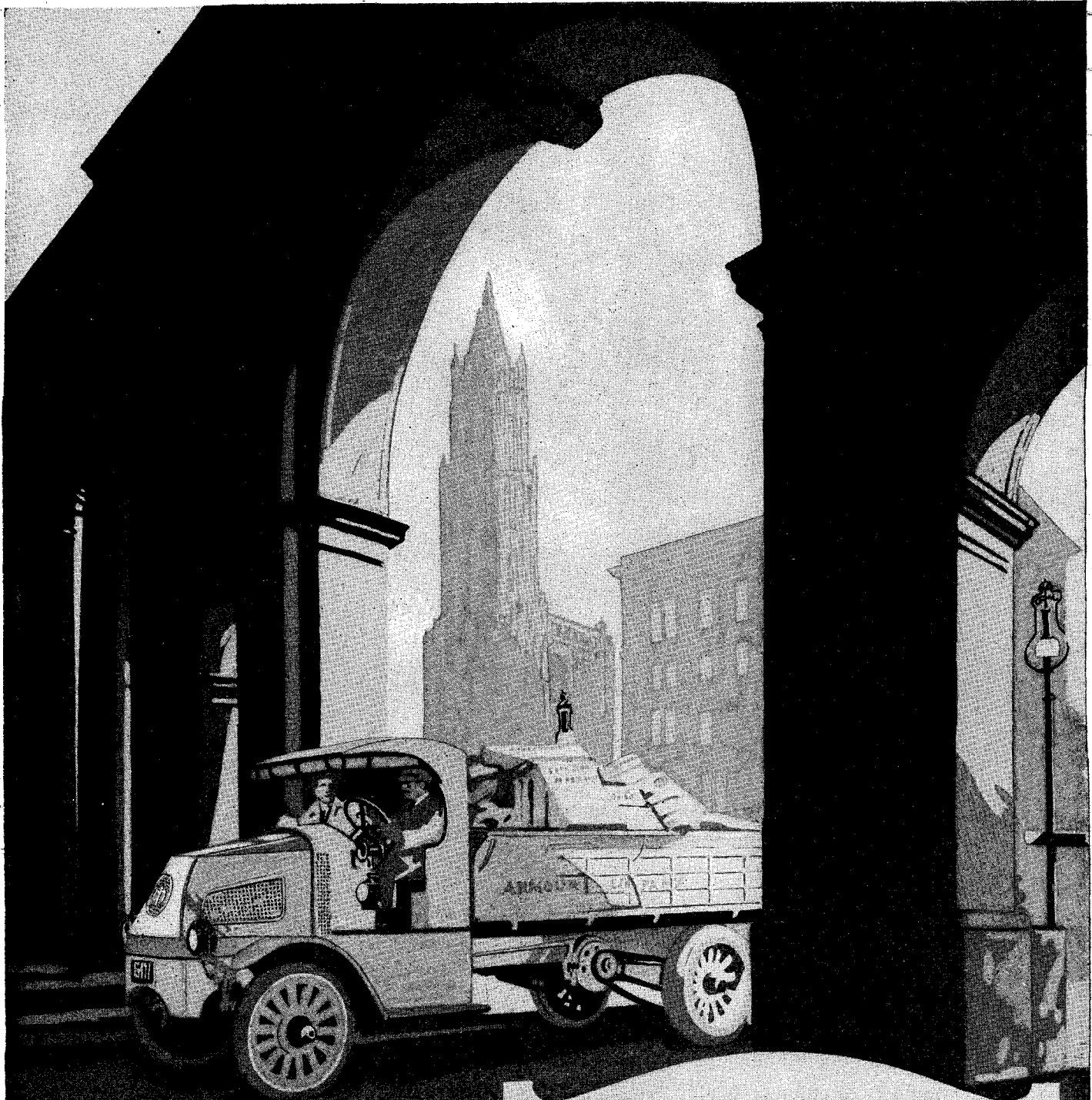
February 6.—London dispatches announce that five German airplanes and a hostile observation-balloon were brought down in air-battles on February 5. Four British planes are missing.

A dispatch from American Army headquarters in France states that twenty enemy airplanes that tried to cross the American lines are turned back by anti-aircraft batteries. Artillery action continues day and night, and American heavy guns are registering well on the enemy positions. Two American aviators accompanying a French escadrille on a bombing expedition encounter an enemy squadron of eight planes. A general engagement ensued above the clouds and one of the Americans sent a German plane to the ground.

February 7.—A Paris dispatch announces the death of William S. Tailer, of Roslyn, L. I., in an encounter with Germans, who brought down his airplane within their lines.

February 10.—London reports that British airmen made a successful bombing raid into Germany on February 9, ten tons of bombs being dropped on an important railway-junction south-east of Metz. One of the British machines is missing.

February 12.—A dispatch from the American Army Headquarters in France reports engagements with several enemy



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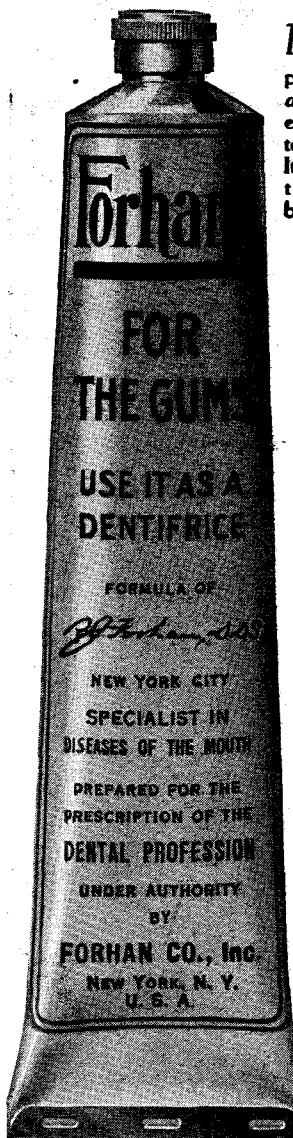
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aircraft which were busy over the American sector, making photographs and taking observations. The results are not yet reported.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

February 8.—A telegram from Berlin to the *Bösen Gazette* of Amsterdam states that an agreement has been reached regarding the peace terms to be offered to Roumania by the Central Powers. Turkey is said to be in complete accord with the attitude of Germany and Austria.

Because of the opposition of Polish Deputies to the provisional budget, Dr. von Seydler, the Austrian Premier, has tendered the resignation of his cabinet, a dispatch from Amsterdam states. Emperor Charles is said to have refused to accept the resignation.

February 9.—An Amsterdam dispatch gives the text of the Kaiser's birthday message, in which he pleads for home unity and urges that all other issues be put aside for triumph on the battlefield. The message lacks his usual boastfulness.

A dispatch from London states Germany has completed the concentration of her forces, approximating 3,000,000 men, on the Western front in preparation for an enormous offensive.

A Berlin dispatch announces that a peace treaty between the Central Powers and Ukraine has been signed.

February 12.—A London dispatch announces that owing to the condition of his health the Kaiser will transfer his personal headquarters to Spa, the Belgian watering-place near the Prussian frontier.

A London dispatch states that the British Government refuses to recognize the treaty of peace between Ukraine and the Central Powers. Similar action is expected in regard to the agreement between Germany and her allies and the Bolshevik Government in Russia.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

February 6.—A Stockholm dispatch states that the Government forces in Finland have defeated the Finnish Red Guard and the Russians at Uleaborg and taken the city, which is the chief military depot of the Russians in north Finland. A dispatch from London states that the Government forces in Finland have been defeated and that General Mannerheim and his White Guard are retiring from Tammerfors with the Red Guard in pursuit. The losses on both sides were heavy.

A delayed Petrograd dispatch, dated February 3, states that conditions under the Bolshevik rule are intolerable. Domiciliary arrests and searches for documents and food are carried out by youths with rifles, soldiers, sailors, and proletarians in general who appropriate anything of value to be found.

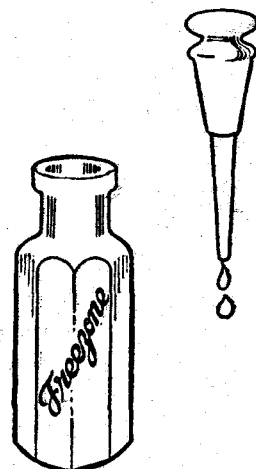
February 8.—A Stockholm dispatch states that General Mannerheim, commanding the provisional Finnish Government forces, defeats the revolutionary Red Guards at Korkeakoski, the latter suffering a loss of 3,000.

February 10.—Advices from Vienna reaching London state that Polish forces under General Dovbor Mousnitsky have revolted from the Russian Army and captured Smolensk, the capital of the province of the same name, with a population of 50,000.

Scandinavian refugees reaching Stockholm tell horrible stories of massacres by the Red Guards in Helsingfors and Tammerfors. In the latter city seventy young men were placed against a wall and murdered by machine-gun fire, after which their bodies were stripped and mutilated.

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February 11.—A dispatch from London states that the Bolshevik Government has withdrawn from the war with the Central Empires, and ordered the demobilization of the Russian armies. No formal treaty of peace is signed, however. The news creates little surprise, following so closely on the separate peace negotiated between Ukraine and Germany and Austria. Roumania's situation, however, is now critical, as she is cut off on all sides. A dispatch from Amsterdam states that there is great rejoicing in Germany over the action of Trotzky.

THE WAR COUNCIL

February 10.—Paris reports that General Cadorna has been replaced by General Gaetano Giardino as Italian delegate to the Supreme War Council.

PEACE MOVEMENTS

February 11.—President Wilson appears unexpectedly before Congress and reads a message in reply to the recent speeches of the German Chancellor and the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. The address calls the speech of von Hertling "very vague and confusing," and reaffirms the nation's determination to crush military autocracy at all costs.

February 12.—In an address before the House of Commons Premier Lloyd George rejects the speeches of Imperial German Chancellor von Hertling and Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, as containing no basis for a permanent peace, and points out that the transfer of troops from the Russian to the Western front has completely changed the situation.

FOREIGN

February 9.—A dispatch from Buenos Aires states that a general railroad strike has been called throughout Argentina and that wild anarchistic demonstrations are being made, trains wrecked, and railroad yards burned.

February 10.—A Peking dispatch states that President Feng Kwo-Chang issues a mandate in which he reproaches himself for China's political trouble, declares himself too weak for the burden imposed upon him, and forecasts his retirement as soon as order is restored.

February 11.—A dispatch from Constantinople to Amsterdam announces the death of Abdul Hamid, the former Sultan of Turkey.

DOMESTIC

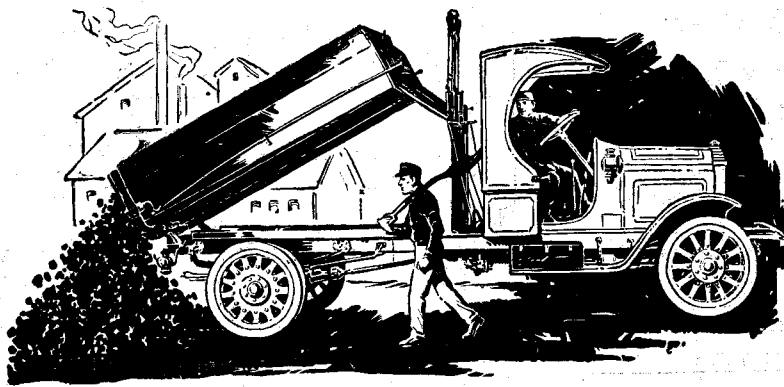
February 6.—Theodore Roosevelt undergoes a second operation in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, after which he is declared to be resting comfortably.

February 10.—The physicians of Colonel Roosevelt declare the patient to be out of danger and that no further operation will be necessary.

February 12.—Postmaster-General Burleson announces that an aerial mail-service between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington will be established early in the spring. The planes will be designed to carry 300 pounds of mail with a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. The rate, which has not yet been officially fixed, will probably be 25 cents an ounce.

Colonel Roosevelt is declared by his physicians to be steadily improving and it is expected that he will leave the hospital in two weeks.

A dispatch from Lake Charles, La., announces the death of Lieutenant L. F. Plummer, of New Rochelle, N. Y., who was killed in the fall of an airplane he was piloting.



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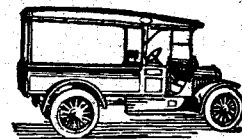
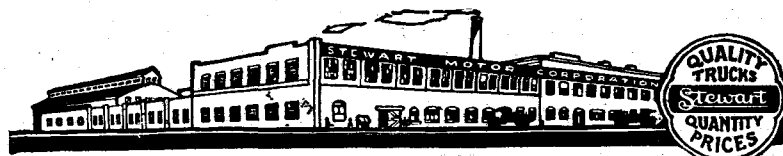
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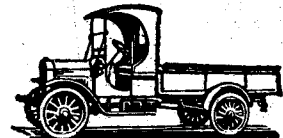
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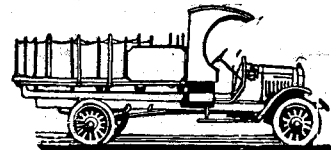
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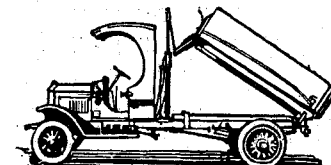
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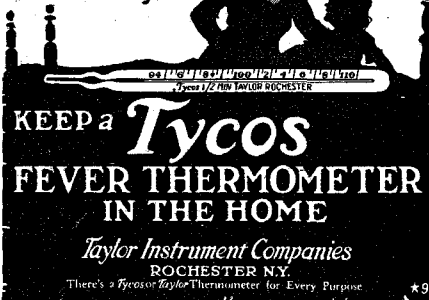


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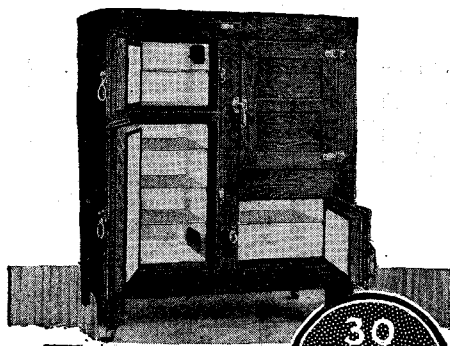
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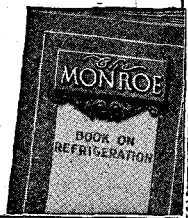
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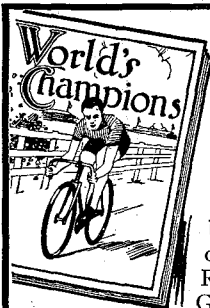
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"S. E. H.," San Diego, Cal.—(1) We have never heard the word pronounced. The medical dictionaries vary. Appleton's, edited by Jelliffe, says: "i-bi'do. Striving, energy, erotic sensation. In psych-analysis, an energy concept with nutritive or reproductive values. [Lat. *libido*, energy, desire.]" Gould says "Lib-id'o [L.] Desire." (2) The Macedonians, as they are called by all the ancient poets, owed their name to an eponymous ancestor. Some authorities claim this was *Macednus*, son of *Lycaon*, from whom the *Arcadians* were descended; others, *Macedon*, the brother of *Magnes*. The latter name is pronounced mas'e-don—a as in "at," e as in "valley," and o as in not.

"E. H. B.," Bridgeport, W. Va.—The greatest width of the Amazon River is 150 miles; that of La Plata River is 135 miles.

"Skeptic," Idaho Springs, Colo.—The conditions of equilibrium of a body, as a ship, floating on the surface of a liquid are: (1) The weight of the body must be less than the weight of the total volume of liquid it can displace; (2) if it were more the body would sink to the bottom. If an immersed solid be of the same weight as the fluid it displaces the solid remains at rest in the fluid. As the specific gravities of any two substances are to each other as the weights of equal volumes of these substances it follows that any homogeneous solid will float when its specific gravity is less than that of the liquid and that it will sink when the conditions are reversed. Hence iron sinks in water, but floats on mercury; certain woods that float on water sink in alcohol or oil; oak, which floats on salt water, sinks in fresh water. But if the iron be built into the form of a vessel it will float on the liquid into which it formerly sank, because its volume has been increased without increasing the weight and it floats because it displaces a volume of water greater in weight than the weight of the floating body. In view of the fact that the pressure of water on a submerged area is in proportion to the depth below the surface while at the surface it is nil, the LEXICOGRAPHER does not believe that a submerged ship sinks only to a certain depth below the surface and remains there in equilibrium. A. Campbell Holmes in his "Practical Ship-building" (p. 193) says: "The pressure on a square foot 36 feet below the surface is one ton; if 18 feet below, it would be half a ton." It follows, therefore, that the deeper a vessel sinks the greater is the pressure to which it is subjected, and that ultimately it reaches a point where the pressure causes so great a deflection of its sides that its plates are subjected to a tension severe enough to strain the riveted joints, start the caulking, and let the water in the sustaining bulkheads, after which the vessel will sink to the bottom.

"H. K.," New York, N. Y.—(1) In such words as *truth*, *youth*, *mouth*, does the formation of the plural carry with it a change in the sound of the *th*? Please indicate the pronunciation of the noun *mouths*. (2) Kindly indicate the pronunciation of *used* in, 'I have become used to the noise.' (3) What is the reason for syllabifying certain words in one way for spelling and in another way for pronunciation, e.g., *es-pe-cial*—*es-pesh-al*?

(1) Nouns ending in *th* change their sound in the plural from the *th* in "thin" to the *th* in "this." *Mouths* is pronounced *mauths*—au as ou in *out*; *th* as in *this*. (2) The verb *use* has the sound of *z*; the noun that of *s*. (3) *Division* of words into syllables is indicated in the vocabulary (words of dictionaries) by the insertion of hyphens and of accent-marks as intended for practise in writing and printing. Respelling, the purpose of which is precise phonetic analysis, often necessarily differ in division from such as are shown in the titles, but agreement is preserved when possible. The approved division is always that shown in the heavy-faced print. Some words showing the conflict noted are *addi-tion*, *divi-sion*, *mea-sure*, *commu-nion*, *a-lien*, *na-tional*, *pecu-liar*, *spe-cial*, which are respelled *a-dish'on*, *di-vizh'on*, *mezhr'ur*, *ko-miun'yon*, *el'yen* (first e as in "they"),

nash'on-al, *pe-kiul'yar*, *spesh'al*. In these respellings the divisions are phonetic.

"J. C.," Ridgedale, Tenn.—(1) Kindly give me the correct pronunciation of the word *Russian*. (2) There is a town near here in Georgia called *La Fayette* and pronounced by all its inhabitants and near-by towns *La Fay'ette*. Is this correct, or should it be given the same accent as the French proper name? (3) Please quote the epitaph written by Mark Twain for his wife's tombstone. It is something to this effect—"Warm summer sunshine softly here," etc."

(1) *Russian* is pronounced *rush'an*—u as in *but*, sh as in *ship*, a as in *final*. (2) The pronunciation of the name has been Anglicized. It is pronounced *la'fay'et'*—a as in *artistic*, e as in *prey*, e as in *get*. The primary accent is on the last syllable, the secondary on the first. In French, *la fa'yé't'*—a's as in *arm* and e as in *yet*. (3) Mark Twain's epitaph for his wife was "*Gott sei dir gnädig, O meine Wonne*" ("God be gracious to you, O my delight"). The lines to which you refer and which have been attributed to Mark Twain are—

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;

Warm southern wind, blow softly here;

Green sod above lie light, lie light—

Good night, dear heart, good night, good night!"

When the report that these lines were attributed to him reached Mark Twain he ordered that the name of the Australian poet, Robert Richardson, be cut beneath them on the stone. In the original the word *southern* read *northern* as in Australia the warm wind is from the north. The lines were cut on the stone placed over the grave of Mark Twain's daughter, Susy Clemens (see Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain, A Biography," p. 1024).

"M. C. J.," Washington, D. C.—"If commas are used after the words 'farmowners' and 'inspection' in the sentence, 'Farmowners, who formerly objected to this inspection, now see the need of it,' does the sentence imply that all farm-owners objected? If commas are omitted, does it not imply that a limited number of farm-owners objected to the inspection and that they now see the need of it? Is the clause set off by commas appositive or restrictive?"

When the commas are used in such a construction the clause set off by them, being explanatory, is appositive, but the omission of the commas does not restrict the sense of the sentence and thereby imply that a limited number of farm-owners objected. Taken, as written, without punctuation, the sentence is ambiguous for it generalizes. If the intention be to particularize, then the sentence should begin with the definite article *the* or the demonstrative pronoun *those*. "The farmers who formerly objected . . . now see the need of it"—restricts the sentence to such of the farmers as objected or to those farmers who objected.

"J. G. McC.," Port Townsend, Wash.—(1) Has common usage made such statements as 'To-morrow is Monday,' 'I am going next week,' and like assertions, speaking of the future as the present, permissible? (2) When did the word 'distributor' become sanctioned? Most of the dictionaries give only the word 'distributor' (3) What is the correct pronunciation of the word *gladiola*?

(1) "To-morrow is Monday" is correct, for it is a present fact on Sunday that such is the case. Strictly speaking, "I am going" is the present tense, but its use as a future is now an established idiom recognized by universal custom. (2) The first use of the form *distributor* is credited to Dr. Johnson in No. 204 of the "Rambler" for 1752. (3) *Gladiolus* (the species) is pronounced *glad-i-o'lus*—a as in *fat*, i as in *habit*, o as in *go*, u as in *but*; (the genus) is pronounced *gla-dai'o-lus*: a as in *final*, ai as in *aisle*, o as in *obey*, u as in *but*.

"D. E. S.," Trevorton, Pa.—"Does dew fall on the roof of a house, or in other words, does dew fall on a housetop?"

Dew is moisture condensed from the atmosphere (including the air contained in the soil) and gathered in small drops upon the surface of plants and other bodies which radiate heat well but conduct it badly. It was once supposed to fall like rain, and is still so spoken of; as, a heavy dew fell. Dew is formed after a hot day, principally in the early evening, especially when clear and still and is plentiful in the early morning. Its formation is, however, interfered with by clouds and wind.

"E. E. W.," Williamsburg, Ky.—"Which is the better expression—'The society will have a called meeting,' or 'a call meeting'?"

Call-meeting, that is, a meeting called for a special purpose, is the correct form.



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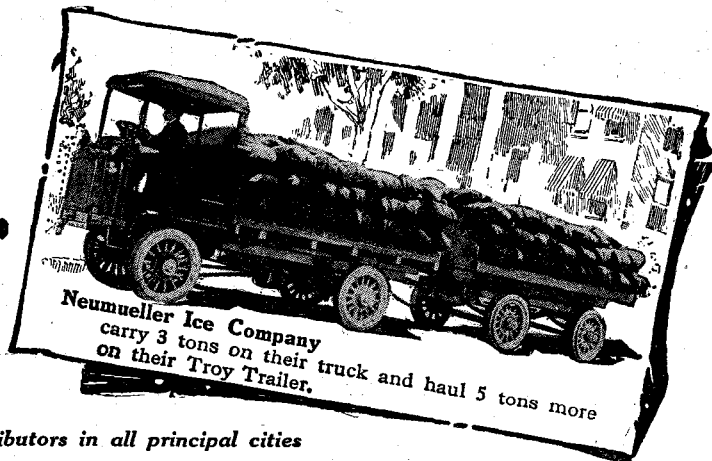
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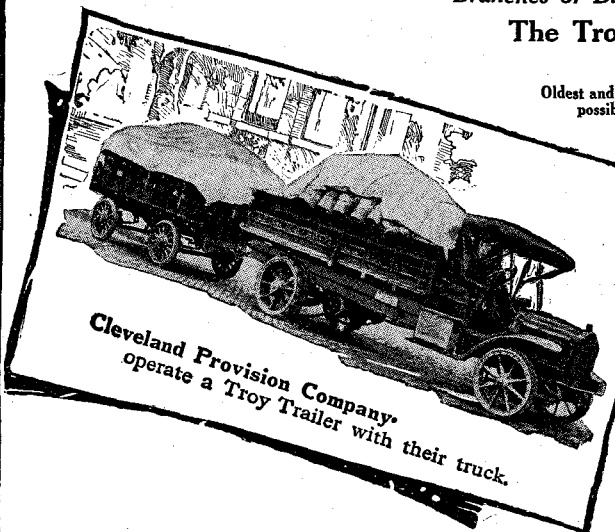
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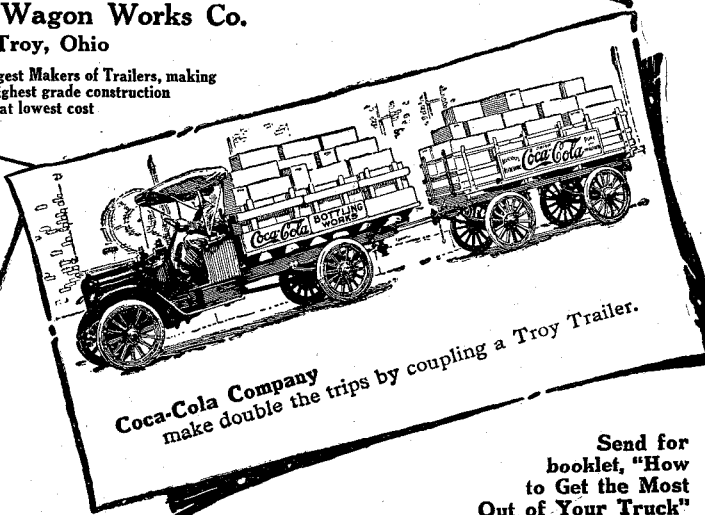
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FEWER FAILURES—WHY, IN GENERAL, MEN FAIL IN BUSINESS

ACCORDING to statistics compiled for *Bradstreet's* business failures in 1917, as in 1916, continued "on a descending scale." The total number was the smallest since 1911 and the percentage "was, with two exceptions, the smallest recorded." As to bank suspensions, these were, with one exception, "the smallest reported since 1893, and liabilities were the lightest since 1909." Altogether, *Bradstreet's* thinks the report was "about as good as could be expected, regard being had to the fact that the number in business was the largest ever recorded, the gain in that respect being 2 per cent. over the preceding year."

To understand all this one must keep in mind, however, that business was active; that "the greatest expenditures ever made by any country in one year for war-purposes supplemented ordinary demand, already swollen by the unprecedented purchasing power of a people which had for two years previous been actively engaged in furnishing the rest of the world with needed supplies of all kinds; that the farming community had profited as never before in values of its products, and that high prices, apparently freely paid, increased margins of profit of many dealers." The writer says one will seek in vain "for any marked reflection of unfavorable elements." Failures decreased in number in every section of the country as compared with 1916. Only ten of the forty-eight States showed a larger number than in the preceding year, only three of these States being in what are known as surplus crop-producing sections.

Failures in 1917, in fact, appeared to "decrease to what might be called the minimum, and more concern appeared to be shown as to getting supplies of goods than as regarded finding buyers." To a greater extent than in a generation past, sellers "picked their trade and sold freely only where they chose, except, of course, where the National Government bought war-supplies and incidentally fixed prices therefor." *Bradstreet's* notes further; that the year 1917, more than any other, showed that the causes of non-success were traceable "to the individuals themselves, and not to the influence of happenings outside of or beyond the individual's control." As to the failures themselves, the writer continues:

"There were only 13,029 failures reported to *Bradstreet's* in the year 1917, as against 16,496 in 1916, 19,035 in 1915, 16,769 in 1914, and 14,551 in 1913. It is easily evident from these figures that failure troubles were on a descending scale, and this statement borrows weight from the fact that 1917 failures fell 21 per cent. from 1916, which in turn decreased 13.3 per cent. from 1915. From the peak-point of all years (1915), therefore, the decrease in 1917 was 31.5 per cent., and it is necessary to go back to 1911 to find a smaller total. Compared with the low point of failures of recent years, 1906, when only 9,385 failures occurred, 1917 showed an increase of 39 per cent.; but compared with that year there were 401,000, or 30.4 per cent., more people in business, and compared with 1911, which also had a smaller number of failures, there were 191,000, or 11 per cent., more in business. The liabilities of 1917, \$166,560,788, were 5 per cent. less than 1916 and the smallest since 1909. Hence it is that the percentage of those failing to those in business in 1917 was

only seventy-one hundredths of 1 per cent., as against ninety-two hundredths in 1916, 1.07 per cent. in 1915 and ninety-five hundredths in 1914. In fact, only two years in the past thirty-seven, 1906 and 1907, showed a smaller percentage of business mortality than the year just closed, which indicates that the belated liquidation following the outbreak of the war in 1914 was about completed in 1916. It is worth noting, additionally, that failures have been on a descending scale ever since the first months of 1915, and the failures for the closing month of the year were fewer than in all but three months of 1917, and were really subnormal, as the following monthly index of failures for 1917, based upon the ten-year average in each month, shows:

January.....	97	July.....	99
February.....	101	August.....	97
March.....	94	September.....	86
April.....	99	October.....	99
May.....	109	November.....	82
June.....	99	December.....	72

"The most destructive period in the country's history as regards failures was the first full year of the Great War—August, 1914, to July, 1915, inclusive—when 19,948 failures occurred. In the year ending with July, 1917, the third full year of the war, the number of failures was 14,600, a decrease of 27 per cent. In the same period liabilities were \$172,791,851. Following are the figures for the last year of peace and the three full years of war:

Year Ending with July	Number	Liabilities
1914.....	15,324	\$332,400,000
1915.....	19,948	344,000,000
1916.....	17,020	195,800,000
1917.....	14,560	172,791,851

"Large commercial and manufacturing failures in 1917 numbered 213, as against 207 in 1916 and 303 in 1915, and liabilities of these were \$54,070,000, as against \$54,000,000 in 1916 and \$103,000,000 in 1915. Bank suspensions in 1917 totaled 29, as against 41 in 1916, 85 in 1915, and 130 in 1914, and liabilities of these in 1917 were \$18,620,134, as against \$5,980,798 in 1916, \$33,412,739 in 1915, and \$47,636,647 in 1914."

The year's records showed once more that success or failure was due largely to personal causes. Causes properly classed as personal to the individual were credited with having caused 85 per cent. of all the failures. Only 15 per cent. were due to outside or extraneous causes. In 1916 the proportions were 81.5 per cent. personal and 18.5 per cent. non-personal, and in 1915 74.4 and 25.6 per cent., respectively. Never before in a quarter of a century of *Bradstreet's* experience in this sort of statistical work had the percentage due to the individual himself been as high as 85 per cent., the nearest approach to this having been 82 per cent. in 1910 and 82.3 per cent. in 1890. *Bradstreet's* groupings of the causes of failure proceeding from, or inherent in, the individual as compared with those outside of his control are as follows:

A.—DUE TO FAULTS OF THOSE FAILING.

Incompetence (irrespective of other causes).
Inexperience (without other incompetence).
Lack of Capital.
Unwise Credits.
Speculation (outside regular business).
Neglect of Business (due to doubtful habits).
Personal Extravagance.
Fraudulent Disposition of Property.

B.—NOT DUE TO FAULTS OF THOSE FAILING.

Specific Conditions (disaster, war, floods, etc.)
Failures of Others (of apparently solvent debtors).
Competition.

From 1890, when *Bradstreet's* statistics were first compiled, until 1912, "lack of capital" was the leading cause of failure in business. In the same year "incompetence" forged to the front, and altho



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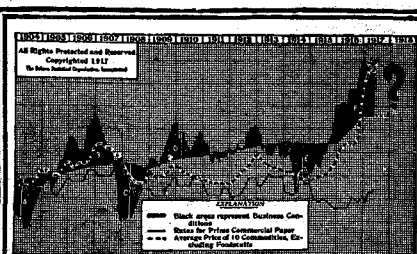
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supplanted by "lack of capital" in 1913 and 1914, it again, in 1915, took and has since held first place, with 35.5 per cent. of all failures credited to it in 1917, as against 31.9 per cent. credited to "lack of capital." These two causes in 1917 accounted for 67.4 per cent. of all failures, while "inexperience," another form of incompetence, accounted for 6.8 per cent., the highest percentage since 1902. "Fraud," on the other hand, caused only 5.7 per cent. of all failures, which was the smallest number since *Bradstreet's* returns were first compiled. "Speculation" as a cause of failure was, like the volume of speculation in the markets, at low ebb in 1917, and "unwise credits" were a comparatively negligible cause. Among non-personal causes of failure, "specific conditions," the occurrence of unexpected or extraordinary happenings, accounted for only 11.9 per cent., the lowest percentage there is record of. "Competition" fell to the lowest point since 1912. Briefly stated, poor personal equipment as represented in "incompetence," "inexperience," and "lack of capital" accounted for 74.2 per cent., or about three-quarters, of all failures in 1917. The writer adds:

"Lack of capital" was the most hurtful cause so far as liabilities were concerned, the proportion due to this, 32.7 per cent., being more hurtful than for years past. 'Incompetence,' the next most injurious element, claimed 25.3 per cent. and 'inexperience' 5.2 per cent. of the liabilities, the three causes claiming 63.2 per cent., as against 58.1 per cent. in 1916. 'Fraud,' like the above three causes, caused an increase in damage over 1916—9.9 per cent. in 1917, as against 7.4 per cent. in the former year. The other personal causes were all less destructive, but all personal causes combined accounted for 77.8 per cent. of all liabilities, as against 73.6 per cent. in 1916, while those of a non-personal nature caused 22.2 per cent. of liabilities in 1917 and 26.4 per cent. in 1916. In the latter direction it might be noted that 'specific conditions' are credited with only 14.2 per cent. of all failure damage, as against 19.3 per cent. in 1916, and 'competition' was credited with identically the same proportion of liabilities as of number of failures, 2.1 per cent.

"In 1917, 13,304 of the 14,139 traders failing in the United States and Canada had a capital of \$5,000 or less. This represents 94.1 per cent. of all, and compares with 95 per cent. similarly circumstanced failing in 1916. It was, however, a high percentage—the highest in fact, with two exceptions (1916 and 1900), of which there is record. There were increases as compared with 1916 in the number and percentages of failures of traders having a capital of or above \$20,000, but heavy decreases in comparison with 1915 and 1914. The statistics show that 79.7 per cent. of all failing in the two countries reported less than \$5,000 liabilities, whereas in 1916 the proportion was only 63.1 per cent., and the 1917 proportion was, in fact, the highest one since the birth of these statistics. Roughly speaking, therefore, only one-fifth of all those failing had \$5,000 or over of liabilities, which speaks fairly well for credit limitation exercised. As to credit ratings possessed by those who failed, it might be stated that 13,698 of the 14,139, or 96.9 per cent., had 'very moderate' or 'no credit' ratings. This was a slight decrease as compared with the proportion in 1916, 97.7 per cent., but with this single exception was the highest percentage ever recorded, and it might be remarked that a pretty steady rise in this percentage has been perceptible through the years. The number failing in 'good credit,' 398, was 2.8 per cent. of all, which was about the same as regards number as in 1916, tho the percentage was higher owing to the lessened total of all failures."



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RATIONAL THRIFT, THAT AVOIDS PARSIMONY

Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, recently announced that, while the normal savings of the people of this country before the war had been estimated at from \$5,000,000,000 to \$6,000,000,000, such has already been the growth of the thrift movement that our savings in 1917 are now estimated at from \$14,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000, or nearly three times what they were before the war. An increasing amount of thrift has been reflected on all sides—in the investment market, savings-banks, life-insurance companies, etc. Mr. Sabin believed, however, that "to carry a thrift program beyond the point of a rational increase in saving could serve only to depress business, destroy values, and create unemployment." Business men and wage-earners would not be able to lend money to the Government unless they could make money. Business must earn more money in 1918 than it did in 1917, because the Government "is going to need more money, and increasingly more money, before this war is won." He added:

"There must be discrimination, of course, between that which is essential and that which is non-essential. But no legitimate business which can make money without competing with the Government is non-essential. In fact, it is very essential, because money is one of the most important munitions of war. And, it should be remembered, the people who earn the money in such businesses are among those who invest largely in the Government's war-loans and who pay taxes.

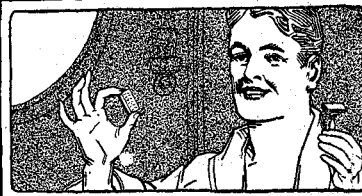
"Between the fallacy of 'business as usual' and the threat of 'drying up business,' there must certainly lie a sane middle course, namely, one of wise economy and business conservation which would neither exploit nor wreck, but maintain and protect, our business system. Intensive cultivation of the soil, the increase and improvement of mechanical methods, a wise use of labor, and intelligent cooperation between Government and industry will all assist in increasing production and creating the new wealth necessary for war's consumption. Another factor which can add immeasurably to the solution of the problem is labor. The entire productive power of American labor should be utilized to meet the emergencies of the situation.

"The third recourse open to the country to meet the cost of the war is through expansion of credit now possible through the Federal Reserve System.

"There has been a good deal of agitation against so-called inflation of credit, and it can frankly be admitted that it would be most desirable if no inflation were necessary, but the history of all wars in all countries has proved that the burdens of war can not be borne without some degree of inflation through an expansion of currency or credit.

"History has also shown that the results of this inflation have not been disastrous, altho in some instances painful; but war without inflation is no more conceivable than war without pain. The experience of nations has been that the increase in prices resulting from expansion gives industry a stimulus. The extra demands of both Government finance and increased industrial needs require expansion of credit. As a matter of fact, our so-called reservoir of credit was designed to permit adequate expansion to meet such emergencies."

Mr. Sabin contended that in connection with the national thrift campaign, there had been "much hysterical agitation and somewhat unbalanced enthusiasm which had served to create a counter-current of resentment and opposition that was not in the public interest." No right-minded man,



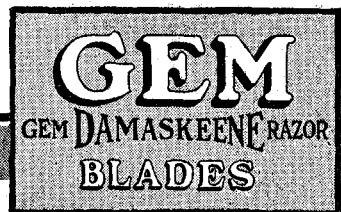
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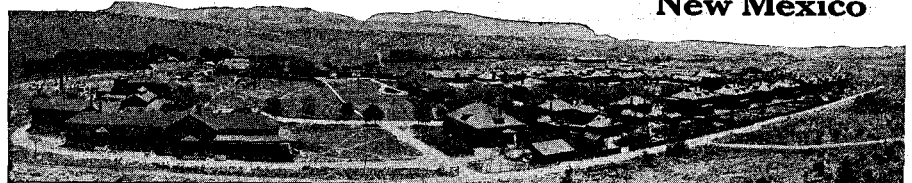
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could challenge the basic needs for rational thrift, "but such thrift does not mean parsimony, nor does it mean the unsettlement or destruction of legitimate business." Apprehension, however, has been created by some of the extreme thrift propaganda, and this was "unfortunate and not based upon sound economic or patriotic grounds."

This subject was recently discussed along similar lines by a writer in *Financial America*. While thrift is needed to save money, food, fuel, and many commodities used on the fighting-lines and in the homes of Allied people, this saving should not mean "the adoption of parsimony as a habit of life." Saving money to lend to the Government does not mean that business men and wage-earners "should become misers"; it does not require that they should "deprive themselves and their families of necessities," that they "should be penurious or niggardly or avaricious in their business dealings or, most important of all, in their charities."

The man who starves himself or starves others is "reducing America's efficiency, instead of increasing it." When he offers less than a reasonable price for goods he "discourages honest industry," and if his price is accepted it "reduces the ability of others to earn a living and aid

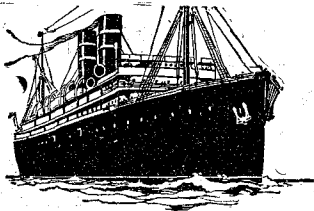
their country" with their surplus; for it is "the surplus only that the Government can employ to advantage." Last year nearly sixty-nine billions of dollars were used in our home and foreign trade. Much of it became capital for reinvestment, and this amount was greatly increased by those who cut out expenditures for luxuries. Cutting out luxuries freed workmen needed on the food-producing line, the railroad line, and all war-industrial lines.

Wheatless days do not mean foodless days, for corn is plentiful. Meatless days "do not require any one to eat fish or beans from his diet; both are rich in the nitrogenous element of red meat." Saving fuel need not mean cold victuals. Saving leather or wool does not mean ungloved hands so long as cotton is plentiful. "Live and let live" should be a rule of practise based on the Golden Rule, and should "act as a restraint on the man whose thrift threatens to make a miser of him."

The News Sense.—REPORTER—"Say, here's a woman wants us to announce that she'll sing 'Would I Could Fly on the Wings of a Dove,' at the Charity Bazaar. Want to use it?"

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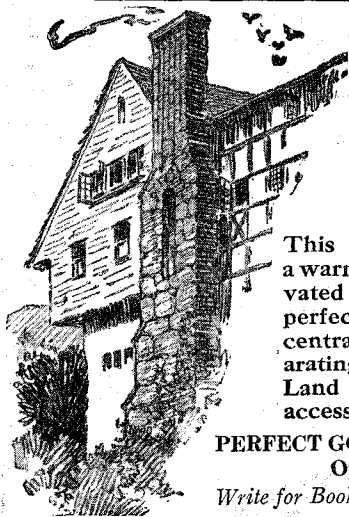
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